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1810 MISERABLE
DON SEBASTIAN, in R.

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OR,

THE HOUSE OF BRAGANZA.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

FOUR VOLUMES IN TWO.

BY MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER,
AUTHRESS OF THE HUNGARIAN BROTHERS.

.....*Take Physic, Pompey!*
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
So shalt thou shake the superflux to them,
And show the Heavens more just.

KING LEAR.

VOL. I. AND II.

13
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PREFACE.

THE name of Don Sebastian immediately recalls to every historical reader, a character, which youth, faults, virtues, and misfortunes, have rendered highly interesting: I selected such a one for my Hero; from the wish of shewing how "sweet are the uses of adversity."

If I may be so fortunate as to instruct and to amuse at the same time, the utmost of my literary ambition will be gratified.

It has been my aim to keep as close to historical records, as was consistent with a work wherein imagination is allowed to make up for the deficiencies of actual tradition. In some places I have been obliged to antedate an event, and to mix other motives of action with such as were avowed by the persons then acting on the great theatre of Europe; but I have scrupulously avoided slandering the illustrious dead, and am not conscious of having materially altered any well-known portrait.

Some reader may be offended or wearied with the frequent use which I have made of religious tenets; to them I can only offer one apology;—I had no other way of reconciling the conduct of Catholic powers, with what I have been obliged to suppose, their conviction of Don Sebastian's identity when he re-appeared at Venice; and as his chief calamity was the product of a misguided attachment to the doctrines of Rome, I could

scarcely make that calamity effect the necessary revolution in his general character, without changing also the nature of his religious opinions.

In my delineation of countries, manners, &c. I have endeavoured to give as faithful a picture as was possible to one who describes after the accounts of others; I consulted the voyages and tours of those days; so that the moderate traveller, in journeying with me over Barbary, Persia, and Brazil, must recollect that he is beholding those countries as they appeared in the sixteenth century.

By accident, I met with an ancient work upon South America, in which was the following sentence; "twelve leagues southward from St. Salvador, appears the village of Cachopira, formerly belonging to an unknown Portuguese, who took great pains in reforming the savage people Guaymures to a civil life." This hint suggested to me the idea of making the Portuguese, and my principal character, the same person.

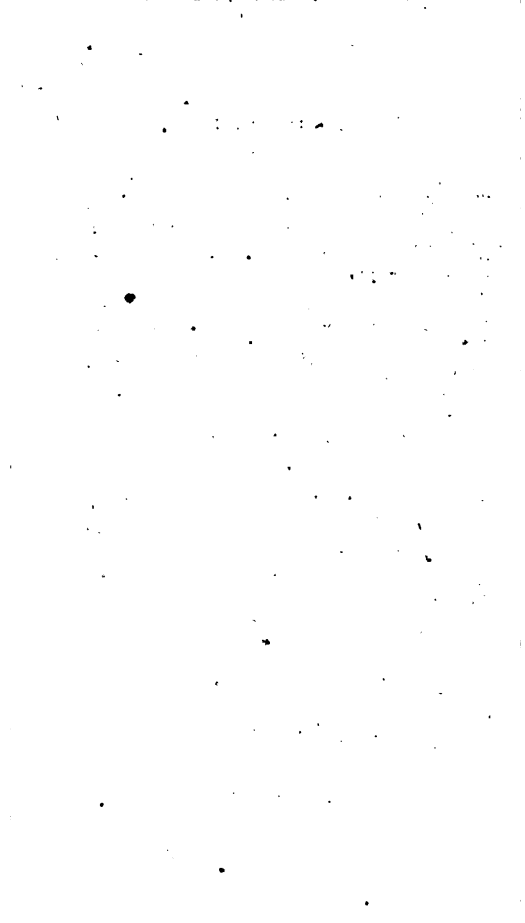
I am told that there has been a novel written in French on the same story, which forms the ground work of mine, but I have not seen it. The materials with which I have worked, have been drawn from general history, accounts of particular periods, the Harleian Miscellany, and a curious old tract published in 1662, containing the letters of Texere, De Castro, and others, with minute details of the conduct and sufferings of the mysterious personage concerning whom it treats.

I trust the candid reader will excuse many defects in this romance, when he considers how long was the space of time to be filled up with events solely im-

aginary, and which it was indispensable so to occupy, as to unite facts and to give the whole the semblance of probability ; he will reflect also how difficult it was for me to find any historical action of sufficient weight and brilliancy, with which I might have earlier concluded the adventures of Sebastian.

If my unpresuming work should disappoint the reader, he must suffer me to assure him that neither diligence in obtaining information, and selecting circumstances, nor industry in using them, has been spared. I may fail from want of ability, but not from want of application.

August, 1809.



INTRODUCTION.

NEVER has the pen of history had to record a more affecting event, than that which bore the house of Braganza to another hemisphere : animated by a noble disdain of submitting to foreign despotism, and bravely placing his country, not in the land of Portugal, but in the hearts of her people, the Prince Regent conquered in adversity, and triumphed even at the moment of despair.

Like the pious Æneas, who snatched from the flames of Troy, his father and his household Gods, he hastened to save some relics of Portugal ; he hastened to embark his family and their adherents on board the national fleet to launch with them on the hitherto untried deep, and to lead them under the protection of Great Britain, to found a new empire in a new world.

It was on the morning of the 29th of November, 1807, that these patriot emigrants quitted the bay of Lisbon ; they looked back on their forsaken capital, with emotions too strong and too complicated for description : every individual had left behind him some aged, or infirm, or timid relative, whom it was agony to abandon, and whom he quitted with the conviction of never seeing again ; the scenes of their childhood, their vineyards, and their cities, nay even the shores of their native land, were never more to gladden their eyes !

A solemn pause had followed the noise and distraction of their embarkation ; Lisbon was motionless : profound stillness, like that silence which surrounds the death bed of a mother, rested within her walls : every heart felt its impression.

Advancing with majestic slowness down the Tagus, the Portuguese fleet crossed the bar, and entered between the lines formed by the navy of England : the cannons of the two fleets answered each other ; the sounds, doubled and redoubled by numerous echoes, were prolonged after the smoke had cleared away, and discovered the ships of Portugal and of Britain mingled together on the Atlantic ocean.

Having exchanged gratulation and farewell with the Ambassador and the gallant Admiral of the friendly squadron, the Prince Regent gave a last, long look to Portugal, and forcibly tore himself from the deck of his vessel. In the cabin, he found part of the royal family

yielding themselves up to regret and anxiety : he suffered them to weep without interruption, till the moment in which lamentation made a pause ; he then took the united hands of his daughter, and of his nephew, the Prince of Spain, and pressing them within his own, held them with a look, serious, sad, yet collected.

“Let us dry our tears, he said ; let us bravely submit to our fate, and bless God for having allowed us to retain that which ennobles every situation—Freedom !—We go, my children, to seek a new world ; to found there a new empire ; it belongs to us to stamp the future character of an unborn nation :—May we feel the gratitude of such responsibility !—As our example shall persuade, as our authority shall impel, so will vice or virtue prevail in Transatlantic Portugal ; her existence, her expansion, her dignity, her immortality, depend upon her princes and nobles. Be this truth engraven on your hearts ! may its awful voice resound for ever in your ears, influencing your lives to the exercise of all the social duties.

“Among the state treasures, I have preserved one most precious ; 'tis the history of an illustrious ancestor, more unfortunate than ourselves, but for whom misfortune was a blessing.

“We will read this MS together ; the style and the arrangement may offend a nice judgment, because they are the production of an humble pen ; but the story itself is interesting, and the character of our ancestor may serve as an important lesson to ourselves : compose your spirits my dear children—listen to me with attention.”

While the Prince was speaking, he drew from his breast a large roll of written paper, and after such of his family, as were present, had seated themselves eagerly around him, he read in a voice somewhat agitated by late emotion, the following narrative.

DON SEBASTIAN,

OR

THE HOUSE OF BRAGANZA.

CHAPTER I.

On the 12th of January, 1554, Juan, prince of Portugal, breathed his last, in the palace of Elbera, at Lisbon.

At that sad moment grief and dismay seized the hearts of his royal parents ; as they alternately clasped his senseless clay in their arms, and thought of all he had been, they almost forgot their hope of soon possessing a memorial of his fair-promising youth.

Ignorant of her husband's danger, his young consort had been removed to the palace of Xabregas, in the suburbs ; there, while he was struggling between life and death, she was impatiently awaiting the hour which was to bless her with the first pledge of their happiness and their love. Under such circumstances the concealment of prince Juan's death became an act of necessity ; at least as it regarded the princess, whose life, and that of her unborn infant, would have been risked by a disclosure.

She was now tenderly deceived by all around her ; the King and Queen painfully dissembling their affliction visited her as usual, daily bringing with them little billets from their son whose anxious love had early foreseen and provided against this trying occasion. He had left behind him several letters without dates, expressive of the fondest attachment, and pathetically lamenting the slow progress of his recovery, which alone kept him from her society ; he had ordered these to be given her from time to time, until she should have safely brought into the world another heir to the crown of Portugal ; after that period deception was to cease.

Soothed by this sweet error the young princess yielded to the desire of her royal parents, that she should

not attempt returning to Ribera before the birth of her child: she yielded with tears, but they were not tears of apprehension; she wept only because her situation denied her the tender office of watching her husband's returning health. Again and again she read his letters, again and again she dwelt on their blissful meeting, when she should have an infant to present him with: happily unconscious that the husband and the father, the young and beautiful prince, was laid at rest for ever, in the grave!

Lisbon became now a scene of hope and sorrow. Lamentations for one beloved prince was mixed with anxiety for the birth of another: solemn fasts were ordained, vows offered, pilgrimages undertaken, processions made. On the eighth day after Juan's decease, at the dead of the night preceding the feast of St. Sebastian, all the religious orders in Portugal were seen headed by the archbishop, and cardinal Henry, walking in awful silence, barefooted and dejected, bearing in their hands mourning torches to light them on their way to the grand church of Bethlehem: there mass for the soul of their departed prince was celebrated, with all the pomp of that church which affects and overwhelms the heart by its powerful appeal to the senses. Images, relics, incense, music, all contributed to heighten pity and grief into madness: groans and prayers were for awhile the only sounds heard mingling with the wailing tones of the organ: at length even these ceased, and the priests and the people remained in silence prostrate before the host.

At that moment a shout from the multitude without, broke the solemn pause: the next instant this cry was heard—"a Prince! a Prince is born!" The whole mass of suppliants started from the earth; the organ burst into a loud swell; the priests and the people joined their voices; and the dome of the cathedral rang with hymns and thanksgiving.

Thus in the midst of national hopes and fears was born the heir of Portugal. His grand-uncle, the cardinal Don Henry, soon afterwards named him Sebastian, in honor of the saint's day upon which he was given to their prayers; and then rejoicings and illuminations took place all over the kingdom.

When the princess Joanna's safety was thoroughly ascertained, the mournful task of preparing her to hear the account of her husband's death was undertaken by the Queen: she gradually presented less cheering letters from her son; till at length venturing to pronounce the fatal truth, she called upon the princess to live for her child and them. Joanna heard not these exhorta-

tions: she swooned repeatedly; reviving only to call, with frantic cries, upon him whose "ear was now stopped with dust."

From that hour no human effort availed to comfort her: scarcely sixteen, this heaviest of all mortal sorrows was the first suffering her heart had known: even her infant son, though she loved him to agony, failed to reanimate her hopes; as she held him in her arms she would bathe him in tears and think but the more of his father. A curtain of adamant had fallen between her and the world; she felt it; and fearful of being urged into new engagements hereafter, determined upon withdrawing to the sanctuary of a religious profession.

While the widowed princess was inwardly revolving how best to compass this melancholy desire, she was summoned into Spain by her brother Philip II. then just setting out for Flanders to negotiate his nuptials with Mary of England. By accepting the regency during his absence, she hoped to find an opportunity for tranquillizing her mind previous to a renunciation of all sublunary ties; and trusted, that when far from the scene of past happiness and future anxiety—when removed from the afflicting pleasure of her infant's smiles, she might succeed in giving up her whole soul to Christ and God. Aware of the opposition which would be made to this resolution in Portugal, the princess confined it to her own breast; but while she took an affecting leave of the King and Queen, could not refrain from exclaiming—"O my parents! we shall never meet again." These words were at the time ascribed to the forebodings of a heart which believed itself breaking, but were afterwards remembered as proofs of a steadily pursued resolution.

From her child the youthful mother tore herself with difficulty: in the midst of its innocent endearments, she felt that all delightful emotions had not been buried with her husband. For the first time her heart whispered that she was not utterly desolate, since she had yet something precious to relinquish.

Melted from her purpose, trembling, and bathed in tears, Joanna sunk upon a seat: "Ah, my child!" she exclaimed, straining it to her breast—"how can I leave thee to see thee no more?"

The King and Queen not venturing to speak, folded their arms around her: their tremulous, yet strong pressure, spoke a joyful hope of detaining her: at that instant she raised her eyes, overflowing with consent; but they fell on the picture of Juan drawn in his bridal habit. At this piercing sight, she shrieked, covered

her face, wildly repeating—"O no, no; I shall but lose him and lose him too."

Impressed with this sudden dread of living to witness the premature death of her son, the princess broke from every attempt to detain her, and hurried through the palace. Her retinue waited at the gates: she threw herself into a carriage, and amidst guards and attendants left Portugal never to return.

A destroying angel seemed at this period to be commissioned for the affliction of that unhappy country. The death of prince Juan had been followed by the voluntary departure of his interesting widow; and regret for the last misfortune, was absorbed in grief for the loss of Louis, Duke de Beja, brother to the King: the King himself, sinking under sorrow and sickness, shortly afterwards terminated his exemplary life, leaving a monarch of three years old, whose long minority threatened many political calamities.

The Queen now unwillingly undertook the regency, a task imposed on her by her late husband. For awhile she administered the laws, and guided public measures with a wise and impartial spirit: but at length wearied with groundless animadversions, she grew timid of her own counsels, and gladly transferred the reins of government into the hands of Cardinal Henry.

The new regent possessed much ability, and more integrity; but he was a prelate of the church of Rome, and thought less of instructing his young sovereign in the art of governing well, than of teaching him to revere and defend all the superstitions of popery. He confided him to the care of four preceptors; two of these were zealous Jesuits, and were charged with his spiritual education: the others were noblemen of distinguished reputation, who were to instruct their prince in history, philosophy, and moral exercises.

Don Alexis de Meneses, the first of these nobles, was allied to the Italian family of Medici, and had been nurtured at Florence, under their auspices, in the newly-discovered learning of the ancients; having a genius for active scenes, he devoured with avidity the works of their historians and poets, while he coldly perused the peaceful theories of their philosophers. He came therefore to the task of education, with no other aim than that of making his pupil a conqueror.

His coadjutor, Gonzalez de Camera, facilitated this aim. He had served in the wars of Germany, under Sebastian's maternal grandfather, Charles V. and though no longer young, talked with youthful ardor of battles, and sieges, and victories. He failed not to paint every virtue in the justest colours; but when he

spoke of those which brighten the crown of a hero, his language set his hearer in a blaze.

That rapid, that resistless eloquence, which rouses the passions and impels the will, was ever at his command : he could touch every spring of the human heart. Sebastian's soon learned to move solely at his direction.

From such governors the character of the young monarch received an impetus which was fatal to its excellence. Nature had given him an excess of sensibility, requiring the rein rather than the spur ; his virtues were of themselves too much inclined to tread a precipice : had he fallen into the hands of men of calmer feelings, and cooler heads, he might have risen with steady wing to the empyreal height of true glory : as it was, he became the prey of passion, and the slave of error.

Years now rolled away : Portugal gradually recovered from her domestic losses, and began to anticipate with eagerness the end of her young sovereign's minority : the regent himself panted for a more tranquil station ; and Don Sebastian burned to seize the sceptre Providence had destined him to wield. At the age appointed by law, this was voluntarily resigned to him.

The young monarch's coronation was as magnificent as his spirit : all the riches of the new world, the gold of Mexico, the diamonds of Brazil, the pearls of Ormutz, were displayed on the persons of the nobility. Their very horses, proudly pranced under housings of cloth of gold and precious stones.

As the long procession passed from the palace to the cathedral, crowds of spectators lining the streets and windows, easily distinguished their prince by the superior nobleness of his air. In the very flower of his youth Sebastian appeared mounted on a white Arabian, the trappings of which were studded with rubies : his own ornaments were few : the order of Christus, alone sparkled in brilliants upon his majestic chest ; the rest of his dress merely displayed without seeking to decorate the symmetry of his figure. While passing one of his minister's houses, some ladies showered flowers upon him from a balcony : at this act of female gallantry, he checked his horse, and looking up, lifted off his hat. The air was immediately rent with " Long live our King, Sebastian !" His enchanting smile, the still sweeter smile of his eyes, his animated complexion and ingenuous countenance, seemed to promise a character which intoxicated the people : they shouted again, when again smiling with as much gaiety as gracefulness, he threw away his hat, and rode forward un-

covered. From that moment he became their idol. Such is the effect of youth, beauty, and urbanity, in high stations !

At the gate of the cathedral, the cardinal Henry, attended by the archbishop of Lisbon, and the rest of the clergy, received the King: he was then conducted into the body of the church, where the three estates took the oaths of fidelity, and the crown was placed on his head. Immediately after, Sebastian went to the monastery, where his illustrious grandmother now lived retired, in order to receive her blessing, and to express a dutiful sense of her past kindness: he then returned to his palace, where he directly assumed the functions of royalty.

The first acts of the young monarch's government were calculated to inspire the Portuguese: his administration of justice was so impartial, that not even those who suffered by this impartiality, ventured a complaint: neither friend nor enemy expected from him the least bias on their side. In his domestic relations he was generous and forgiving; but in his public character, inflexible. By presenting the court of judicature with a copy of the laws, abridged and transcribed by himself, he early informed his people that nothing was so valuable in his eyes as their rights.

Sebastian displayed much magnificence in his court, and infinite liberality in his gifts; yet, he was not censurable for extravagance. By giving splendor to his own appointments, he believed himself honoring the nation over which he reigned; and by rewarding talents, he gratified a munificent spirit, while he secured important services to the community.

Impressed with an exalted notion of the *divine right* of Kings, he would not hear that authority questioned; though indeed, he prized absolute power, for the sake of being enabled by it to succour and to bless others. Too keenly alive to the impressions made by his tutors, some thirst for distinction as a warlike King, insensibly mixed with this laudible motive: religious prejudices united to stimulate him; and the voice of glory resounding from the depths of time, at once invited and commanded him to seize a crown of imperishable structure.

His head was soon filled by visions of future greatness, and his heart fired with holy zeal: he meditated the conquest and the conversion of half the globe. To conquer from the mere mania for dominion, was abhorrent even to him who felt that war would hereafter be his element; but when he associated with the idea of conquest, the prospect of rescuing whole nations from

"the shadow of death," from Mahometanism or Paganism, he gave way to military enthusiasm, and daily fired his fancy with plans of heroic enterprise.

Every thing with Sebastian was a passion : his friendships, his love for his people ; nay, his religion itself ; they were each, so many internal fires which sometimes blazed out, and desolated instead of cherishing. But as it is said, that the most fertile regions are to be found in the neighbourhood of volcanos, so the finest qualities were connected in Sebastian's nature, with a dangerous ardour. He would at any time have sacrificed his crown, his life, or what is dearer than life—his tenderest ties, "for the sake of adding one pulse breadth to Christendom ;" he would have denied himself any gratification, if he believed it reprehensible in itself, or injurious to another ; he was at all times, and in all things, superior to *self* : his faults therefore, were the sole product of the age he lived in, and the education he had received ; had he been born two centuries later, how different might have been his character, how different his fate !

Embellished by many fine qualities, it was not wonderful that Sebastian, though tinctured with imperiousness and impatience, should be generally idolized : his people knew him only as a benefactor, and they were not wise enough to foresee the evils which the rashness of his disposition might produce.

Amongst the nobility, he lived with the freedom of gay and ingenuous youth, trusting to the influence of his peculiar conduct for the preservation of their respect. He shared their amusements and other exercises, and without a single rebuke, purified their grosser habits, by his temperate example. The spirit of Sebastian needed no effort to rise superior to every debasing pleasure.

As yet, he knew little of the female character ; but he would have disdained himself had he believed his heart capable of loving the bondage even of love : he could enjoy the light of beauty without feeling its fire ; and though courteous to all the ladies of his court, was particular to none.

Shunning delicate amusements, he affected those only which render the frame robust, and the spirit intrepid. By every bodily exercise he continued to accomplish his personal advantages, while he steadily fixed his eye upon the period in which those advantages of health and strength would become important.

The first object he meditated, was an expedition to Goa, from whence he might carry conquest and Christianity over the whole of India : but towards so remote

a country, even his governors Camera and Meneses, declared it would be madness to turn his arms; they exhorted him to weigh maturely the inadequacy of his present resources, and those evils which must result to Portugal from her sovereign's removal to such a distance: finally, they prevailed on him to defer all military projects till a few more years had given authority to his opinions.

Among the nobility by whom he was surrounded, Sebastian distinguished Antonio, prior of Crato; who, though an illegitimate son of the late Duke de Beja, was considered throughout Portugal as the King's acknowledged relation.

In conformity with the customs of those times, Antonio had taken the vow of celibacy, in order to qualify him for holding the rich priory of Crato, and the grand mastership of the Knights of Malta: in other respects he possessed nothing of the priest. Nature had endowed him with an animating cheerfulness of disposition, to which every one resorted for pleasure: he was liberal of his purse, liberal even to carelessness in his judgments; naturally indolent and indifferent in matters of importance; but capable of catching the fever of enthusiasm from another. This last quality gave him his influence over Sebastian.

The King was flattered by the appearance of having roused Antonio from a degrading apathy: for, indeed, except in the prior's attachment to him, he seemed devoid of any serious feeling. Every impression left by beauty, by accomplishments, by goodness, by wisdom, by affairs of the state or the church, passed off from his volatile mind, like sand drifted by the wind. He laughed and trifled with Sebastian, alternately delighted and provoked him, for ever beguiled him with the prospect of improvement, and for ever disappointed him: but it was this unsubstantial character which fixed him in Sebastian's heart. A character which received the best impressions with the most seducing facility, yet never retained, and always lamented them, was expressly formed to excite partial solicitude. Antonio became by degrees his constant companion, his most intimate confidant, and at length his chief counsellor.

The deaths of Meneses and Camera, which happened in the course of the same year, greatly affected Sebastian, although these events left him more freely to the bent of his own inclination: He could now renew his resolution of plunging into a religious war, without apprehension of being restrained by opinions to which he was used to yield. The habit of believing this resolution highly meritorious, had given some imperious-

ness to his mode of carrying it into execution; and he could not always conceal his disdain for such persons as represented that no zeal for general good, should make him risk the particular good of his own subjects. But towards Antonio, he turned with redoubled favor; for Antonio warmly embraced the revived projects, offering to accompany him into Africa, a country now become the object of his contemplation.

The Moors, though driven out of Spain, still continued to increase in strength and dominion among the mountains of Barbary: they frequently attacked the fortresses belonging to Portugal, which remained to her upon their coast, and not only treated the prisoners made in these engagements with extreme rigour, but terrified or seduced some of them into the profession of their impious faith. Sebastian meditated the destruction of this growing power: he communicated his design to Antonio alone, who consented to become his companion in a secret excursion to the fortress of Tangier, from whence they might gather certain information of the nature and the resources of the Mauritanian states.

As it was the young King's wish to avoid controversy with his ministers, by keeping the whole affair secret till he had reconnoitred Africa, Don Antonio was directed to make private arrangements for their conveyance beyond sea, while under the pretence of a hunting match, he should draw together all the young lords likely to embrace their enterprise.

Gallantly provided, those favorite nobles met their sovereign in the province of Algarve, where he disclosed his project of crossing over immediately into Africa. Smit with the phrensy of chevalric adventure, every one consented to embark their fates with those of their King; and rather to incur the chance of being taken prisoners by the Moors, than shrink from danger when it might lead to glory.

They set sail in a single vessel badly manned and worse armed; but to a band of rash young men, whose leader was still younger, and more adventurous than themselves, even hazard had charms. After a short voyage, they landed safely at Tangier.

Sebastian was no sooner upon African ground, than he began to prosecute his enquiries with equal vigour and ability; he learnt the military force and resources of the Moors, their points of weakness and of strength, their system of war and of government, the nature of their troops, and the topography of their country; he ransomed several Christians who had long languished in slavery, and from their accounts of the Moorish

princes began to hope that in their contests for supremacy, he might reap solid advantage.

Having thoroughly acquainted himself with these important subjects, the King hastened his re-embarkation: flushed with the conviction of being now able to bear down every cautionary suggestion of his counselors, by arguments drawn from actual observation of the country he was going to invade. After a short absence he set sail again with his followers for the shores of Portugal.

In mid sea they met and engaged a Turkish vessel. The Turk was greatly superior in size and force; but a band of brave spirits animated into heroes by the example of their King, were not to be conquered by common efforts. Sebastian fought like a roused lion; he fought for the first time; he fought for the lives and liberties of men whom his rashness had endangered; he fought too for honour, and he fought against infidels. After a long and fierce resistance, the Turk struck his flag, and Sebastian ordered the ensign of the cross, to take its place. His heart hailed an omen which promised victory over Mahomet.

Elated with conquest, the royal galliot proceeded direct for Lisbon: as they were entering the mouth of the Tagus, a sudden storm arose, and for some hours Sebastian beheld death approaching in a more appalling shape than when dimly seen among the flashing of arms. But his courage did not desert him even then: nay, it shone with steadier brightness as the danger darkened. By remaining undismayed himself, he recalled the energies of others. Every effort and activity were exerted; and it proved ultimately successful: they rode out the storm in safety through a starless night, and the next morning were seen entering the Tagus in triumph with their prize.

The return of their beloved prince thus accompanied, circulated extreme joy throughout Lisbon:—in his safety and his conquest, the boyish imprudence of his conduct was forgotten, and exultation alone appeared on the faces of the Portuguese. But alas! this exultation was quickly swallowed up in horror; for the plague, which during the King's absence had appeared in several provinces, now broke out in the city, and swept away thousands with resistless fury.

Sebastian's strenuous exertions were applied to stop the progress of this calamity: he refused to abandon his capital, confidently reposing on the protection of heaven, while engaged in the performance of a duty. Often was this youthful father of his people seen passing from house to house, to witness the execution

of the orders he issued for the relief of his suffering subjects ; often was he seen to weep over domestic wounds, which not even the hand of a munificent prince could heal.

When the contagion had exhausted its rage, and the few remaining inhabitants awoke from their stupefaction, the King's safety became a miracle in their eyes : and Sebastian himself, recollecting his conquest over the infidel and the tempest, believed his life preserved for some admirable purpose.

It was with bitter regret that he now saw his African enterprize frustrated for awhile : his dominions wasted by sickness, and enfeebled by terror, were not capable of affording him those supplies, necessary to success ; he therefore laid aside the plan, and went with his cousin Antonio, to recover from their fatigue and mortification among the romantic scenes of the prior's residence near Crato.

It was in this enchanting retreat that he was startled by a proposal from his first minister, for his marriage with a princess of France. Though Sebastian treated the idea of love (such as he saw it amongst his young courtiers,) with infinite scorn, and wondered how a man's heart could find room for any other passion than glory, he had at this moment a confused idea, that preference at least, was necessary to make the marriage yoke pleasant, or light. He hastily caught up the miniature of the lady (which had been sent with the proposal,) and looked earnestly at it : the next instant he threw it away, exclaiming with his usual impetuosity, " 'tis a peevish, *little-souled* face, and I would not marry the original if she had all France for her dowry."

Antonio took up the picture and eyed it with some admiration—"and pray my good, insensible cousin, he said, what wouldst thou have?—here is a very pretty neck, a skin like roses and lilies, a delicate mouth, tolerable eyes!—the princess is, I dare say, a charming little doll, with which a man might amuse himself very agreeably when he had nothing else to do."

"But I shall always have something else to do," replied Sebastian, I cannot bear the thought of having a contemptible play-thing for a wife ; yet I should despise myself were I ever to be fascinated by any woman into the servile bondage of love,—no ; you must all wait my time : I shall marry some day ; but I swear by Heaven, not before I have combatted the infidels on their own ground."

"That is a very foolish vow, observed Antonio, and I'd have you recal it."

"Never ! exclaimed the king, never ! (and while he

spoke, his eyes lightened with youthful ardour) you know my character Antonio: it is formed of tougher materials than yours, it does not easily bend even to necessity. Though our exhausted country now is fainting before us, she will revive, she will recover; and then, strong in a divine cause, conscious of no motive beyond the love of mankind, (whose bodies these accursed Mahometans torture in slavery, and whose souls they draw into everlasting perdition,) I will advance under the banner of the cross, confident of victory.—What is it I seek?—not dominion, not power, nor the mere name of conqueror? I combat for the eternal good of the human race: I pant after no earthly honour; except indeed the proud distinction of having extirpated the enemies of Christ.”

“That is all very admirable,” and very true, my royal cousin, replied the prior, but as neither priests nor laymen can pretend to read the will of Heaven, we must not be quite so confident of success, at least you should conceive the possibility of your being ordained, (which God forbid!) to fall in the very moment of triumph, purchasing with your blood the saintly distinction to which you aspire.” The young king who was traversing the apartment, turned quickly round at this; transported with the dazzling thought his enthusiastic spirit blazed on his face; he looked at his cousin with rapture. “Such a death!—Antonio, would you not envy such a death?”

“Not in the least,” replied the prior gaily, “you must excuse me if I pray for a very different end for us both.—But if you are bent upon thus expiring like the Phoenix amidst the cloves and cinnamon of glory, suffer me to remind you, that Portugal will then have reason to lament the princess of France’s peevish countenance, and her monarch’s imprudent vow.”

Sebastian was struck with the observation: after a pause he said, “you are right; yet I am not inclined to retract. While I study the happiness of my people; surely it is not required of me to sacrifice my own?—Though at this instant, I could contentedly take the vow of celibacy to please them (if that were necessary for any good purpose,) I do not find in myself a disposition to embitter my domestic life merely for the sake of leaving them an heir to my crown.—I can imagine infinite happiness with a wife suited to my taste, consonant with my principles, and capable of catching some of my own wild-fire; and I feel a jealous something in my breast—call it pride, call it delicacy, what you will, but it is a sentiment of abhorrence at the thought of cherishing a woman who would have con-

sented to fill the arms of any other King that might have sat on the throne of Portugal.—For this reason I cannot, I will not marry one to whom I am personally unknown—this is my determination, carry it to Alcocava, and let him manage the refusal with the customary decorum.”

After a little good-humoured railery, Antonio prepared to set out for Lisbon, and the King, without suffering any one to attend him, mounted a horse and rode forth.

His spirit was disturbed by that prevalent anxiety for his marriage, which his ministry had urged in support of their late proposal; and it was saddened by the small prospect there was, of his being speedily able to realize the darling wish that had grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength. Disinterested as he firmly believed himself, and purely actuated by zeal for the holy faith, yet he could not conceal from his own conscience, that a boundless ambition of fame, had its share in regretting the delay of his purposed expedition: the enfeebled state of his dominions had prevented him from contributing any assistance to the grand coalition then forming against the Turks—and the splendid success of that coalition, deepened his chagrin. The victory of Lepanto haunted his nightly dreams; he secretly repined at the thick laurels of Don John of Austria: painfully contrasting that young admiral's achievements, with his own blighted and withering hopes.

Wearied with thought and motion, Sebastian threw himself off his horse in a solitary spot surrounded by hills, and suffering him to graze at will, cast himself along under the shade of cork trees; there he mused over ten thousand new prospects of vain and impracticable enterprise.

The sultry air was cooled and perfumed by the breathing of aromatic plants, kept in all the greenness of spring, by several rills which trickled almost unseen beneath them: not a breeze stirred the leaves of the cork trees, and the very birds were silent: the only sound to be heard throughout the valley, was the lulling murmur of bees coming to feed upon the flowers. A steady heat glowed in the air: Sebastian cast aside his mantle and his hat, and pushed away the hair from his forehead; all the summer burned upon his cheek, but a hotter fire, the fever of impatience was in his heart.—By degrees the enervating warmth overpowered him, and he sunk into sleep.

He had not reposed long, when his slumbers were dispersed by the sound of steps and a voice; he opened his eyes; at that instant a goat twisted with flowers

and dragging along a half finished garland, bounded past with a suddenness which made the King start up.—The wanton animal was swiftly followed by a young virgin, who stopped confounded at sight of a man: part of her veil was off, and filled with the flowers she had been employed in arranging, and a profusion of bright golden hair, picturesquely disordered by the heat and the pursuit, was scattered on a neck that sparkled in the sun like alabaster. The eagerness of her feelings had heightened the lustre of her beauty to such perfection, that Sebastian almost believed the object before him a celestial vision. The blue glory of her eyes, the glittering bloom of her complexion, the gracefulness of her attitude, and the animation of her whole person, gave him for the first time in his life a complete idea of female charms.

Abashed and surprised by an exclamation which escaped him, the fair stranger turned blushing away, hastily endeavoring to cover herself with her veil.

Sebastian pointed to the goat now trailing his fantastic trappings along the ridge of a steep height.—“You will not go, fair creature! he said, till you have given me permission to attempt the recovery of yon runaway?”

Fresh beauty was diffused over the exquisite features of the lady, while she willingly essayed to thank him: “I have imprudently ventured too far beyond my father’s park, she added, or you would not see me thus unattended sir. I ought not to remain here with a stranger perhaps, but your countenance insures me respect, and I think, I hope, I am not wrong in accepting your services!”

The King now led her to the shade, where she seated herself, while he ascended a neighboring hill and soon returned with the goat: at the playful chiding of its lovely mistress, the little animal lay down in seeming penitence beside her, suffering Sebastian to caress, and hold it prisoner. The panting fatigue of Donna Gonsalva and the peculiar freshness of the air in the valley, afforded him a plausible excuse for seeking to detain her: Gonsalva herself, flattered with the admiration she inspired, was in no haste to recover. She was struck with the noble air of her companion, and felt some womanish curiosity about his name and rank: but Sebastian desirous of concealing himself without anticipating any further acquaintance, avoided her questions. He found from her own account, that she was the only daughter of the count Vimiosa, (his envoy at the court of France,) and was then inhabiting the family mansion, under the protection of a maiden aunt.

An abundance of enchanting gaiety led Gonsalva into unreserved conversation : she rallied the King upon the solitude in which she had found him, and with arch *naiveté* told him she should never in future address her saint without remembering to pray for the *gallant solitary*. "But by what name shall I pray for him?" asked she, rising to depart : the King hesitated ; as he was born upon the eve of the joint feast of two Saints, he believed himself entitled to the name of either, so bid her remember him by the title of Don Fabian.

Donna Gonsalva repeated the words. "I shall not forget you ; said she, remember me, when you look at this flower, that will be just five minutes, for it is withering now." She threw him a lily out of her bosom with a smile of such magic beauty, that Sebastian could not refrain from snatching the fair hand which dropped the flower, and printing it lightly with a kiss. Gonsalva drew away her hand in displeasure. Would she have done so, had she know that this was the first kiss those lips had given to beauty, and that it was the King of Portugal who gave it?

She disappeared the next moment, leaving Sebastian endeavoring to rally himself upon so unusual an impulse of gallantry.

The beautiful Portuguese had successfully dispersed the young monarch's gloom ; it did not return : he lingered awhile longer in the scene where he had beheld her, then seeking his horse, returned to Crato.

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CHAPTER II.

As Antonio had business to transact for the King with his cabinet, he did not return immediately from Lisbon, and Sebastian having visited him without any of his favorite Lords, was now thrown principally upon his own resources for amusement. The weather was too hot for hunting or tennis, reading stirred his ardent spirit too violently, and he was not in the mood for general society ; the next day therefore, he naturally thought of the last day's agreeable adventure : without absolutely proposing to do so, he rode out again unattended.

On reaching the pass leading into the valley, he left his horse in charge of a goatherd who was stationed there to watch some flocks, and pursued his way on foot. The heat was moderated by a slight shower which had refreshed the verdant landscape, and now the birds sung from every copse : but the scene want-

'ed the presence of Gonsalva ; she was not there. Sebastian mechanically followed the track he had seen her take, and descending the opposite side of a steep hill, saw stretched out before him, a luxuriant and extensive vale, in which the villa and domain of Vimiosa, were nobly conspicuous.

Proceeding through a thicket of ever-green oaks, the King soon found himself in a labyrinth of walks ; he chose one at a venture, and fortune destined it should lead him to the entrance of a bower, where stood the fair subject of his thoughts, occupied in reading a letter.

At sight of him roseate blushes succeeded by entrancing smiles, passed over her face. "Don Fabian !" she exclaimed, "For Heaven's sake what brings you here ?"

The question was unlucky, as it was the only one perhaps, which the King could not answer satisfactorily to himself, he looked at her, hesitated, felt embarrassed, and at length said timidly, "to ask forgiveness I believe, for the fault I committed yesterday."

Donna Gonsalva now remembered that she had left him in anger. "So then, you have the boldness to increase that fault, by following me into a place, where if you were to be seen, it might cost you your life ; me, my reputation and peace of mind !—for pity's sake, do not stay here—I expect—I expect one of my relations every instant—should he see you—a stranger—go, for Heaven's sake go !"—As the beautiful Portuguese spoke, she unconsciously grasped his arm with her hand and impelled him towards the mountains.

Sebastian's heart, for the first moment in his life, throbbed with a tender emotion, nearly a-kin to love : he understood nothing in this speech but a desire for his preservation ; and he knew himself unknown : It was not the King of Portugal then, but an obscure stranger, whom the daughter of the count Vimiosa was thus solicitous to save. "Ah, charming Gonsalva," he cried with an air of mental intoxication, "if you are as amiable as you appear, the wishes of"—my people, he was going to add, but checking the indiscreet expression, he finished the sentence with a sigh.

An excess of pleasure brightened the beauty of Gonsalva ; she averted her eyes to conceal it, while she repeated an entreaty that he would consider the impropriety of her being discovered in conversation with a young nobleman unknown to her family. Sebastian still lingered : "you must not refuse me another meeting !"—he said ; and he said it with the air of a man.

to whom command is habitual, and refusal a novelty.

"I must not!" repeated Gonsalva, laughing, "do you remember, Don Fabian, that you are speaking to a woman—and that woman the daughter of the count Vimioso?—our sex are not accustomed to yield even the slightest favors, at the mere expression of an ardent wish; we must be sued to submissively."

"Submission is my abhorrence!" exclaimed the young monarch with vivacity, "I feel now, and for the first time in my life, that I can admire, I can prize, I can love, perhaps; But you must not expect me to renounce equality with the object. I must have heart for heart, I must excite as many tender apprehensions as I feel, or"—

"And who are you, that can never speak without an *I must*?" exclaimed Gonsalva, laughing excessively—"but I have not time to hear your answer, leave me I say—we may perhaps meet again, and then—I hear footsteps—farewell count."—She turned abruptly into a side path, and Sebastian desirous of remaining unknown, hastened out of the domain.

He was no sooner at a distance from the villa Vimiosa, than he began to muse over the confession of admiration into which he had been hurried, and to dwell with extreme pleasure on the concluding words of Gonsalva, as they certainly intimated a wish to see him again. In less than an hour, a complete set of new ideas had taken possession of his mind: the conversation with Don Antonio and the wish of his people, blending with the image of Donna Gonsalva, awakened in his bosom an emotion hitherto unknown; but an emotion too sweet and subtle for rejection. The adventure itself had the charm of novelty; as for the first time in his life he beheld a young and lovely woman, who so far from dreaming of his rank, believed herself his superior. Amongst the ladies of the court he had seen beauty, but it was beauty divested of its most touching graces, the play of innocent freedom: he had never met with one who did not appear emulous to attract the King's notice; and as he possessed too much delicacy to bear the thought of owing any thing to an exalted station, he despaired and avoided their homage.

Occupied solely with the romantic reveries of an amiable, though erring ambition, he had hitherto felt without reasoning upon the subject, that he had no time for love; conscious that whenever he yielded to that sentiment it would influence his happiness entirely. Here, now, was the only opportunity that might ever present itself for acquiring a female heart, without the

hateful aid of royalty ; here was an opportunity of gratifying his people without mortifying his own feelings. The prospect of arms and victories no longer filled the void of his capacious soul, and how could he better console himself for this, than by trying to accommodate his private inclinations with those of his subjects ?

The extreme beauty and graceful gaiety of Donna Gonsalva delighted the senses of Sebastian ; he hoped to find her equally charming in mind and heart ; above all he passionately desired to make her love him. With the imperiousness of a King he resolved to reign absolute over her affections, to have his power avowed and submitted to, or not to reign at all : he determined to be preferred as Don Fabian, before he should be known as Sebastian. Every thing promised success to this romantic resolution ; and the more he reflected on it the more he was confirmed in the intention of concealing his real rank from Gonsalva ; as she lived much secluded and at some miles distance from Crato, discovery was unlikely, besides which, the clandestine nature of their intercourse rendered enquiries on her part almost impossible.

Satisfied with these mental arrangements, the King rode gaily home, forgetful of the foolish vow he had taken ; treading lightly on the delightful precincts of Love, whose first prospects are like "the opening of Heaven's everlasting gates, on golden hinges turning."—

He finished the day among his young nobles, with uncommon animation.

The prior of Crato was expected the next morning : Sebastian saw day dawn, after passing a night of sweet wakefulness, during which the image of Donna Gonsalva had floated perpetually before him. Eager to behold her in reality, ere the return of his cousin, the King withdrew early from his attending lords, and took the road to Vimiosa.

As he was proceeding to enter the path through the thicket, he saw Gonsalva at a distance, in another part of the domain, walking on a terrace, cut on the side of a hill, that overlooked the house ; he hastened thither, but perceiving that she had a female companion, retreated and placed himself under the boughs of a tree. The ladies turned, and walked towards him : as they approached, his heart beat with an anxiety that surprised himself : *if Gonsalva should not see him !* he shook the branches of the tree with a trembling hand, at which she started and put aside her veil. The same bright glow of pleasure irradiated her effulgent beauty, the

same smile that had charmed away the reason of Sebastian, again transported him; but she dropped her veil, and passed on without speaking.

After taking several turns together, the ladies separated: the aunt of Gonsalva descended a flight of steps over which the trees hung so thick, as soon to exclude her from sight, while her fair niece at first advanced towards the grove which concealed Sebastian, and then capriciously struck into a path sloping directly from him.

The impetuous monarch disturbed at the thought of her departure, sprang forward, intreating that she would stay. Gonsalva half turned round—"So, you are here again my good friend?"—she said, in a tone of careless gaiety which her sparkling looks contradicted,—“are you come to teach me another lesson out of your new catechism of female subjection?—let me tell you that air of authority that you have, is abominably provoking, and I should like vastly to break its neck: one grain of humility would make you—not absolutely hateful.”

“You shall find me humbler to you, than to any other being in the world;” replied Sebastian smiling, “if you will but strive to think of me with tenderness.” Gonsalva laughed. “What a pleasant madman’s chance has introduced me to!—upon what do you ground these extravagant pretensions? pretensions too, so insolently urged! did you never read the Spanish author, who calls *Love that courteous affront offered to beauty*?—prithce con over his definition and profit by it. Think of you with tenderness! why, my presumptuous friend, if I think of you at all in any way ’tis more than you should expect. Think of you with tenderness, when all I know of you is that you have a tolerable figure, which slier women than myself may have persuaded you is irresistible!—A potentate could not woo with more authority.”

The accidentally penetrating glance of her eyes while speaking these words, so confounded Sebastian, that it made the blood mantle on his cheeks, she laughed again. “Come, this is the colouring of penitence, so I must not chide you any more.—Never let me hear a presumptuous word breathed; consent to be docile as a lamb, and I may condescend to be so much interested in you as to ask you, who you are? whence you come? and whither you go?”

During this discourse Donna Gonsalva had entered a path leading off the terrace, and they were now advancing through an olive plantation which effectually secured them from observation. Sebastian was encour-

raged by her arch freedom: "Whence I come, and whither I go, fair Gonsalva, he said matters not; what I am, you shall know. I am a soldier: one that hitherto had no other passion than glory; one that never yet bowed either heart or knee to beauty. If you see honor and honesty in my countenance, believe me when I swear that neither my rank nor fortune are unworthy of the count Vimiosa's heiress: but ask me no further; imperious circumstances render me mysterious. Suffer me to see you, suffer me to attempt winning *your* heart, and losing *my own*, and then,"—"O ye saints! interrupted Gonsalva, what excess of gallantry! So—you have not *lost your* heart yet! but wait most obsequiously for the surrender of mine! I protest count, or duke, or whatever you are, you have a very taking way ~~of~~ making love! This cloven foot of arbitrary insolence is forever shewing itself: I have a shrewd notion you are one of our young King's attendants, and have caught his character?" "And what is the King's character?" asked Sebastian smiling. "An excellent one for a King, doubtless, replied Gonsalva. He thinks of nothing but rule and dominion, breathes nothing but war and devastation, and would fancy himself *un-kinged* if he were to yield an *iota* to a woman. All the court ladies love him mortally, and hate him mortally: they are charmed by his accomplishments, but piqued at his coldness. I have heard some of them say so repeatedly. Give him the world to reign over, and he would not care if there was not a woman in it."

Sebastian did not reply: he was momentarily lost in rumination upon the injustice done to his actions by mistaking their motives. It was evident that Gonsalva had learned his character from report, and spoke therefore the prevailing opinion. After a pause he said, "I have been told that Don Sebastian young as he is, cannot be justly taxed with a thirst for mere power; he is *said* to be actuated by zeal for our holy faith."

"*You know* it perhaps?" rejoined Gonsalva playfully. "Come, come, confess that you are one of his court. I hear his majesty is at Crato with Don Antonio, and of course some of his lords must be in attendance on him."

"Well then, replied Sebastian, I may frankly own that I came with the King and must return with him to Lisbon. My visits here are secret; Don Sebastian has always expressed such disdain at lovers, that if he knew me capable of humbling myself to such a merciless tyrant as your fair self, I fear he would blush for my altered sentiments. Allow me to hope, charming Gonsalva, that you will permit me to see you here

again at this hour to-morrow? The King will soon return to Lisbon, and then I shall see you no more."

Sebastian pronounced the last words with a sigh, and anxiously looked on the heavenly features of Gonsalva for an expression of answering regret: those heavenly features were as usual brilliant with delight; her heart did not appear touched by the intimation of this separation. "Do you see that tower yonder?" she asked, pointing to a part of the house which rose above some trees—my apartments are there: under the tower-window passes a neglected path half choaked with shrubs, where if you chuse to ramble and take the chance of seeing me, and being noticed, I shall not command you away. A short excursion by moonlight will do you no harm: but mark me—no serenading."

"Then it is at night I am to expect the happiness of seeing you?"

"Have I not told you, not to *expect* any thing? If you won't consent to take even trifles as unlooked-for favors, you will lose my friendship. I *will* be absolute in my way; a very counterpart of your royal master. Fare you well, Don Fabian, if you should miss seeing me at my window, take this as a complete adieu: and, do you hear, when you return to Lisbon, do set about curing both yourself and the King, of your abominable insolence."

Away flew the volatile beauty with the grace of a nymph, leaving Sebastian pierced with pains which he dreaded to analyze; too certain they were occasioned by her seeming indifference. Something like resentment swelled his proud heart as he recalled the tenderness of his parting manner, and the carelessness of hers: he felt as if he had been duped; and execrated himself for having yielded even momentarily to a weakness which had thus sunk him into the play-thing of a coquet. To have gained gently upon her affections, and fanned an infant fire with the softest breath of respectful love, had been the aim of his wishes; but to worship an idol without a heart, feed an inhuman deity with groans and tears, to dote on what he could not esteem, was a meanness he scorned.

"You *have* seen me for the last time, insensible Gonsalva!" he exclaimed, as turning from the view of the tower, he rushed towards the mountains.

Vexed at himself, and irritated with disappointment, he rode to Crato in a mood that clouded his physiognomy. The prior was waiting his return: Sebastian scarcely noticing him, seized a bundle of despatches sent from one of his ministers, and began to read them eagerly. Don Antonio ventured a jocular remark upon his disturbed countenance.

"I am in an ill-humour cousin, replied the King, in a rage at my own conduct; and at this moment could tear up the roots of earth itself."—Antonio expressed some astonishment and more curiosity: Sebastian declined satisfying it, adding, "I have quite enough to bear, cousin, when I have my own contempt to encounter, without seeking the addition of yours. Let this squall of temper have its way—for heaven's sake talk with me of business, news, nonsense, any thing—change the current of my thoughts if possible.—What said Alcoçava and the cardinal to my refusal of the Frenchwoman?"

"Since you require me to change the current of your thoughts, and thus lead to the subject of love and marriage, I may conclude the mischief making God has had no hand in raising the present storm?"—Don Antonio spoke this with a forced smile, and not without hesitation; yet he fixed his eyes earnestly upon those of his cousin: the ingenuous countenance of the latter was immediately crimsoned over; he turned away, uttering, an exclamation of contempt, coupled with the idea of love, and abruptly entered on another topic. The prior surprised and disturbed, appeared somewhat hurt at the King's reserve, for he became thoughtful, and supported conversation with less spirit than was usual with him; but at length this mutual restraint wore off, and the remainder of the day was spent in all the freedom of friendship.

Sebastian's resolution to avoid Gonsalva, lasted rather longer than his indignation. By degrees the flattering parts of her manner came oftener to his memory than those gay airs of indifference which had mortified his too sanguine nature: the agitating blush, the hope-awakening smile haunted his day-dreams; sometimes he saw her in the visions of the night, yielding him one of those "tresses like the morn," which shaded her ivory neck, and half-averting a cheek now glowing with the sensibility of a melting heart.—He awoke, but the seducing image still swam before him.

Sebastian then revolved the probability of his having judged hastily and harshly: delicacy alone, of love distrustful of its empire, might have dictated that sprightly carelessness which had shocked him: though she had said they might not meet again, she did not perhaps think so, nor mean him to seek for her in vain at her window; would it not be well then, to make another essay to observe the effect of his absence? the youthful lover decided in the affirmative.

Being unexpectedly summoned by state affairs to his capital, he determined to make a last trial of Gonsalva's

sentiments, by visiting her on the night before his departure. When that night came, he excused himself from the amusements of his courtiers, and leaving Don Antonio chained down to a game of chess, he glided away unobserved, and was soon conveyed by his swiftest horse to the domain of Vimiosa.

A soft moonlight distinctly discovered the spot to which Gonsalva had directed him six days before. He saw the steep romantic bank shading the road towards which he now turned his steps : as he trod it lightly, the smell of orange flowers and wild thyme, came mingling from the hills and the gardens. While his eyes were fixed on the windows of the tower, where perhaps Gonsalva slept, some low tender sounds caught his ear : he listened, but they had ceased ; the next moment they returned again ; drawing gently nearer he found they proceeded from a lute which some one was touching at intervals with an unsteady hand, another pause succeeded : he stood still, and scarcely respired ; for now the voice of Gonsalva was heard singing this canzonet.

*" Hast thou, a sleepless pillow prest,
And vainly, vainly sought for rest ?
Ah ! say, have sighs and tears confess'd
That love was kindling in thy breast ?*

*Alas ! if not, why dost thou fly
To haunt my gate, my path, mine eye,
Still looking as thou wanderest nigh
A world of fond idolatry ?*

*O cease, if vanity should be
The only aim that leads to me ;
O cease, while yet my heart is free
From hope, and fear, and love, and thee !"*

Rapt, enchanted, Sebastian stood listening to this celestial voice : its thrilling tones revolving in continual sweetness but endless variety, were like the melodious warblings of a nightingale. The serene Heavens, the resplendent moonlight, the fragrance of the earth, the transport and the gratitude of his own heart, all conspired to heighten its magical effect. Donna Gonsalva had evidently chosen this song because it portrayed a situation like her own ; this thought finished the intoxication of Sebastian, and he vehemently exclaimed, " Angel !"

At this expression, Gonsalva dropped her lute, and flying forward, uttered a cry of pleasure. " Ah, is it

you, ungrateful Fabian!" she cried: her beauty and her emotion completed the conquest over her sovereign.—She was without a veil, and he now beheld for the first time, all the charms of that matchless face: traces of tears were on it.

Scarcely conscious of the extreme joy he betrayed, the king uttered a passionate expression at this visible mark of sensibility; and forcing his way up the bank through shrubs and roots of trees, got sufficiently near the object of his tenderness to kiss her hand from the window. The night breeze blowing among his fine hair, and the moon-beams falling on his white forehead, gave lustre and animation to the noblest countenance that ever yet united sublimity with beauty: Donna Gonsalva evidently beheld him with admiration.

Endeavouring to recover from the effects of her surprise, she attempted to answer his ardent assurances of repentance and gratitude, by light railleries: She acknowledged that she had been in tears, but would not confess that his absence was their cause: Sometimes she spoke in a tone of touching sensibility, then suddenly flew off into sallies of gaiety: her air and her words were at variance. Sebastian, though little skilled in the science of woman's heart, could not help perceiving the whimsical inconsistencies of Gonsalva: while her voice fluttered, her complexion glowed, her eyes sparkled, she persisted in assuring him that he had never once entered her thoughts since they parted, that even now, if his ridiculous speeches did not amuse her excessively, she would not stay a second moment at the window.

It was in vain she asserted this: the delighted lover assured her in return, that the stratagem of insincerity was fruitless. Since he was resolved to win the heart, she seemed determined not to surrender.—“And if you were to take it by storm, (as I perceive that is your mode of conquering,)” replied Gonsalva, “what would it avail? You know, daughters are not allowed to dispose of themselves: I have a father, Don Fabian, and it is from his hand I must take my husband.

Sebastian gazed on her enamoured, smiling with the consciousness of sovereign power: “Let us not talk of fathers, fair Gonsalva; were I beloved, I should fear nothing: what will not a joyful and ardent passion accomplish? Do not deny me then the hope of having interested you?—I must quit Crato to-morrow; the King is recalled by important business, and I cannot remain behind.”

“O! how much you are in love!” exclaimed Gon-

salva, with an air of tender reproach, "you profess to live only in my sight, and yet you can leave me merely for the sake of preserving an empty honor about the King!"

The gratified Sebastian protested that nothing but a sense of duty could make him forego the delight of these stolen interviews, which he would hasten to renew; promising soon to return. "Till that blissful moment, let this remind you of Fabian," said he, (unloosing from his neck a brilliant cross of the order of Christus which had hitherto been concealed by his vest.) "Let this assure you, that your lover is noble."

"And if he were not"—exclaimed Gonsalva, stopping and ending the sentence with a tender sigh. The triumph of Sebastian was now complete: "and if he were not, charming Gonsalva, you would not cease to bid him hope?—Dare I flatter myself that such was the sentiment your modesty deprived me of?—Gonsalva bowed her fair neck without speaking, while rapture sparkled in her eyes: The King lightly threw over her head the embroidered ribbon by which the order was suspended, and when he did so, lifted some of the tresses of her hair to his lips. "Might I bear away with me one of these glittering ringlets!—Surely you will not deny me the precious gift?"

A faint denial only served to stimulate the young monarch, Gonsalva refused, and chided, and jested, but yielded at last.

At parting, the coy beauty would not utter a confession of regret, though she suffered the sentiment to appear in her swimming eyes. Sebastian was perhaps more enamoured by this conduct: the difficulty of subduing so haughty or so delicate a heart, gave additional pleasure to the attempt: and the spirit of domination then mixed with the tender desires of love. He returned to Crato with his golden prize, believing himself a conqueror when he was in reality a slave.

The vivacity of Sebastian's feelings were in proportion to their novelty: he loved for the first time, therefore he loved with his whole soul; and the idea of being beloved in return, for his own sake, finished the enchantment.

During their rapid journey to Lisbon, he disclosed the romantic secret to his cousin.

Though Don Antonio was evidently too discreet for the indulgence of ill-timed raillery or unpalatable rebuke, the King perceived that his imprudent attachment surprised and shocked him: the prior's florid complexion changed frequently, and he spoke with a trepidation unusual to him. Donna Gonsalva's com-

paratively inferior birth, was in his opinion an insurmountable objection; but he forebore to press other arguments upon his sovereign, whose suddenly inflamed looks warned him to beware. Having by a strong effort conquered his excessive surprise, which secret circumstances rendered almost insufferable, he gradually acquiesced in the passionate reasoning of his kinsman, and began to assist him with plans for the completion of these new wishes.

To facilitate the King's interviews with Donna Gonsalva, and yet conceal the affair from his court, it was requisite that some plausible excuse should be found for his visiting Crato again: Antonio therefore offered to return almost immediately to his priory, feign sickness there, and intreat the society of his gracious cousin. This offer was accepted: Don Antonio scarcely refreshed himself in Lisbon ere he set out once more for Crato: the King remained behind, and for the first time in his life gave audience to his ministers with a divided mind. After despatching the various state affairs for which he had returned to his capital, he waited impatiently the prior's summons, and shortly receiving it, hastened, with a very small train, to the hunting lodge.

The interviews of the lovers were now regular, and every interview heightened the young monarch's passion. His fair mistress stimulated this ardour by just as much condescension as excited without satisfying hope; acquiring at each unexpected act of kindness fresh power over his peace. Sebastian gradually lost that self-command upon which he piqued himself, and often found that he bartered some of his independence for a smile or a kiss: but he had learned the art of silencing his own reproofs; and constantly declared to his cousin that he knew himself beloved to excess, or he would not stoop to acts which otherwise would be mean submissions.

At length, the moment so long panted after, arrived; Gonsalva one evening pronounced the tender confession of reciprocal preference, and was rewarded the next instant by an avowal of her lover's sovereign rank.

Confused and agitated, the fair Portuguese half sunk upon her knee, faltering out a few words of humility and gratitude: Sebastian hastened to raise, and clasp her in his arms, while he explained his intention of recalling her father from France in order to witness their immediate marriage. Donna Gonsalva changed colour, averted her eyes, hesitated, panted for breath, and at length apprehensively confessed that she was under engagements to a young nobleman; nay that her

father had given her to him in marriage at the age of seven years.

Had the earth opened at the feet of Sebastian, he could not have felt more horror.—Speechless with emotion, his looks only continued to interrogate Gonsalva: she trembled and wept, but conjured him to believe that after the ceremony was performed, she had almost forgotten it, as her bridegroom had gone out to Goa with his grandfather the viceroy of India, and was but lately returned.

“And you have seen him Gonsalva?” asked the King mournfully. “Yes, I have seen him thrice, but without giving him the least hope that I would ratify the cruel engagement in which my infant mind had no share. When he visited me last, you were absent, your love was doubtful, your real rank unknown, I was uncertain whether you might ever return to me, and yet I told him my resolution.”

“Then you loved me from the first?” cried the transported Sebastian, let not my Gonsalva ever again torture me with assumed indifference, when this conduct shows that she preferred the pain of concealment to the hazard of losing me by the early mention of this hateful obstacle. Take courage, dearest! ties like these may be broken without dishonour; and thank God! I am a King.”

The impetuous and imperious Sebastian forgot at this moment his character of *just*; he was incapable of admitting either a parent's or a husband's right, when the one had used his power tyrannically, and the other had been forced upon a child incapable of choice. To obtain the pope's bull for annulling this marriage seemed not a matter of difficulty; the consent of Vimiosa was of course certain; and as the rival husband had not been long returned from India, he was not likely to oppose the divorce from any motive of attachment: at all events, Sebastian resolved to use his prerogative if necessary, since Gonsalva had expressed for him the most passionate preference, and ought not her happiness to be the first object of his life!—She now repeated her promise of living for him alone, and at that sound the momentary obstacle disappeared from her lover's sight.

After this conference the rash young monarch dispatched couriers into France with letters to the count Vimiosa, demanding his daughter, and inviting him to return and assist in dissolving the bands which tied her to Don Emanuel de Castro: at the same time he sent a magnificent embassy to Rome, praying for a divorce; and commissioned his cousin Antonio to see and converse with Don Emanuel.

Meanwhile Donna Gonsalva had hinted to Sebastian the impropriety of exposing his reputation to the scandal of being discovered in a clandestine intercourse with her sovereign: having no longer a reason for concealment, Sebastian embraced the permission this hint gave him, and came with a splendid retinue to Vímieira. His lords saw nothing extraordinary in a young monarch paying a courteous visit to the sister and daughter of one of his greatest subjects, but no sooner did they behold the transcendent beauty of Donna Gonsalva, and the emotion of their royal master, than a suspicion of the truth was awakened amongst them.

Lost in a round of new and delightful enjoyments, Sebastian was from that hour continually at the house of his mistress: his cousin accompanied him in these visits, and warmly applauded his choice. But the eloquence of the latter had been used in vain to obtain an hearing from Don Emanuel De Castro; that young nobleman refusing to converse on the subject of her marriage with any other than the King himself.

Sebastian's nature was too generous not to revolt from some arbitrary measures which Antonio suggested in the height of his zeal and displeasure; he refused to degrade or distress his rival; and the dictates of delicacy forbade him to attempt purchasing his acquiescence by mere honours.

De Castro was indeed worthy of this liberal treatment: he had distinguished himself in the Indies under his grandfather, by the most brilliant services. His intrepidity and genius for war were not the only themes of praise; to these were added justice, temperance, a benevolent attention to the natural propensities, habits, and even prejudices of the Indians, and a conciliating manner which subdued them still more than his arms. Filial piety was the first of his virtues: after twelve years residence in India, a dangerous disease fastened upon his aged parent, which compelled him to return home: Don Emanuel was advised to remain at Goa, where he would in all probability receive an immediate nomination to succeed the viceroy in his government; but he refused to act thus: abandoning this expectation and resigning his military command, he left the eastern world, chiefly for the sake of softening the discomforts of a tedious voyage to a relation he revered; though the idea of claiming his young bride sweetened the sacrifice.

On reaching Portugal, the viceroy had gone to his seat at Santaren, from whence Don Emanuel had twice visited Gonsalva: but the death of his beloved grandfather quickly followed, and prevented him from seeing her again, till the first days of his mourning were

passed.—Don Emanuel was preparing to appear at court for the first time, when the King's pleasure was intimated to him by the prior of Crato. Refusing to discuss so important a matter with a third person, he was ordered into the presence of his sovereign.—The King alone, and secretly at war with himself, received him with embarrassment : his excessive emotion formed a decided contrast to the grave and dignified composure of De Castro. The latter was just going to pay the usual mark of homage to princes, when Sebastian impetuously caught him by the arm, exclaiming, "Bend not your knee to one who would dismiss from your mind in this conference all thought of his authority : I wish you to hear me, Don Emanuel, not as a King, who might insist, but as a man who is willing to submit to the decision of equity. In conversing on this interesting topic, let us think only of the rights and the happiness of Donna Gonsalva—let us forget, if possible, our own desires.—Believe me, if I did not flatter myself with being inexpressibly dear to her, if I did not abhor and renounce with my whole heart this unnatural practice of infant nuptials, I would not seek to release her hand, though certain of commanding it the next instant :—nay, had I known earlier of her engagements, preposterous as I deem them, I would have avoided the scandal and the pain of dissolving them."

De Castro fixed his eyes upon the ingenuous though disturbed countenance of the King ; esteem and compassion were in the look.—"This is the first time," he said, "in which I have had the honour of seeing and conversing with my sovereign, and I foresee it will add to my former loyalty, the sentiments of gratitude and admiration—my fortunes, my services, my life, sire, are at your feet, dispose of them henceforth as you will, but I beseech you for your own honour and happiness, for the sake of your people, proceed no further in dissolving my union with Donna Gonsalva."

"How ! Don Emanuel," exclaimed Sebastian, "do you pretend to persuade me of these animated sentiments, and yet deny me the only favor peculiarly your own to bestow ? as your sovereign I may command your services and life ; but when I ask of you with the simplicity of an equal, to resign the shadow of a right over a woman whom you cannot love, whom I love with all the ardour of virtuous tenderness, and who blesses me in return, when I ask *this* at your hands, you capriciously, tyrannically deny me. What conduct is this ? how dare you mock me with expressions of devoted regard ?"

Embarrassed yet not confounded, Don Emanuel was

silent; the King pressed his remark with increased ardour, adding, in a tone of greater emotion, "You were contracted to Donna Gonsalva at the age of thirteen, you went immediately after to India, from whence you are returned but three months; in that period you have seen the fair Gonsalva only thrice, and that in reserved interviews before her aunt, where nothing beyond personal graces could speak to your senses. No charm of varied discourse; no enchantment of sensibility could penetrate to your soul; the coldness of her feelings must have chilled yours; love feeds, grows, lives upon love! can you then, will you then have the injustice to place your mere admiration of her beauty upon a par with my lively preference of her character, and my tender sympathy with her disinterested affection? Have a care, Don Emanuel, force me not to resume the King; you may rouse me into measures which otherwise I would have spurned."

"I trust, Sire, to your own conviction of the justice of my claim," replied De Castro firmly, "the king of Portugal is born to be the glory and the exemplar of Kings: he will teach the Portuguese to obey the laws, by first obeying them himself: he will respect even the simplest rights of his subjects; he will reflect that absolute power tempts to oppression, and renders self-denial the greatest effort of virtue; and in proportion as injustice is easy to him, his magnanimity will render it difficult." Don Emanuel paused, but Sebastian was silent; for there was something in Don Emanuel's manner which at once inspired respect, and riveted attention: interpreting his sovereign's looks, that nobleman continued—"Pardon my boldness, sire, if I venture to tell you, that in marrying a subject, and that subject a woman ravished from her husband, you will stain your unsullied name, and disappoint your people. Hitherto, monarchs of Portugal have strengthened their power by foreign alliances—you, sire, have refused daughters of France and Spain; and when it is known that you have refused them for a private person, may we not dread the consequences?"

"What! Don Emanuel," interrupted Sebastian, "does your otherwise admirable theory of a prince's duties, lead to this extravagant conclusion, that he is bound to sacrifice his domestic happiness to a mere shew of benefiting his people?—Is a powerful alliance more than a political pageant?—When did you ever find the dearest connections amongst earthly potentates, (and I blush for them whilst I urge it,) able to counterbalance the promptings of ambition and opportunity? every solid advantage would be as firmly secured to

Portugal by my union with a subject as with a princess. I am not the first King of Portugal who has declared that "marriage is the prerogative of every man."

"True, Sire!" returned De Castro, respectfully, "but your majesty will remember that the august monarch who made this declaration, coupled it with these words—I promise never to invade this prerogative in the person of another, and for that reason expect never to have it invaded in my own."

"De Castro," said the King earnestly, "tell me that you tenderly, exclusively love her—swear it to me by your hope of eternal salvation, and whatever it may cost me, I will relinquish my own happiness, but never again expect to behold the face of your sovereign: for the man who would force to his arms an unwilling bride, must have a soul with which mine can have no fellowship."

Extremely affected by the honorable emotion of his royal master, Don Emanuel's voice faltered as he replied, "My nature, sire, is incapable of deriving gratification from any forced submission; much less from that submission of woman's heart, which must be voluntary to be sweet:—he assured Donna Gonsalva shall not be compelled into my arms. To swear I love her dearer than any thing on earth, would be false, for I love my King better; I take Heaven to witness it is more for his honour and prosperity, than for my own wishes, that I thus desperately risk his displeasure. Time, perhaps, may plead in my justification, and convince you, sire, that though I refuse every other ground of discussion except that of right, yet am I sincere when I repent, that for loyalty and the most passionate wish for your majesty's real happiness, my heart may challenge any heart in Portugal."

Sebastian's indignant eyes searched the countenance of Don Emanuel; "There is a proud mystery about you, sir," he said, "which displeases me:—I have humbled myself too much.—Since it is to be a question of right, learn to respect the rights of your prince. From this hour know that I will be obeyed."

Don Emanuel threw himself at the King's feet.—"Then I must implore for justice, and conjure my sovereign to decide on my claim as he would have done in a similar cause in which he was not a party. Ah, sire! you turn pale! your upright soul feels the force of that plain appeal. Would to God, for your own august sake, that you would not precipitately do an act of violence.—Have you no fears, sire, that the woman who could so long conceal, and so lightly break a sacred tie (however imposed,) has been actuated by less disinterested motives than those of virtuous love?"

At this unexpected question, the King lost all command of his passions, and fiercely motioned for Dora Emanuel to withdraw; his look and gesture were too violent not to warn De Castro that he trod on the brink of a precipice: that young nobleman rose from the ground, and as he bowed respectfully, a deep sigh escaped him, he bowed again, and left the King to his own thoughts.

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CHAPTER III.

SEBASTIAN's mind was a tempest of angry feelings. It was now evident, that unless the presence and arguments of the Count Vimiosa should prevail over De Castro's obstinacy, he must be forced to use compulsion: such measures were so abhorrent to his nature that he felt increased aversion for the man who thus rendered them necessary.

Don Emanuel was forbid to appear at court; yet his still generous, though indignant sovereign, neither abridged his honours nor his liberty: he testified his displeasure merely by banishing him from his presence. The prior of Crato observed this moderation and blamed it: Sebastian answered him by saying, "De Castro has to thank me for much more forbearance: were I to follow the dictates of my proud spirit, I would crush him with benefits, and render this perseverance odious to the whole world. But I disdain to take so unfair an advantage." Antonio was not reconciled to such a refinement of honour, yet he attempted not to ridicule it. The arrival of the Count Vimiosa revived the spirits of the King; from him he expected implicit submission, and he found it. The Count had early learned the court lesson of obedience; and was besides intoxicated with the height to which his daughter's elevation would raise himself: he professed his willingness to repair in person to Rome for the dispensation; inveighing bitterly against the rash and selfish man who thus ventured to contend with his prince.

Sebastian could not conceal from his own thoughts that he despised this pliant father, who boasted acquiescence as the fruit of reverence to royal authority, not as springing from the conviction of woman's right to dispose of her affection and her hand: Sebastian was accustomed to estimate the value of men's actions by their motives; and scorning those of Vimiosa, scarcely brooked his presence even in the society of his daughter. However, for her sake he gave him the palace of

Xabregas, to which she was shortly after removed with her discreet aunt from the vicinity of Crato.

Though debarred from personally appearing before the King, Don Emanuel addressed a letter to him full of duteous affection, in which he offered to forego all claim upon Donna Gonsalva, provided she continued to wish it at the expiration of six months: but for that period he stipulated that she must either retire into a convent, or accept the protection of his aunt Donna Garcia di Nugnez, a lady of unblemished reputation, under her roof she might receive his visits, and those of the King also.

This proposal De Castro pressed with such earnestness (offering to pledge himself under forfeiture of his estates and life, to use no authority over the will of Donna Gonsalva,) that Sebastian was induced to consider it—there was such an air of sincerity in the whole of that young nobleman's conduct, and his character had hitherto been so irreproachable, that it was impossible even for the passion-blinded King to refuse believing him innocent of wanton insolence. Whatever romantic notions of right and honour might tempt him into the present opposition, it was evident that he rather sought to give his prince time to recollect himself, than finally to thwart his wishes.

Stimulated to convince Don Emanuel that his choice arose not from a temporary gust of passion, Sebastian half-resolved to accept these offered terms, and consent to six months probation. With this view he hastened from the palace of Ribera to that of Xabregas, to communicate the letter to Donna Gonsalva; he found her in the midst of her little court, like the Queen of beauty surrounded by graces and loves. On his entrance the nobles retired, leaving only the prior of Crato, and Donna Sancha Vimiosa.

While the fair Portugues read De Castro's letter, the blood suddenly forsook her lips and cheeks; she fixed her amazed eyes on Don Antonio, as if unconscious of what they looked on, repeated aloud "for six months!"—at that moment Sebastian forgot his rational resolution; "but we are not to be debarred the society of each other all that time, my Gonsalva!" said he, tenderly kissing her hand.

Gonsalva gazed at him with a mixture of astonishment and apprehension—"already so indifferent!" she exclaimed—"artful De Castro, thou knowest but too well, I fear, how those six months would end!"

"Donna Gonsalva!" cried the prior, with no very respectful roughness, "are you in your senses?—observe the king."

Instantaneously recalled, the beautiful Gonsalva recovered from her extraordinary agitation, and turning to her lover, beheld on his countenance such an expression of grateful surprise and fond regret, that she half sunk into his arms, repeating with the voice of a syren "you will not banish me from happiness for six long months? you will not kill your Gonsalva with fears which your authority may end for ever?"

Sebastian pressed her to him in a transport of love—"what is it you fear!" he exclaimed, "what is it alarms my Gonsalva!"

His charming mistress cast down her eyes abashed, "I fear, without cause perhaps," she said, "yet, you have yourself often remarked, that true tenderness trembles at every delay of what it sighs for.—These six months passed with the relation of the man who calls himself my husband—these six months in which you may be wrought on to abandon me—are so frightful—so sad—alas! how shall I live through them!"

Antonio, who was reading the important letter, now broke in upon Sebastian's soothing: he spoke with peculiar warmth on the weakness of allowing himself to be thus trifled with by an inferior. He could not understand, he observed, any of those romantic notions which his royal master urged in defence of Don Emanuel; but frankly gave it as his opinion that De Castro, so far from being sincere in his promise of resigning the lady in half a year, was more likely to take a base advantage of a husband's authority, and whenever Donna Gonsalva should be removed from her own family, render it impossible for her to return to her lover.

"I am not a deep reasoner, my honoured cousin, added the prior, with his usual good-humoured levity—but depend on it I see actions as they are; and never am out in men's motives,—shall I tell you what I would do in your majesty's place?—I would flatly refuse this insidious offer, and send the proposer of it back to the Indies: give him the viceroyalty by way of consolation."

"Not to get him quietly out of the way;" replied the King, "do not injure yourself so in my thoughts Antonio, by urging such unworthy conduct!—no, he shall be heard at the tribunal to which I appeal. I am not going to rob him."

"Your majesty's apprehension is so quick, and so erring sometimes!" cried the smiling prior, "I simply meant him to be complimented with the government of India, *after* the cause had gone against him."

"No, nor that either," answered Sebastian, "I will not purchase the silence of an enemy at the expense of

my people. If I am to believe De Castro insincere and unworthy, he is not to be trusted with the destinies of thousands."

"Well, you must pardon my zeal, sire!—I would perform a ten year's penance for your sake, and your majesty knows how ill long fasts and sleepless nights suit my taste,) and it chafes me into uncharitableness, perhaps, to find a fellow cheating your generous nature with mere breath."

"I know your affectionate heart!" said the King, with one of his benign smiles; then turning to Gonsalva, who had been all this time resting her fair cheek on his shoulder, and moistening it with tears, he besought her to pronounce her will, and it should be obeyed.

"Renew your solicitations at Rome!" she exclaimed, pleasure sparkling in her eyes—"suffer me still to remain at Xabregas with my kind aunt here—and from this hour till the blessed one which makes me yours, refuse to see or hear from Don Emanuel.—Never, never again let me be tortured with his presence."

The King kissed her hand in token of assent; and De Castro's proposal was rejected.

A second embassy was now dispatched under the Count Vimiosa into Italy; while Don Emanuel, wearied with fruitless efforts to see the King again, and secretly supported by many of the nobility who envied the elevation of the Vimiosas, went himself to Rome to ask for justice at the feet of the pope. His cause was strengthened by the French court, exasperated at the refusal of their alliance with Portugal; and strenuously promoted by the influence of a high Italian family with whom he was connected by blood.—But Sebastian felt secure of success, and intoxicated by the delight of love, could not conceive the possibility of disappointment.

His beautiful idol was now the idol of the people and the nobles; wherever she moved, crowds hung upon her charms; the graces of her air, and the bewitching playfulness of her manner, attracted hearts as well as eyes, and among the young lords who approached the fascinations of her accomplishments, scarcely any one preserved himself from the torment of fruitless desires.—This admiration from others, increased the passion, because it flattered the pride of the King; and assured of being exclusively beloved, he no longer blushed to display the excess and tenderness of his feelings.

At length the pope's decision arrived;—Count Vimiosa returned triumphant; De Castro foiled.

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An opportunity of prosperously invading Africa, now presented itself. One of the Moorish princes who had been dethroned by his uncle Muley Moloch, King of Fez, Morocco, and Tarradunt, after vainly soliciting the aid of Mahometan courts, came as a suppliant to Portugal: he pleaded his rights and his distress; offering the monarch in lieu of assistance, several valuable territories along the sea-coast.

Sebastian's zeal for the extension of Christianity would not suffer him to be contented with a mere accession of territory: he dictated new terms; stipulating for the half of whatever was re-conquered and for the enlargement of every Christian found enslaved amongst the Moors. But the leading article in their treaty was an agreement that no Christian hereafter should be forced into the profession of Mahometanism, and that the Emperor of Morocco should make a law for this purpose, under the penalty of death to any of his subjects who should disobey.

By this arrangement Sebastian insured to himself a substantial hold on Africa; and though aware of the small probability there was that Muley Hamet should fulfil the latter part of their treaty, he was now conscious of possessing in this article, (if infringed) a justifiable plea for turning his arms against so faithless an ally.

On completing this compact with the Moore, and receiving some mercenaries from Germany and Flanders, the King called a general assembly of his nobles and ministers.—After eloquently detailing his motives for taking arms, and the advantages likely to result from it to all Christendom, he proceeded to say, that he convened his council, not to ask their advice, but to instruct them in his aim, and to receive their concurrence. He called God to witness, that his first and dearest aim was the preservation of unnumbered souls who now groaned under the sinful yoke of a detestable religion, and perhaps wanted only to live under a Christian government, and be taught by Christian teachers, to awake from their delusion: he pathetically painted the miseries of his captive countrymen to whom the Portuguese arms were about to give freedom: he then commented on the political advantage of acquiring a maritime frontier in Africa for the protection of their trade with the gold coast; and lastly, he avowed a strong desire for honourable distinction. His impetuous youth here dwelt delighted, and laid claim to some indulgence for this last infirmity of noble minds: he finished an animated confession of that infirmity, by these words from Cicero.

"Should we in the pursuits of virtue have any of its rewards in view, the noblest of all, is glory: this alone compensates the shortness of life, by the immortality of fame; by this we are still present when absent from the world, and survive even after death. By the steps of glory, in short, mortals mount to heaven."

This speech produced very different effects upon his hearers: the younger were already converts to his opinion; but the old and experienced, who had lived long enough in the world to foresee the probable termination of this military romance, received their King's determination sorrowfully. Each, in private, endeavoured to persuade him of the impracticability of subduing Africa with a handful of men, unsupported by foreign succours, and depending for their safety in a great measure on the good faith of an infidel ally: they expatiated upon the exhaustless numbers of the Moors, and their knowledge of their own country, where he, would fight upon the ground he knew little of, where in the event of a defeat he might be so bewildered as not to get back to his transports, and must consequently resign his troops either to starvation or captivity.

Similar arguments were pressed on him by the ambassadors of foreign courts; but they served only to inflame the courage of Sebastian, and to exasperate him against their masters, those cautious monarchs who proved themselves nominal sons of the church, since they would not contribute one detachment towards his enterprise. His uncle too, the Cardinal Henry, opposed the expedition, and aided by the foreboding lamentations of the Queen dowager, frequently agitated their rash kinsman by unavailing remonstrances.

Sebastian listened respectfully to each; but, seduced into the belief of being born for the destruction of Mahometanism, persevered in his resolution.

To the enchantments of Donna Gonsalva he continually turned from these vexations: her wit enlivened him, her syren voice soothed the most turbulent emotions of his soul, and his unsated eyes found ceaseless delight in following the graceful varieties of her face and figure: yet Sebastian had a void in his heart; a something unfilled, unsatisfied, which he placed to the account of the imperfection of human felicity. Donna Gonsalva was exquisite in person and mind; she certainly loved him, but her love did not meet either the delicacy or the intensity of his: her feelings were obtuse in those trifles to which sensibility is tremblingly alive: she would often pursue her own sprightly pleasures

with such eager forgetfulness of him, as to mortify and displease him. Two or three times he had entered her apartments at Xabregas in the bitterness of a spirit traversed and exhausted by political disappointments, and she had not observed it: his watchful passion was never one moment insensible to the slightest variation of its object: not even the mist of an unpleasant thought could shade that heaven of beauty, without disturbing his repose—and she—yes she, often saw him agitated or depressed, without observation.

It was at these periods that Sebastian acknowledged the torments and the omnipotence of love: he saw a defect in his idol, yet he worshipped her still.

But what could he desire more than to be loved with all the powers of her soul? if that soul wanted some of the energy of his, was it not her misfortune rather than her fault? his reason assented to this, though his heart frequently burst out into fond complaints which Gonsalva silenced by the warmest assurance of preference. Under the immediate impression of his grief, she would lose no opportunity of evincing her tenderness, and then Sebastian's transports would return; but attentions which do not flow spontaneously from a natural softness, seldom are lasting; Donna Gonsalva would soon forget her lover's character, because her own was of a lighter stamp, and gay thoughtlessness uniformly succeeded a short solicitude.

This perpetual inconsideration deeply wounded the King; for a lover like him, expected to throb in every pulse of her heart. Racked with repeated mortifications, that perhaps owed their existence to an impassioned fastidiousness “which I beseech ye, call a godly sin”—he looked anxiously towards the hour of his departure from Portugal, secretly hoping to endear himself by danger, or at least to rouse some of those sensibilities which were as wholly concealed now by ceaseless gaiety, as when no anxieties existed to call them forth.

Don Antonio was ever Gonsalva's advocate; sometimes rallying, and sometimes more seriously reproving his royal cousin for pampering a sickly sensitiveness, which thus poisoned life's chief blessing.

Sir Thomas Stukeley, ignorant of his illustrious friend's discontent, unconsciously increased it; for one night in a walk among the gardens of Ribera, under the boundless and starry heavens, he poured into the attentive ear of Sebastian, the story of his early life: that story, though it might be comprised in a single incident, was deeply interesting to the young King, whose heart, penetrated with one affection, delighted

to sympathize with every other ; yet he listened sadly, for he thought the more of Gonsalva's temperate feelings.

The untimely death of a brother, long and justly beloved, had driven Stukeley a wanderer from his country : that brother's character, made up of every estimable and endearing quality ; his fraternal love " exceeding the love of women," were depicted in the heart-wringing language of a regret increasing with time.

" We lived in our native Devonshire," continued Stukeley, " far from the excitements and the temptations of a court ; ignorant of any mortal happiness beyond each other's deserved encomiums. One fatal day, hunting among the woods round Ilfracombe—my erring spear—I cannot describe it!—this brother, dearer to me than existence, this soul of my wretched life, fell through a disastrous accident by my hand!—But he died with forgiveness on his lips—he died kissing the hand that smote him!"—

Stukeley's voice assumed a fearful hollowness as he spoke the last words, his eyes rolled back upon themselves, and his pale countenance expressed the extremity of despair ; but the next moment rapture illumined him, and he wildly resumed—

*" Oft in the dead of the night his voice I hear,
Like harp angelic, bidding me rejoice,
Not weep his fate ; for now he dwells in bliss,
High, full, seraphic, far transcending all
That heart of man can image, and with eye
Cleared from its mortal dross, beholds the end
Of human suffering ; weeps no more the woes
Of fellow dust, but sees unnumbered crowds,
Multitudes vast—of ev'ry race and tint—
Dreaming of pain awhile, but to awake
In beatific and eternal heaven!"*

Accustomed to hear his friend converse by snatches in a strain resembling poetry, Sebastian made no remark on this momentary rhapsody : Stukeley paused awhile, and then continued :

" After the loss of my brother, I know not what strange calamity fell on me. I sometimes think I could not have been in my right mind. Memory retains a confused notion of my having once formed a visionary project of colonizing Florida, then but newly discovered, erecting over it the sovereignty of an order still purer and more self-denying than the orders of Jerusalem and Malta : I can recollect displeasing the young queen Elizabeth with my romantic ambition.—

At length, when my intellect recovered its cruel shock, I found myself in a court, filled with the professors of a new religion; it was impossible for me to stay, even to hear their doctrines. I passed from England to Ireland; from Ireland to Italy, sorrowing and self-condemned for my involuntary crime; there, my arms have been constantly employed against the enemies of our holy church. This wandering warfare; this renunciation of home, country and kindred, is the penance to which I have condemned myself: may it tend to expiate my guilt!—My grief it cannot cure.” Again Stukeley mused awhile, and again he abruptly added, “ ’Tis a distinguished privilege to die in defence of the sacred cross! I swear never to abandon it! We will plant the blessed banner on every mosque in Morocco, or perish in the attempt.”

Gladly seizing the last subjects suggested by Stukeley, Sebastian forebore to comment on the melancholy commencement of their discourse, leading him to talk of the meditated war, of which religion formed the only basis.

Public affairs now hastened to a crisis: the armament was complete, and the fleet equipped; the Pope had transmitted his blessing, with a present exceeding in value that of the consecrated rose: it was an arrow which had pierced the side of St. Sebastian!

In their armour and field accoutrements, the nobility displayed infinite splendour; and as desolated Portugal could not furnish many private soldiers, the troops composed chiefly of gentlemen volunteers, seemed but a gallant shew of accomplished knights.

The royal-standard (embroidered by Donna Gonsalva) was carried in procession through the streets of Lisbon, to receive the benediction of the archbishop; it was then delivered into the hand of the Marquis Villa-real, and the army marshalled around it.

After this august ceremony, the troops prepared to embark, while his officers and men were exchanging adieus with wives, sisters, and parents, Sebastian hurried to to take leave of Donna Gonsalva: she had for some days yielded to an excess of grief, and had shut herself up from all society. At sight of her royal lover clad in the shining livery of war, she flung herself into his arms with tears and cries; distracted at the possibility of eventually losing him either by death or changed sentiments, she wildly expressed a wish to become his by a secret, but binding tie.

Sebastian pressed her to his breast in a tumult of tender delight, “dearest treasure of my life!” he exclaimed, covering her fair brow with kisses, “at this

moment your Sebastian is blest to the utmost extent of his fantastic desires.—Ah, Gonsalva! why have I ever believed you indifferent, or incapable of exquisite love? be assured I go now, confident of possessing your heart; I go to conquer for your sake, to return worthy of you, covered with the spiritual dew of heaven, its blessing and the blessings of millions:—but ask me not to forfeit my right to this dear hand, by evading the conditions upon which it has been awarded to me; I have promised our holy father to engage in an expedition against the infidels—successful or unsuccessful, I will return to Portugal, and either share my glory with you, or—perish the possibility of mischance!” Donna Gonsalva now redoubled her tears and her endearments; and tying round his neck a picture of herself conjured him to remember that her existence was interwoven with his own.

As the enamoured King repeated his belief of her sincerity, he added tenderly. “These tears, these sighs, my Gonsalva, can never be absent from my thoughts: be assured that whenever you think of your Sebastian whether at the dead of night; or in the hurry of day, he is at that moment thinking of you.”

His eyes overflowed as he spoke; he strained her to his bosom, held her there an instant, then broke away. While moving towards the door, a favourite dog that had always been his companion, leaped up, and licked his forehead. “Farewell, Baréme!” said the softened king, “I cannot take thee,—Stay with my Gonsalva, and be cherished for thy master’s sake.” On pronouncing these words, he gently pushed the faithful animal aside, and hastened out of the apartment.

The royal equerries waited with their sovereign’s Arabian, at the gates of Xabregas; Sebastian vaulted into his seat, and with a soul raised to rapture by the undisguised fondness of Donna Gonsalva, rode towards the place at which the troops were ordered to assemble.

There, the King and the soldier took their turn: he rode along the lines formed by his army, proudly exulting in their strength and appearance. His animation diffused cheerfulness through the soldiery; and a short address, exhorting them to patience, perseverance, and fidelity, was answered by loyal acclamations: the word was then given, and the army began its march.

The figure of the young King, (clad in a suit of green armour) full of youth, spirit, and hope, was picturesquely contrasted by the wild sadness of Stukeley, the light and shade of whose countenance at one time flashed the fire of a warrior, at others was lost in a gloom of unavailing regret. Don Antonio of Crato, formed a

contrast of another sort; his gold armour was gaily adorned with bosses and chasings, which the priest's vestment did not entirely conceal; his florid aspect seemed equally free from thought and care: but there was one knight among the troops whose face expressed many thoughts and many feelings: it was Don Emanuel de Castro.

Without attempting to see or to address Sebastian, he had signified to the master of the horse his intention of furnishing five hundred harquebusiers for the expedition: through that nobleman's interference this offer was not only accepted, but he was permitted to head them himself; and thus allowed an opportunity of retrieving his sovereign's lost favour. De Castro now rode among the noble volunteers, with a serious brow.

His steady judgment, neither hurried away by the romantic sanguineness of the unexperienced Sebastian, nor actuated by that indifference to life which left Stukeley without a wish to estimate danger, nor constitutionally careless of every thing beyond present enjoyment, like the prior of Crato, foresaw much to apprehend from the inadequacy of their armament. A thousand gallant vessels, with their bravery of tackling and of sails, made a noble shew in the bay; and twenty thousand troops in all the gloss of untried arms, and unbroken spirits, presented an imposing spectacle to the gaze of enthusiasts. But what were these in reality, when contrasted with perhaps more than a hundred thousand enemies upon their own ground? De Castro's prophetic heart ached in the midst of general exultation.

The various regiments were now embarking: as they marched along the shore the sun flamed upon their banners and coats of mail; the inspiring trumpet resounded from all the neighbouring echoes; pealing bells rung joyously from the city; and at intervals the discharge of ordnance from adjacent forts, was seen to shake the ships and the hills.

Impatient to be the first embarked, Sebastian rode eagerly through his people, amid their shouts and blessings, as if returning in triumph; his youth, his personal graces, and the imposing dignity of his cause, made every heart follow him. As he leaped into the boat which was to bear him to the royal galley, he uncovered his head, and waving aloft his flowing helmet, seemed to be commending Portugal to the protection of Heaven. By his side stood his favourite page, and the Duke of Barcelos, two young sons of the Duchess of Braganza, his near kinswoman, and next heir to the crown: their tender childhood and gallant mien, their

sweet faces, yet wet with a mother's tears, caused a momentary pang in the multitude, but the sunny look of the King brightened regret into exultation, and loud acclamations pursued the track of his departing boat.

In a few hours more, the whole army was embarked, and then the fleet weighing anchor, sailed out of the Tagus. Prosperous winds swelled their sails to Cadiz, where they waited awhile for the promised succours from Philip II. the Duke of Medina Sidonia feasted the King and the knights there, with a magnificence little inferior to royalty. After a week's delay the expected supplies arrived; they consisted but of two thousand foot soldiers: the enraged Sebastian would have sent them back to his dissembling uncle, had not the Duke of Medina found some plausible excuse for his master's conduct, and faithfully promised further aid in his name.

Quickly irritated, and as easily appeased, the ingenuous monarch believed this hollow apology, and returning the courteous entertainment of his host by conferring on him an order of knighthood, re-embarked with his army for the shores of Africa.

The Portuguese fleet crossed the mouth of the straits, and passing within sight of Cape Spartel, coasted along as far as Tangier, where Sebastian, with his English friend Stukeley, were landed, and the remaining troops under Diego de Souza, and Antonio of Crato, proceeded to the fortress of Arzile.

The Moorish prince, Muley Hamet and his brother-in-law, Cid Abbequerin, were at Tangier, with a few armed followers, to receive the king of Portugal: they delivered into his hands hostages for their fidelity, conjuring their Christian ally not to listen to the deceptive representations of the Xeriff Muley Moloch, whose ambassador was now arrived at the fortress. Sebastian re-assured them, though he could not refuse the Moorish envoy an audience.

On being admitted to the royal presence, the African delivered a letter from his master, wherein moderation and spirit were admirably blended. This letter declared the Xeriff prepared in all points for war, and ready to meet it; but while he made such a declaration, he besought Don Sebastian to weigh well the value of men's lives ere he rashly threw away his own and those of his subjects: he described with terrible simplicity the immensity of his resources, and the number of his armies, proving the improbability of success, though the Portuguese King were at the head of 20,000 heroes. Having exhorted him to spare to his people those virtues of his, that were yet only in

the bud of blooming youth, he entered into a full discussion of his own pretensions and those of Hamet ; by this discussion he laboured to show that his right to the crowns of Fez and Morocco, was superior to that of his nephew ; and that even were it otherwise, the latter had forfeited his claim by acts of cruelty and oppression. To secure peace, and the friendship of the christians, he offered Don Sebastian undisturbed possession of every fortress in Africa that ever had belonged or did now belong to Portugal, and he promised to add to each of them, a moderate tract of arable land.

After pressing this proposal upon the young monarch, he once more conjured him to weigh well the real interest of his subjects ; concluding with a sentiment memorable in a despotic prince.

“ You know, great prince, (or ought to know) that the regal power allotted us, makes us common servants of our creator ; then of those people whom we govern ; so that observing the duties we owe to God, we deliver blessings to mankind : in providing for the public good of our states we magnify the honour of God ; like the celestial bodies, which, though they have much veneration, yet serve only to the benefit of the world. It is the excellency of our office to be the instruments whereby happiness is delivered to nations.”

Negotiation upon a proposal of this kind, so inadequate to the grand object of Sebastian, was not likely to meet with his concurrence : he bade the ambassador bear his refusal to Muley Moloch, with an expression of regret that such noble sentiments were not the production of a lawful and a christian ruler. He then dismissed the ambassador, and went with Sir Thomas Stukeley to examine the state of the fortress.

Stukeley was now become as dear, as he had ever appeared admirable, to this warm-hearted sovereign : in the close intimacy and domestic habits of a sea-voyage, the amiable parts of the Englishman's character gradually disclosed themselves : and their tastes and principles proving consonant, the partiality of Sebastian increased so much, as to lead him into a disclosure, which had more of friendship than of justice in it. This respected the disposal of Barbary.

Every one presumed that in the event of a conquest, Sebastian would yield the empire of Morocco to Muley Hamet, and be himself crowned King of Fez : but he had long resolved to prove the disinterestedness of his motives, by awarding the throne of Fez to him who should most distinguish himself in the expedition. To rescue the Moors from ignorance and infidelity, by

giving them a christian monarch and christian teachers, was the chief aim of his enterprise: unsullied honour was the only wreath he sought to preserve for his own brow.

By entrusting the secret to Stukeley, Sebastian unconsciously meant to give additional energy to his friend's arms, and to secure for him the new monarchy: our gallant countryman received this information with grateful enthusiasm; but unwilling to take an unfair advantage of his competitors, besought the king to communicate it to all his nobles, when they should join the grand army.

Such generous conduct increased Sebastian's esteem; he freely granted the request, adding—"They will all have my good wishes for their success, but you, Stukeley, will have my prayers."

Orders were now issued for the Moorish forces under Muley Hamet, and the Portuguese who had disembarked at Tangier with their king, to be ready for marching to Arzile: there, the whole strength of their little army was concentrated.

A tedious march along a hot and arid coast, produced sickness among the soldiery; when they reached the main body, under Don Diego de Souza, they found it somewhat enfeebled through the same cause: but a spirit of enterprise still animated every breast; and as the immediate siege of Larache was determined upon, a military council was called for the purpose of ascertaining whether it were most advisable to proceed directly by land, through an enemy's country, to the destined siege, or to re-embark and proceed thither by sea.

At this suggestion of prudence, the rash monarch took fire: he had not yet learned to separate true valour from that vain contempt of danger which makes a man put his life to the hazard for an inadequate object, or for the attainment of a good, attainable by less perilous means: he vehemently protested against the latter measure, and his experienced commanders were silenced without being convinced.

During the king's stay at Tangier, his officers at Arzile had had time to learn the exact strength of the enemy, and what dependence was to be placed on the succours so largely promised by Hamet. Don Emanuel de Castro now ventured in council to address his sovereign, informing him that their Moorish ally had grossly exaggerated his ability and the inclinations of the Africans, as they appeared mostly unanimous in defence of the present Xeriff's authority. That intrepid old man, he said, was now sick of a fever, but was

yet rapidly approaching at the head of a hundred thousand men; fresh armies were forming in the rear and flank of the christians; and should these succeed in turning their other wing, (which they might easily do, if the Portuguese were marched inland towards Larache,) so surrounded and cut off from their fleet, destruction must follow. He therefore suggested the propriety of extreme caution. At this remark the King frowned, and issued decisive orders for proceeding to the river Lucos, (upon which stood the fortress) and fording it, though in the mouth of the enemy's cannon.

"If we begin to think of defeat, or of providing for our own security," he said sternly, to De Castro, "we are lost!—we have nothing to oppose to this ocean of Moors that you talk of, but the belief that we are invincible.—Give us only the *enthusiasm* of our ancestors, and the glorious field of Ourique will no longer stand unrivalled in the imperishable page of history."

De Castro granted the justice of this reliance upon the omnipotence of opinion; yet a lurking suspicion of the Moorish Prince Hamet, made him foresee ultimate disappointment: he pointed out several traits in the infidel's conduct, which indicated jealousy of the Christians, and Sebastian admitting their force, promised to observe him narrowly.

The army now began its march towards Larache, and halted between Arzile and Alcazar-quiver. To proceed without a decisive engagement, was become impossible; for the Xeriff's force, consisting of sixty thousand horse and forty thousand foot, had advanced by forced marches from Morocco into Fez, secured the passage of the Lucos, and suddenly shewn themselves, encamped in the plains of Alcazar. Don Sebastian was for immediately advancing to give them battle; but against this step Muley Hamet opposed many plausible arguments: he proposed that the Portuguese should draw nearer to the coast, where, in case of extremity, they might be received into their ships; by throwing up entrenchments, they could there bid defiance to any assault, and would be secured from every species of want, by supplies of ammunition and provisions from the fleet.

"And for what is this delay proposed, now?"—cried the astonished Sebastian, "are we to abandon our enterprise even on the threshold? are we to shrink from the very difficulties we have courted, and fly before an enemy with whom we have not exchanged a single blow? do you think we came only to *look* at your countrymen?—In the name of God, prince, what coward's counsel is this?"

Dissembling his rage at the indiscreet anger of the young King, Hamet coolly replied, that Muley Moloch was now master of all the fords and passages of the Lucos, from the ocean to the mountains of Benzeroel, that consequently an attempt to force these would be the attempt of madmen, since their troops were already fainting with a long sultry march, and nearly destitute of provisions: by avoiding an engagement for at least some days, they would give time for the arrival of King Philip's promised succours, and might be further re-inforced by deserters from the usurper Moloch.

Perceiving his aim at last, and transported out of all patience, the unreflecting Sebastian forgot every thing but indignation: he started from his seat with a look of fierce defiance, crying out, "away with such dissembling! Moor, I can read your heart:—you would do without the aid of the Christians. In a few days, perhaps hours, you expect death to rid you of your uncle, and give you these kingdoms by some political trick—then would our treaty, aye and our safety, be left to your honour!—but thank heaven, my brave Portuguese are not to be thus trifled with!—we shall march forward; if without you, for ourselves,—for the release of Christian captives—for the sake of the blessed cross; if with you, for your advantage as well as for our own;—and with a conscientious resolution to preserve our share in the compact inviolate.

"Prince! we are in sight of the enemy—behold me draw this sword, which I swear by the virgin mother of Jesus, never to sheathe till it has cut my way through yonder host!"

A sublime sternness sat on the brow of the young warrior while he spoke: in one moment the clashing of swords and the murmur of vows were heard throughout the assembly; as if electrified with the same fire, all the knights followed his chivalric example.

Hamet was silent: at length he bowed before the royal seat, saying in a subdued voice, "light of thy people, thou hast not interpreted my zealous caution with the usual charity of a Christian: let my actions speak for me!—I will follow thee unto death."

"Prove that I have wronged thee, Hamet!" returned Sebastian, with a relenting smile, "and thou shalt find me more prompt to repair, than I have been to commit, this injury."

Muley Hamet bowed submissively again; the clouds of passion and suspicion then fled from the face of the King, and demanding his officer's attention, he proceeded to hear their separate opinions upon the subject under discussion.

Experienced and inexperienced, now decided on Sebastian's side ; even De Castro voted for giving battle to the Xeriff. Conduct that would have been prudent at Arzile, became cowardice at Alcazar : to begin retreating towards the coast, seemed at this period more hazardous than to risk an engagement ; for in the former case, an enormous army hanging upon their rear, might harrass their retreat, and at last make an easy prey of the famished and fatigued soldiers : by the former plan the Portuguese would preserve a chance of victory, or at least secure to themselves honourable graves.

Gratified with his council, and pleasingly surprised to find Don Emanuel urgent for action, Sebastian graciously acknowledged that pleasure, and paying a just tribute to his rival's warlike talents, resolved thenceforth only to remember his services.—He now gave him his hand with a look so effulgently expressive, that De Castro's tranquil countenance became agitated with unexpected pleasure ; he bent his knee to the ground, and ventured to put his lips respectfully to the hand that had been given him ;—Sebastian suffered it to remain awhile in his grasp—then calling his knights to their posts, hastened out to reconnoitre and to marshal his troops.

All was new animation in the Portuguese camp ; dauntless hearts, hot with religious zeal, made them eager for engagement ; the King went at night from tent to tent, encouraging his men, and rousing their emulation by proclaiming his intention of instituting a new order upon that day, should Heaven bless his arms : to the highest distinction in this novel institution, even the humblest soldier might aspire, and be enrolled in the same proud list with his commander. From the private's quarters he returned to his own tent, where assembling his officers, he imparted the magnificent prize destined for *their* reward :—the crown of Fez !

How does the outward lustre of a crown dazzle all eyes, and blind them to its thorny lining ! ambition, more potent even than love, sees no defect in its object, but grasps at it with the avidity of a soul certain of seizing beatitude !—The nobles round King Sebastian looked at each other for awhile without speaking ; then actuated by the same spirit, cast themselves at his feet in a transport of gratitude ; their tumultuous and lavish protestations infused confidence into their sovereign, whose breast beat with the certainty of success : dismissing them soon after, he threw himself upon his palliass, for a few hours' repose.

To sleep was impossible: Sebastian counted the night watches with impatience, and just as morning broke, had the mortification to hear rain falling heavily upon the roof of his tent: he leaped up, and hurried into the air.—The dawn was now beginning to glimmer over the extensive camp of the enemy, but the sky was moist and dark: to commence an attack under such circumstances would be fruitless; the showers blew directly in the face of his army, and would render their cannon and harquebusses, almost useless;—he was therefore forced to command a suspension of his orders.

After two hours of incessant rain, the clouds dispersed; and the sun shone out with intense heat:—the King then hastily roused his page (Diego of Braganza,) whose childish hands trembled while they clasped the rivets of his master's vantbrace.

"What! you tremble my little cousin?"—said he, stroking his fair hair, and smiling more tenderly than sportively.

"With impatience, Sire, not fear."—replied the blushing boy.—Sebastian gave him a hasty embrace; "thou hast the soul of a soldier!" he cried, "if I fall to day, may thy race sit on the throne of Portugal."

"I would rather see a son of your majesty's seated there:" answered the intrepid child—"it is not my ambition to be a King; but I wish to make myself greater than an ordinary King:—I would willingly *live worthily, and die nobly!*"

"Thou wilt do both, then, my brave cousin!" exclaimed Sebastian, "brief or lengthened, thy career will be glorious, for that sentiment contains a life of magnanimity."

They were now issuing from the tent: Don Diego ventured to remark his King's imprudence in wearing armour of a colour, which being held almost sacred by the Mahometans, would sharpen their resentment, and enable them to take a surer note of his person. "I chose it for that very purpose;" replied the monarch, "not to insult them, indeed, but to be easier distinguished by friend and foe—besides, Diego, green is the colour of hope."

Sebastian now left his tent, and put his troops in motion. If the genius of Portugal could be supposed to have beheld them from the heights of Benzeroel, tears such as immortals shed, might have flowed from her eyes: the flower of her nobles and of her peasantry, were now gaily marching to certain death.

For the first time since the foundation of their monarchy, the private soldiers were stimulated by the prospect of chivalric honour, and their leaders by the

chance of a crown :—following their royal general both as their King and their benefactor, the glow of virtuous emulation was on every cheek, and in every heart.

The army, drawn up in three lines, now halted on the plain of Alcazar : De Castro and Stukeley had the glory of leading the vanguard, which consisted wholly of volunteers ; the Portuguese infantry were in the centre, and the rear under Don Diego De Souza ; on the right wing were the Moorish horse of Muley Hamet, and the squadrons of count Vimilosa ; on the left were the royal standard, the banner of the cross, and the flower of the Portuguese cavalry ; round these, were seen the young dukes of Barcelos, Contilho, and D'Aveyro, the counts Villa-real, Ridondo, and Norogno, the bishops of Coimbra and Porto, and lastly, the prior of Crato.

Attended by his favorite page, the King was seen with his beaver up, mounted on a white Arabian, riding along the lines, and animating his men to the charge. His emerald-green armour, (on which the sun now sparkled) and the white plume of his helmet, (now lifted by rising winds) rendered him fatally conspicuous.

Meanwhile the Moors were steadily advancing, with all the pomp of gaudy banners and magnificent attire : in the midst of a chosen band was seen the litter of their sick, but intrepid Xeriff.

A hundred thousand armed men, approaching in the form of a crescent, gradually extending their wings to outstretch and inclose a handful of Christians, made a formidable appearance : momentarily checking his horse, Sebastian looked at them with some portion of that awe which a vast and powerful object excites, but without one throb of apprehension, he believed himself under the immediate protection of an approving Providence !

Suddenly the Moorish music began to play, and their troops advanced with a quicker step : the king of Portugal rode to the left of his little band, and placing himself before the royal standard, bade his lords remember that they fought for a crown. " I, for a heavenly one, and for Gonsalva !" he whispered to himself, hastily darting his eye athwart the mingled banners of the cross, and of Portugal.

The two armies were now so near each other, that the Portuguese could distinctly see the Xeriff assisted from his litter to a horse ; age and sickness had enfeebled his body, but his energetic soul was yet unimpaired. In the act of haranguing his men, he appeared slowly riding through the lines, with flowing robes, and a long white beard, which gave him a majestic

air: Sebastian pitied his infirmities, and beheld his grey locks with reverence; he commanded his followers to spare, and to respect Muley Moloch, should he fall into their hands, and then he gave the signal for battle.

A general discharge of artillery began the action: the Portuguese horse charged with impetuosity, their young King, like a destroying angel, leading them on: his terrible looks, and still more terrible arm, scattered the infidels on every side. Stukeley and De Castro's track resembled the path of lightning; for by the blue gloom of their steely armour they were distinguished afar off, flaming through the dark ranks of the enemy.

The Moors assaulted with all the fury of religious hate, and all the fire of chivalry, gave way in every direction; their nobles fell in heaps under the arrows, the swords, and artillery, of the Christians: frantic with despair, Muley Moloch exerted the remaining spark of life in an attempt to rally them; he spurred his horse, and brandishing a massy scymitar, aimed a blow at Don Antonio of Crato: that effort was his last; he fell dead upon the field.

His body-guard with difficulty rescued their master's corpse from the Portuguese, and conveyed it to the fitter, where his death was concealed from the army; but the holting of a particular pendant over the litter, by one of his ministers, who had secretly corresponded with the Xeriff Hamet gave the signal so long waited for by that perfidious wretch. He had hitherto hung back in the action; now he ordered his troops to turn their arms upon their allies.

At this command, the left wing of the Moorish horse wheeled round, and took the Christians in flank: a dreadful carnage ensued: the brave Portuguese amazed, bewildered, not knowing who were or were not their enemies, fought in darkness; even their German and Castilian auxiliaries shared the fate of the treacherous infidels, for they now dealt the strokes of death without discrimination: the presence of their King all backed and bleeding, only increased their consternation.

At this critical juncture, Stukeley appeared; waving his fiery sword as a call for them to rally, and aim at conquest still, he broke through the squadrons of Muley Hamet, like some tremendous comet that traverses the wilds of æther, scattering terror and dismay over nations. He rushed towards the traitor: Hamet read destruction in the deadly eyes of the Englishman, and took to flight; Stukeley followed; his indignant threats sounded through the field: gaining upon the Xeriff, he was aiming a mortal blow at him, when the affrighted

wretch threw himself into a rivulet which crossed their path, and borne down by the weight of his robes and armour, perished ingloriously. Stukeley looked at him for a moment with scornful disappointment, then turned towards the fight.

But he was now surrounded by a host of assailants: their merciless weapons fell on his head, his shoulders, his limbs; he turned from side to side, alternately parrying and receiving wounds. Fighting his way to a ruined watch tower, he placed his back against it and defended himself with determined intrepidity; till at length, bleeding at every pore, and exhausted with exertion, his resistance became fainter and fainter. He staggered and sunk down. The dying hero cast his eyes around as if in search of his friend, the next moment they closed forever. Thus fell the gallant Sir Thomas Stukeley, in the bloom of manhood, in a foreign land!

Meanwhile, Don Sebastian was attempting to regain the advantage of the day: a short contest convinced him that it was no longer for victory, but for safety, they must fight; of all his troops, there remained only a remnant but he bravely resolved rather to die than to desert them.

Antonio, and the dukes of Barcelos and Aveyro, were taken prisoners; De Castro was sinking under many wounds; the King himself was disabled in one shoulder by a musket shot, and was besides smarting with sword-cuts: two horses had already been killed under him, and after fighting some time on foot, one of his officers had mounted him upon a third.

Again, he charged the enemy with a few gallant troops; again his powerful arm scattered the Moors like dust before a mighty wind. Streaming with blood, De Castro followed his glorious path. That faithful noble (who had appeared throughout the whole of the battle, to think only of his sovereign's honour, his sovereign's safety, now interposed his body between him and destruction: the battle-axe of an infidel was raised to fall on the unarmed head of Sebastian, when Don Emanuel rushed forward, and sprung on the Moor; dashing down his lifted weapon, he grasped his body and grappled with him till they both fell: Sebastian threw himself off his horse and valiantly defended him; but the Moors pouring in at every side, like so many torrents, forcibly swept the brave friends asunder, and De Castro was taken.

The fight now turned into a slaughter: the Germans and Castilians were all cut in pieces, the knights and nobles lay in heaps over the plain, and among the vast

array of Moors, but a solitary Portuguese was here and there to be seen vainly combatting for life.

Retreating towards the river, (allured by a distant figure like Sir Thomas Stukeley's) Sebastian met his standard-bearer with the colours wrapped round his body; animated with the remembrance of Donna Gonzalva the King exclaimed, "Bravo Brito! let us die upon these."

Scarcely had he spoken, when a body of infidels rushed tumultuously towards them; Sebastian fought with the desperation of love; De Brito and the colours were taken and re-taken repeatedly; but alas! the strength of the former, was exhausted, and his single arm could no longer encircle a faithful servant, with protection. De Brito more solicitous to save his King than to obey him, contested at last but faintly, and suffered himself to be surrounded.

The Moors, clamorous in disputing the honour of having gained the royal standard, hurried off their prisoner, regardless of a solitary individual covered with dust and blood, evidently on the point of sinking amongst the slain.

Fortunately for Sebastian, these accidental circumstances, together with the loss of his coronetted helmet and his horse, concealed him from suspicion: he remained standing where they had left him, supporting himself with difficulty upon the fragment of his sword. His strength now ebb'd apace: the blood pouring from a large cut on his head, and oozing through the scarf with which his arm was bound, sickened and enfeebled him; his very thoughts partook of the mortal languor creeping over all his senses: a confusion of images, of Gonzalva, of Stukeley, of his page Diego, swam through his brain; he staggered a few paces, fell, and breathed no more!

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CHAPTER IV.

AFTER the battle of Alcazar, there remained but fifty of the Portuguese troops alive in Africa: most of these were prisoners to the Moors, and the remainder gaining with difficulty the Christian fortresses, at length escaped homewards. The Moors in return lost above one-fifth of their gigantic army, but the pillage of the Christian camp, (filled with all the riches of the East and West,) amply atoned, in their opinion, for such a loss.

This memorable battle lasted from morning till long after mid-day, and the sacking of the field of fight, continued till the next morning's dawn.

While the infidels were thus employed, a benevolent dervise, whose piety was his authority and his protection came to seek for such Christians as might yet remain capable of receiving assistance: on the bank of the Lucas, among a heap of tall *Lentiscos*, he caught a gleam of light as if the moon-beams fell upon arms: the dervise stooped, and pushing away the shrubs, applied his lanthorn to the object. It was the figure of a young man in armour, which bore marks of heavy and repeated blows; over his forehead curled a profusion of hair steeped in blood; the white and polished brow was trenched with a gaping wound, and the countenance lovely in death, was yet embellished by a look of youthful sweetness, which melted the good Mahometan's heart; he knelt by the body, and gently raising it, dropped balsam upon the wounds; he then poured a cordial into the lips.

Presently he thought the brows were contracted with returning sensation: animated by this, he cautiously unfastened the knight's cuirass, and opened the silk shirt beneath it; under this he saw the picture of a woman, which carefully putting aside, he exclaimed, "alas! poor youth, here is one, doubtless, that will sorely lament thee!" As he spoke he gently rubbed an aromatic liquid upon the Christian's chest; the experiment succeeded; by degrees the motion of the heart was apparent—it increased—the body began to glow—and at last the stranger visibly breathed!

Many minutes elapsed ere the benevolent Mussulman saw the object of his anxiety unclothe his eyes; when he did so, he knew not that in succouring a desolate stranger, he was bringing back to life the king of Portugal, that foe to Mahomet.

Sebastian felt as if in a dream, but the last feeling to which he had been conscious when he fell, was now the first he was sensible of: he thought himself still pressing towards the river in search of Stukeley, and impressed with that idea, uttered his name, and made an effort to rise. Too feeble for exertion of any kind, he fell back upon the breast of the dervise, who in bad Portuguese assured him that he was in safety.

The unfortunate monarch bowed his head with a mournful smile of bitter recollection, without speaking. Meanwhile a servant attending the dervise, formed a litter of oak branches, covering it with some of those soft, high grasses, which grow abundantly throughout Barbary, and placing Sebastian upon it, assisted his master in bearing him to their dwelling.

This was a retired cave formed by nature's hand in a rock almost wholly overgrown with flowering shrubs;

the entrance was shaded by lofty sycamores, and above it was heard the cooling sound of waters issuing from numerous springs.

Tranquillity, the tranquillity of perfect solitude, surrounded this habitation; Sebastian found himself conveyed through one rocky apartment, into an interior cell where he was laid upon a mattress, and having some weak cordial given to him, left to repose; his enfeebled powers overcome with this simple nourishment, soon sunk into the blessed oblivion of sleep.

The dervise now and then came to watch his slumbers, but staid not to disturb them: whenever his patient awaked, he administered to him small portions of Tourkia bread melted in wine, (which was easily swallowed thus dissolved) and gently replacing his head upon the cushion of the mattress, watched to see him sink again into his medicinal slumber.

The sun was at its meridian height the next day, when the king of Portugal fully awoke: the good Mussulman sat by his bed-side. "How dost thou feel, my son?" he asked with an air of compassion.

Sebastian drew a sigh from the very depths of his heart. "As one," he said, after a long pause; "as one deprived of all that makes life precious. Tell me, father, what have become of the Christians? have I yet one Portuguese in Africa?"

"Alas, my son!" replied the dervise, they are all slain or taken captives; but the great Muley Moloch is fallen—the Xeriffs who fought against him, are also dead; and now his brother reigns in Morocco."

Sebastian answered by a heavy groan, and threw himself back upon his mattress: the slaughter of his people, pierced him with unutterable grief; though the consciousness of pious motives, and the certainty that treachery alone had produced defeat, served to reconcile him to himself.

Oppressed with apprehensions for the fate of Stukeley, and overcome with the remembrance of many of his followers whom he had loved, and had seen fall, the unhappy King uttered such deep and doleful groans, that the dervise believing him concerned at the prospect of slavery, bade him be of good cheer, and rest assured that he was still free.

"You are not fallen into the hands of a master, but of a friend," said the aged man, "I will but detain you, Sir Knight, till I have healed your wounds, and then with the blessing of our holy prophet, we will journey together to the castle of Tangier: it will not be the first time that Abensallah has conducted an unhappy Christian to his countrymen."

"And art thou a Mahometan?" exclaimed Sebastian, half raising himself with surprise, "how is it that thou breathest the very spirit of our benevolent faith?"

"The same God which spake through the lips of thy *Sidie Messika*," replied the dervise, "inspires the hearts of all good men: besides, we venerate thy prophet's moral laws, though Mahomet, a greater prophet than he, arose to outshine his brightness, as he had before outshone that of Moses. We are not so unlike in our faith, young soldier, but we might live in brotherhood on the earth. Would to God! that thy King Sebastian, had studied his prophet's laws more and his spiritual superior's less!"

"Hold, Moor!" cried the King, "I must not hear you impeach the authority of the representative of St. Peter."

"Ah, my son!" returned the old man, shaking his grey locks, "dost thou not remember, that when this Peter struck off the ear of Malchus, though in defence of his Lord's sacred person, thy prophet rebuked his zeal, bidding him put up the sword! How, then, dare the pontiff of Rome turn his sheep-hook into a weapon of offence?"

Struck with the force of this remark, which he was not prepared to answer, and disdaining to parry it, by retorting the bloody intolerance of Mahometanism, Sebastian was silent.

The dervise continued: "But let us not talk of our different creeds at this period; thou art sick and weak, and I should think of thy suffering body."

The good man then dressed his companion's wounds afresh, and spread before him palm leaves filled with fruit, together with a cordial drink and some Phareuk bread: by moderately partaking of these, the King was so refreshed, that he found himself able to rise, and walk up and down the cell. As he walked, he conversed courteously with Abensallah, though his discourse was mingled with many sighs, and he frequently lost himself in other thoughts.

The dervise noted his dejected looks with benevolent curiosity. "Thou hast lost, I fear, some dear kinsman in this fatal battle—some brother, or father, perhaps; and thy young heart not yet enured to sorrow."

"O, dervise!" exclaimed Sebastian, bursting into an agony of grief, "every living soul in the Christian army were to me like fathers and brothers. My countrymen, my brave countrymen! when you marched on so gallantly, could I have foreseen that I was leading you to—," he stopped, then suddenly actuated by one of his rash impulses, abruptly added—"Abensallah, you see before you, Sebastian of Portugal."

The dervise prostrated himself at his feet, "Young monarch, I bow to the Lord's anointed ! thy misfortunes are thy security. Let the conduct of Abensallah teach thee hereafter to believe that there may be charity among Mussulmen."

Inexpressibly affected, the King motioned for him to rise, "Abensallah," he said, squeezing his hand between both his, "Africa has already taught me a lesson I shall never forget ; but I did not wage war against your prince from a false notion that he ruled over miscreants. I was actuated by zeal for that religion which, by limiting the prerogative of kings and the obedience of subjects, bestows equal blessings upon both. I would have conquered Africa to have freed her people from tyrannical rulers and tyrannical errors, to have afforded them opportunities of understanding our holy faith ; not to have established a new despotism, and swayed with the iron mace of persecution—these ardent hopes are over ; you see me here a fugitive, but with God's leave, a King still."

As Sebastian spoke the last words, a noble imperiousness sat on his youthful brow, his heart swelled with it, but quickly sunk again at recollection of his companions in arms.

Anxious to learn the fate of Stukeley, he besought the dervise to assist him in ascertaining whether he were dead, or captive ; by searching the field of battle he hoped to arrive at some certainty. Abensallah in vain remonstrated against this hazardous enterprise, but no arguments prevailed with the still imprudent Sebastian ; he was therefore reluctantly induced to propose their going on the night of the ensuing day, when all the Moors would be engaged in the celebration of one of their feasts, and the Portuguese monarch might perhaps pass unnoticed in the dress of a servant.

During the remainder of the day, Sebastian carefully attended to all the prescriptions of the dervise, he went soon to rest, and at break of day rose to breathe the air in safety at the mouth of the cave.

But two short days before how differently had the King of Portugal beheld morning dawn !—then at the head of a gallant army, surrounded by zealous friends, strong in youth, health, and hope ; now, a solitary fugitive, like some desolate wretch escaped from shipwreck or an earth-quake, sunk in despondency, and reduced to infantine feebleness.

As the light spread over the distant plain of Alcazar, and the grey mists rose, from the stream of the Lucos, he could not refrain from shedding some tears, they were sacred to the sorrows of all who had lost friends

on that luckless field : his softened heart then turned fondly to the image of Gonsalva, a treasure which yet remained to comfort him under affliction. Its heavenly beauty, the dewy smile which sat upon the lips, the tearful tenderness of the eyes to which a skilful painter had given all the effect of sadness, renovated his fainting spirit ; he kissed it repeatedly, exclaiming, " At sight of thee, will not all this be forgotten ? "

The appearance of the dervise, checked this lover-like weakness, he concealed his picture, and advanced to meet him.

They proceeded together along a narrow valley, formed by the rocks near the cavern, where frequently resting awhile, they breathed the refreshing air of the trees, and gently returned homeward.

Whenever Abensallah and his servant went to their devotions in the mosque of a neighbouring village, he fastened the entrance of his dwelling, to prevent the intrusion of ill-intentioned persons : he now left his Christian guest, with many intreaties that he would recruit his strength with frequent nourishment, and continue to inhale the fumes of Taus Argent, a fragrant weed which in those days was esteemed, when burned, sovereign for inward weakness.

Left a whole day alone, the King had leisure to revolve over the extraordinary revolution of his fate : the uprightness of his intentions (for it must be remembered that he measured his conduct by the rules of the church of Rome) seemed to warrant him in believing, that had not the treachery of Hamet interposed, his arms must have been successful, and half Africa rescued from its tyrants : he did not therefore account himself suffering under the wrath of Heaven, confident of whose favour he was again ready to risk his crown and his life if required. The kindness of the dervise appeared little less than a miracle worked for his preservation, and he fondly trusted therefore, that his present misfortunes were but passing trials.

Of the possibility of being betrayed by Abensallah he never once thought, convinced that the man who has performed one act of solid benevolence is incapable of being tempted by any reward to an act of baseness.

As returning strength and calmer reflection continued to banish the gloomy impressions under which he had first entered Abensallah's cave, his spirit rose with his hopes ; he felt as if he could hazard unheard-of perils for the sake of regaining Portugal, and ransoming his captive soldiers. Fain would the sanguine monarch have persuaded himself that most of his troops escaped to the sea-coast ; but amongst these he

could not hope to find Stukeley.—Stukeley, who had sworn to follow him either into slavery or death!—

“And my poor little cousin!” he exclaimed aloud, “What is become of him?—Ah noble boy, thou hast gained thy wish perhaps!—yet surely these barbarians would not kill a child!”—he sighed profoundly as he spoke, for his heavy heart denied the confidence of his words.

Racked with fearful impatience, to him the day seemed insufferably long: his devotions were merely short ejaculations breathed over a plain cross of the order of Christus, which he had worn under his cuirass, yet never at the foot of the golden crucifix in the church of his ancestors, and surrounded by all the religious in Portugal, had he prayed with such warmth or sincerity.

Abensallah did not appear to interrupt his meditations, till night was begun: cautiously entering, he crossed the first chamber, and advancing to the interior cell, saw with satisfaction that his guest was safe. “Alla be praised!” he exclaimed, “I had fears for thee my son; for the robbers of the mountains sometimes plunder even the dwellings of poor solitaires.—We may now venture forth; every one is enjoying the last hours of their feast, and we are sure to pass unseen.”

Sebastian gratefully thanked him, and taking off the coarse vest and cloak with which the dervise had replaced his uneasy coat of mail, exchanged them for the still meaner attire of Ismael the servant. At the mouth of the valley he saw a mule tied to a tree, which Abensallah had provided for him to ride; this humane attention touched the King; he was, indeed, ill able to walk far, but it cost him an effort to accept such accommodation, when the venerable man had no other support than his staff.

It may truly be said, that at the period which brought him to the knowledge of Abensallah, Sebastian first tasted the sweet bitterness of obligation.—Gratitude is a sentiment unknown to kings; for having all things in their power, they learn to believe that they have a right to command all things. Sebastian, now stripped of that power, began to feel the original equality of man, and found his heart warmed by a perception of pure benevolence, hitherto unknown: from this perception flowed nobler notions of human nature in general, which made him welcome his new emotion of gratitude, not only as honourable but delightful.

The moon shone cloudless above the rocks and rivulets which lay between the cave and Alcazar; bright

ening the tops of the high palms, while the ground beneath their branches was thrown into deep shadow. Some fortresses, (visible from afar,) gave an air of warlike severity to the scene. Sebastian proceeded in silence, for his thoughts were now busied with mournful anticipations: Abensallah spoke not, and nothing disturbed the universal stillness but remote bursts of rejoicing from the Moorish villages.

As they moved among steep and thickly-wooded hills, a new and horrid sound made the King pause, and look enquiringly at the dervise: "That comes from amidst the unburied slain;" Abensallah falteringly observed—"It is the howling of hyenas and tygers." While speaking, he took a small harquebuss from under his garment and prepared to load it.

For the first time in his life Sebastian's cheek was completely blanched and his nerves shaken; the ghastly image those words had raised, momentarily unmanned him, but recovering, by a violent effort, he quickened the pace of his mule, and came direct upon the plain of Alcazar.

The moon shining above the arms and armour of the dead, covered them with a sheet of light: Sebastian hastily put his hand to his eyes, and remained a few moments without courage to look again; but at the explosion of Abensallah's harquebuss, he raised his head and beheld the beasts of prey which that sound had alarmed, hurrying away, with backward glare from their horrid banquet.

The dervise's harquebuss was re-loaded and again fired, till every savage animal had disappeared; he then assisted his shuddering companion to dismount, and having fastened the mule to a tree, supported him across the plain.

Their steps were soon impeded by scattered groups of horses and riders, that had evidently perished in flight: these groups became more frequent, till at length the ground was no where visible.

As Sebastian knelt down among these perishing bodies, his senses were nearly overcome with their noisome exhalations and ghastly appearance: some of them were half devoured by the wolves, and every trace of the divine image fearfully effaced: except by their shields and the caparisons of their horses, he could not have known his most intimate associates.

Grief and horror become now too strong for outward expression; Sebastian neither spoke nor sighed, but moved from heap to heap with fixed eyes and a wan cheek: sometimes he forgot his errand, and remained gazing on a confusion of bodies, banners and

arms, till the voice of the dervise recalled him. "This is a lesson for Kings!"—said Abensallah;—Sebastian shuddered, and at that moment felt as if his single hand had murdered every victim before him: his countenance expressed this sentiment so strongly, that the dervise sought to change the current of his feelings by suggesting, that his friend might have escaped, since they had not yet found his corse.—Revived by his suggestion, the unfortunate monarch rallied his scattered spirits, and proceeded in his painful task.

Advancing a little onward, he stumbled against the venerable bodies of the bishops of Coimbra and Porto, lying together, embracing the staff of a standard, which had belonged to the holy banner: a few paces beyond these, among a heap of swarthy Moors,

*"Like some white poppy sunk upon the plain,
Whose heavy head was overcharged with rain,"*

lay his page, Diego. The noble boy had been killed at the moment his master's Arabian was shot, and now lay stretched out beneath it.

At this piteous sight Sebastian's heart was wrung with an excess of regret; he burst vehemently into tears, and bending to the fair body as he raised it, repeatedly kissed the half-closed eyes: their conversation on the morning of the battle was present to him again.—Vain prophesy! here was its fulfilment!—

Overcome with this recollection, and with the thought of Diego's parents, Sebastian staggered as he arose, and was forced to catch at the dervise for support; another shock awaited him; his eye fell on the mangled body of Count Vimiosa: his limbs now shook violently, and the idea of Donna Gonsalva's grief, displaced every other image. Shocked by his looks, the dervise caught his arm and hurried him away.

Insensible to any outward sensation, the King suffered himself to be led along, till suddenly starting from his stupor, he found that they were many paces from the slain. Abensallah would not hear of returning. "We must pass three nights there instead of one," said he, "before we can examine half that woful field.—Let us return then, my son, trusting that the same merciful providence which succoured thee, has preserved thy friend. Sorrow and fatigue overcome thee—lean on my shoulder—if we can but reach yonder tower, its walls will shelter us."

Without answering, Sebastian turned his head back and fixed an earnest look upon the wide scene of slaughter behind them: fire kindled on his cheek, and in his eyes;—it suddenly blazed out.—"Accursed be-

young hope of mercy," he cried, "is the soul of him whose treachery caused all these to perish! from this plain their blood will cry aloud for vengeance, even at the last dreadful day!"

Exhausted with this momentary transport, the enfeebled monarch suffered his head to fall against the shoulder of Abensallah, who seized the opportunity of drawing him towards a resting place. The watch-tower in ruins, and shaded by high cypress trees, stood dark and noiseless; as they approached it, the sound of their steps alarmed some goats that had laid down there, and they bounded away: in their flight they rolled along a broken helmet, which Sebastian immediately recognized; breaking from Abensallah, he flew to an object under the tower, and beheld the corpse of Stukeley. Throwing himself on the body and clasping it in his arms, he exclaimed, "O gallant Stukeley, and art thou too, fallen!"

The accidental circumstance of having perished alone, removed from the contagion of other bodies, and sheltered from hot winds by the tower and the trees, had preserved the chivalric Englishman from any change: his features were indeed paler than when in life, but the same character of wild sublimity was impressed on them. It seemed as if the soul, in quitting its mortal habitation had left there the eternal impress of its own greatness.

The armour of Stukeley was completely rusted with blood, by his side lay a lance shivered to pieces, and his hand still grasped a broken battle-axe.

Abensallah lifted up the helmet his companion had dropped, and saw that it was beat in upon the top, as if with repeated blows of a mace: he gently replaced it on the ground.

Meanwhile Sebastian hung over the remains of his friend in an agony of blasted hopes, bitter retrospections, and unavailing regrets: it was long ere he could command this tide of grief; but recovering by degrees, he rose with a calmer air, and besought the dervise to lend his aid in committing the honoured clay to earth.

Without hesitation the charitable Mahometan consented to carry the slaughtered warrior to his own dwelling, and there see him peacefully buried.

"Moor!" exclaimed the young King, with passionate gratitude, "Should I live to regain my kingdom, and with it my African possessions, your countrymen will owe to you blessings and privileges hitherto unknown."

Abensallah called on Alla to witness this promise, then hastened away to bring the male.

When Sebastian was left alone, he threw himself along the ground by Stukeley's body, and remained steadfastly looking on it: the well-known face, the still ruin, the melancholy midnight, and the destructive plain before him, together with the mournful sound of a neighbouring rivulet, deepened the desolate sadness of that moment: he fastened his lips on the chilling hand of his unconscious friend, while the hollow echo of his own sighs rung through the neighbouring chambers.

Abensallah found him in the same mournful attitude. Having assisted each other in placing Stukeley's corse on the mule, they proceeded slowly, by a longer though less toilsome way than they had come, to the rocks.

When they reached the cave, Sebastian was so sick from the fretting of his wounds, that he could with difficulty gain its entrance: Ismael met them, and lifted their lamented burthen into the second chamber. There the King watched it for the remaining hours, while Ismael and the dervise were digging the last bed of the hero.

Two hours after day light the grave was finished.—Stukeley was buried with his sword and spurs, as the peculiar badges of knighthood, which was supposed swift to succour and strong to avenge; his body was wrapped in a coarse shroud of Moorish cloth, but his head was uncovered; the thick glossy hair gave beauty still to the now marble features: Sebastian thought of the time when he had hoped to have decorated that majestic head with a crown.

When the grave was closed, he placed upon it a rude cross of wood which he had shaped during the night, and kneeling down by it pronounced a prayer for the gallant soul. Abensallah and Ismael moved away.

Rising from his knees, the young King attentively surveyed the place that he might remember it at a future day; it was particularised by a few marks not easily forgotten: the place itself was a narrow recess turning out of the valley; it was half encircled by perpendicular heights of stupendous steepness, the sides of which were only clothed with mosses, and at their feet flowed an inconsiderable rivulet; towards the lower end grew a cluster of locust trees, between which and the mountain rose Stukeley's grave.—So concealed, it was not likely that any human eye would ever discover or disturb the sacred cross.

Somewhat soothed by this thought, and the consciousness of having performed the last duties to a faithful friend, Sebastian rejoined the dervise with less emotion. "We must now dismiss painful recollections," said the worthy Abensallah, "let us think of

nothing, my son, but your perfect recovery and your safe conveyance from Africa.

"Ah father," exclaimed Sebastian, you speak like a man without hopes and without regrets!—Your holy life, exempt from particular affections or selfish wishes, places you beyond the reach of that grief which renders it impossible for me to dismiss painful recollections."

"I am not, therefore, free from sorrow," replied the dervise, "heedless youth! I do mourn—but it is for human nature in general; alas, I mourn more for its frailties than for its miseries."

"True—true—" repeated Sebastian, smiting his breast—"you say right, Abensallah; had we no errors we should have but few sufferings."

Our dervise, more solicitous to impress humane sentiments than eager to propagate peculiar tenets, seized this opportunity of discoursing with much wisdom upon the duties of a sovereign: his companion listened with attention and replied with frankness.

He detailed with simplicity some of his own plans for diffusing comfort in more equal proportions through all ranks of his subjects, and noted the salutary reforms already made by him in the Portuguese government; he described the liberal mode in which he had intended to conduct his African conquests, mixing these details with so many just and noble observations, that Abensallah could not help lamenting the battle of Alcazar.

To have lived under the rule of a King (though Christian,) who would have ameliorated the Moor's condition by parental care, and sought to win them into schools and churches, without prohibiting their mosques, appeared an object of desire, when compared with the grinding tyranny of their native Xeriffs, and the brutish ignorance to which their laws condemned them.

Abensallah continued to hear his royal guest with that complacent pleasure with which virtuous old age perceives generous principles in youth; but he had lived long enough in the world to know that youth does not always act in conformity with its principles; nay, that its most amiable qualities may be wrought by interested persons into a foundation for the opposite vices.

So blindly devoted to the infallibility of papal authority, and so abhorrent of any religion which disputed it, Abensallah rightly doubted whether Sebastian, in the event of complete success, would have persevered in his system of moderation: intolerant persecution might have been easily brought to bear the aspect of religious duty, and that commanded or recommended by a

spiritual superior, would soon have swept away every barrier opposed by a character naturally candid.

Such reflections as these, by teaching the dervise to consider his companion's misfortunes as a necessary discipline, silenced any further regret; yet Sebastian's sweet and animated manner had so won upon his affections that he could not help exclaiming, "I shall be loth to part with thee, my son; but we shall meet again in paradise."

Touched by such kindness, the King pressed Abensallah to accompany him into Portugal, adding to many arguments the entreaties and promises of a grateful spirit, conscious of possessing in his own dominions the means of fulfilling them all.

"Did I live only for myself, answered the dervise, I should perhaps gladly leave a land where I see nothing but misery, but the more miserable it is, the more I am called upon to remain. My holy profession, and the peaceful life I lead, give me frequent opportunities of assisting captives to escape, or of conveying intelligence from them to the Christian fortresses; if the old man of the rocks were gone, what would become of these poor strangers?—Added to this, I am frequently able to terminate the bloody feuds of my countrymen—to restore harmony amongst brethren, and bring back rebellious children to their parents; these are my treasures King! which would be poorly exchanged for all your benefits. I shall however, bless you daily; and I will preserve from injury the grave of your departed friend."

At this mention of Stukeley, clouds gathered over the face of Sebastian; making an effort to dispel them, he hastily uttered some grateful expressions, and then discoursed upon the means of discovering such of his subjects as might have survived the battle.

Abensallah promised to make diligent search for such captives, and to use all his influence for their release.

Sebastian squeezed his hand, exclaiming with generous warmth, "Slacken not your exertions Abensallah for the meanest of my people; I stand indebted to every man whom I brought from Portugal for his liberty. If I part with the whole of my revenue, pawn the jewels of my crown, make myself a debtor to half the monarchs in Christendom, and after all, become a beggar throughout my own dominions for contributions and gifts, I will do it to ransom these gallant sufferers—Should I reach Lisbon my first step will be to raise money and send it over to the governor of Tangier; from his hands you will then receive whatever shall be needful."

"And should I in my inquiry, find Christians of other nations, perhaps aged men bowed down with sorrow and toil, languishing to die in their native land—,"

"Ransom them—ransom them!" interrupted Sebastian, tears glistening in his eyes, "first restore liberty to my Portuguese, for remember, freedom is a debt I owe them—then take all the superfluous, and purchase with it happiness for others. There are two noble Portuguese, Abensallah, whom I pray you to search for with a father's anxiety: one is my dearly-loved cousin, the prior of Crato, the other Don Emanuel de Castro; he saved my life at Alcazar. When you find these, shew them this ring and say that he who gave it you, is alive, and then I hope in Portugal."

"How shall I know these gallant gentlemen?" asked the dervise, "you may know Don Emanuel de Castro," replied Sebastian, "from all the world: though you should behold him in the vilest habit and employment, yet will such an air of nobleness shine through them, that you cannot help discovering in him an extraordinary man. He is of larger proportions than I, his visage oval and full of thought, his complexion dark olive, his eyes dark grey, somewhat melancholy but very sweet; on his left hand he has a deep scar, got in the wars of India.

The prior of Crato is of a different mould: though some years older than De Castro, he has preserved almost the roundness and floridness of boyhood; his fair curling hair, light blue eyes, and jovial manner, will soon point him out: he will rejoice to see this ring!—and so will De Castro," added the King, after a pause, "as it is a token of my safety, he will rejoice, though it was a gift of Gonsalva's."

"'Tis a fanciful ring for a warrior," observed the dervise, curiously eyeing the bauble, which after the gaudy fashions of those times was formed by various precious stones into a miniature garland of flowers.

"Oh father!" exclaimed Sebastian, passionately fixing his eyes on it also, "that ring was given me by the loveliest and most beloved of women.—I have no other token to send to my friends, or I would not part with that—it must serve too, as a pledge for the governor of Tangier; she who gave it knows I would have defended it with my life, and therefore would not resign it but for the sake of fulfilling a duty."

Hurried away in thought to the beautiful creature whom this incident recalled, Sebastian forgot every thing else and sunk into silence: he dwelt with tender delight upon the unequivocal proof she had given him

of her attachment, which bestowed and avowed ere she could suspect his royal station, carried with them the charm of disinterestedness. He then reproached himself for those fantastic jealousies to which he had sometimes given way, when he saw her dancing with another, and confessed now, that her apparent insensibility at times, had arisen only from a little female coquetry, delighting in power, and willing to prove its extent.

Thus satisfied with her affection, he felt no apprehension of being coldly received, because he returned not a conqueror; the Moors themselves attested his gallant conduct in the field, and the brilliant success of their onset had shewn, that but for the perfidy of Hamet, the day would have been won by the Christians.—What then had he to fear? perhaps given up as lost, he would return to revive his Gonsalva's widowed heart; she would love him the more for his dangers and distresses, and that delicate pride which had stifled the expressions of tenderness to a powerful, splendid monarch, would impel her to the same monarch, become poor and unfortunate.

Observing his guest absorbed in reflections, which from the expression of his countenance did not appear unpleasant, the worthy Abensallah gently removed into his outer chamber, for the purpose of giving audience to some distressed people who came to implore his counsel.—Meanwhile Sebastian remained leaning on his rude couch, his ideas wandering from late sorrow, over the enchanted ground of the more distant past, till gently wearied, thought glided into dreams, and dreams at last ended in long and profound sleep.

The wounds of Sebastian and his consequent feebleness now daily disappeared, and Abensallah was therefore enabled to make longer excursions from the cave, for the sake of gaining information for his guest: his habitation, always considered sacred, was not likely to excite suspicion as a Christian's hiding place; and even if it did so, the inner apartment was a secure retreat, being so contrived as to deceive the most prying observer.—Ismael's fidelity had been too often tried in similar circumstances to be doubted now, so that Abensallah left him without apprehension to attend Sebastian; whom, however, he knew only as a Portuguese knight.

On the good dervise's return from Alcazar-quiver, he brought strange intelligence.—After the fatal battle, Hamet Abdulcrim, the new emperor, had strictly enquired for the King of Portugal; he was told that he had fallen: this assertion having been made by Don

Nugno De Mascarenhas, the King's chief equerry, he was sent to the field in order that he might produce a proof of his veracity by finding the King's body.

In the place he described was indeed found a corse in green armour, much maimed and disfigured: the Portuguese who saw it, confessed it to be that of their sovereign, and therefore assured Hamet Abdulcrim that any farther search for Sebastian alive, was useless.—Information of his nephew's death was now forwarded to Philip of Spain, (the late Xeriff having been in alliance with him), and when Abensallah heard the tale, a messenger from Madrid was hourly expected to beg the body, and to procure the release of some Castilian prisoners.

On first hearing this account, Sebastian's insatiable blood took fire, for he believed himself willfully abandoned by his people; but the next instant made him cool again. It was impossible not to perceive that Marcarenhas, who had always loved his master, could be only actuated by the desire of facilitating his concealment in Barbary, should he be living and seeking the means of escape; this well-meant deceit had evidently given a hint to the other persons examined by the Xeriff, and to it, probably Sebastian might finally owe his preservation.

Neither the King nor the dervise could approve of absolute falsehood; though they were tempted to think it excusable, under such peculiar circumstances as the present, flowing as it did from loyal zeal and patriotic considerations.

Alarmed at the diffusion of such an error throughout Europe, Sebastian's anxiety to revisit Portugal became extreme; but as they must travel on foot, Abensallah assured him that it would be culpable rashness to commence a long journey before he was completely restored to health; Arzile, the nearest Christian fortress, lay at some leagues distance, and to avoid notice, they must take a circuitous route thither, hiding themselves in the day, and proceeding through the changeable air of night.

Sebastian's impatient nature was ill suited to any delay, but necessity is an imperious mistress; he was therefore obliged to turn his attention towards acquiring health; and by obliging Abensallah on that point, facilitate the hour of their departure.

Each night and morning he now tried his strength among the mountains, in excursions of increasing length, gradually habituating himself to heat, fatigue, and evening damps: his wounds were at last thoroughly healed, and even the dervise could no longer refuse

went to the fresh glow that began to mantle on his cheek.

Sebastian's eagerness had nobler resources than selfish satisfaction; he lamented every hour thus wasted at a distance from the kingdom where all his duties were centred, he wished to ease the hearts of such as mourned him dead, and above all to commence the promised work of liberation for his followers: it must be confessed that the prospect of again beholding Donna Gonsalva, and of restoring her to happiness, gave additional ardour to those honourable anxieties.

When his importunity finally prevailed on Abensallah to fix the day for their departure, pleasure sparkled in his eyes; it was the first time pleasure had appeared there since he had seen the dervise.

"Ah my son!" exclaimed the holy man, "thou must suffer many more sorrows I fear, ere the spirit that breaks forth in that bright light is finally quenched."

"And why should it be quenched?" asked the young monarch.

"Because," replied Abensallah, "it is full of an extravagant hope of such unfading raptures as are only to be found in paradise. 'Tis the very spirit of youth which falsely believes all it loves, immutable: Time that shews thee the mutability of every thing, even of human character (for alas! how insecure sometimes is virtue herself,) will extinguish, or give a new direction to this erring fire.—Hast thou my son never felt, even in the midst of what is called felicity, a sort of feebleness in thy power of enjoyment, which seemed to make happiness mock thy very grasp? Commune with a beloved friend, behold this glorious scene of earth and heaven, and thou wilt acknowledge, even at the moment of liveliest emotion, that in all sublunary things we feel the want of some faculty by which we might enjoy or possess them more intimately: this faculty, whatever it may be is doubtless reserved for another state of being. Turn and plant thy thoughts then on sublimer objects: with views thus changed, thou wilt no longer hurry impatiently through life, in search of that blessedness for which our souls are expressly formed, but will journey calmly towards the eternal abiding place, where our Creator treasures up for the faithful, raptures ineffable."

"I am not unmindful of that glorious eternity, be assured good father," returned the King, "yet I frankly acknowledge, that unless I were to believe in the permanence of human excellence, long known and long tried, life would not merely lose its charm, but become hateful to me. In yon humble grave lies one, who, had

he lived, I could have anchored my soul on. 'You, gallant Stukeley! our knot of love was soon broken, but the memory of thy noble and endearing qualities can never leave me!'

At this short apostrophe to his friend, Sebastian's animation disappeared, and a train of reflections succeeded, well calculated to amend and to enlarge his heart.

The ensuing night having been fixed on for their journey, Abensallah and Ismael went in the evening of the present day to a neighbouring village, for the purchase of such portable provisions as would be requisite to take with him: left free to range over the valley, Sebastian's steps naturally turned to the resting place of his friend, as he was so soon to quit it never to return; but it was among his mental promises to have the honoured dust transferred to Portugal when he should return thither.

The shadows of evening were now deepening the gloom of the rocks as he passed along; though the sun had been long set, the air burnt like a furnace; the ground too was scorching; and the colour of the verdure being lost in the grey of twilight, contributed with this unrelenting heat, to give an air of savage sterility to the scene.

Dried up by the powerful suns, the mountain stream was known only by its stony channel; Sebastian hastily crossed it and pushing through the matted boughs of the locust trees, a solitary bird shot from amongst them, and startled him with her piercing cry; long after she was flown, he stood listening to her fearful echo.

What a spot for the last bed of a hero! yet Stukeley slept in it undisturbed!

Never before, had death been so impressed on the senses of the young monarch. The desolation of the place, its now awful stillness the deepening twilight, the devouring element by which he was surrounded, (for he knew not how to deem it air) and the strong contrast to them in his own animated hopes and busy thoughts, agitated him strangely; he stood as if transfixed, gazing on the mound of earth, without venturing to pollute what seemed to him so sacred, even by an embrace.

He was roused from this trance by the sound of voices; one resembled that of the dervise, and it was calling on Alla for succour: regardless of personal risk (though unarmed) Sebastian rushed into the valley, and soon reached the spot whence these cries proceeded; an aged Moor was struggling with a band of robbers; though not Abensallah, he could not refrain from burst-

ing upon the plunderers, and attacking them with the limb of a tree, which, blown off by some storm, had lain luckily in his path.

The blows of this unwieldy club, falling with inconceivable rapidity on every side, soon obliged the robbers to quit their prey, and turn on their new antagonist; they surrounded him, attacked him fiercely with their horrid knives, and one of them, succeeding in stabbing him behind, he dropped from loss of blood.

Enraged at the escape of their first victim, (a rich merchant, who had been coming to ask the prayers of Abensallah,) the Alarbes, or mountain dwellers, as they are called, were on the point of wholly sacrificing the royal Portuguese to their vengeance, when a faint flash of lightning cast a gleam over his breast, and discovered through the folds of his coarse galebia, the costly setting of Donna Gonsalva's picture; the head of the band immediately seized this precious prize, and soon lost in admiration of the diamonds all ideas of slaughter; he now ordered the *Christian dog* (as he scornfully termed his captive,) to be lifted on a mule, directing one of the men to bandage his wound, and ride on the same beast.

Totally unconscious of what was doing, having fainted from effusion of blood, the ill-starred monarch was lifted up, and placed before one of the Alarbes; the fellow spurred his beast, and followed by the whole troop, set off on full gallop out of the valley.

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CHAPTER V.

WHEN Sebastian was again capable of observation, he found himself in the heart of almost impenetrable mountains, surrounded by savage tribes living in tents made of the bark and leaves of the palm-tree. These wretches seemed to have just as much civilization amongst them as rendered their vices more hideous, by taking from them the plea of ignorance; their business was plunder and murder; their pleasures, drunkenness and debauchery.

The habits of such people were a constant source of horror and indignation to Sebastian; of their barbarous jargon indeed he knew nothing, but the force of these robbers' passions imparted a detestable expressiveness to every action of their bodies and features, which made him but too well comprehend their ferocity and their profligacy.

Hitherto a surly old woman had dressed his wound.

and supplied him with food, and from her he vainly attempted to obtain by signs Donna Gonsalva's picture: she either did not or would not understand him.

Maddened by this loss, and desperate of release, ignorant of the place where he was, and hopeless therefore of escaping, he began to disregard life: neither the threats nor the violence of the Alarbes prevailed to alter his resolution of never submitting to the base occupations they assigned him; he was a monarch still, though deprived of his people and of liberty; and whether he lived or died, he was resolved to live or die undebased by submission to miscreants.

The firmness with which he endured all their torments, at first astonished, and at length exasperated, his brutal captors; they suffered him to behold the beautiful image of Gonsalva (now robbed of its setting) polluted by their brutish admiration; but steadily withheld it, in defiance of his frantic entreaties, his rash attempts to regain it, or his offer of treasures in exchange.

One day when Sarhamet the chief had exasperated him beyond controul, by deridingly kissing the picture, his fury burst forth so fearfully, that the Alarbe sprung out of his reach, and hastily dashed the contested object into one of the neighbouring torrents: nothing short of regaining his treasure could have given the captive King such joy; his wrath suddenly ceased, he dropt the arm just raised to elance a mortal blow, and approaching the torrent, beheld with satisfaction the divine colours of the portrait effaced by its foaming waters; he then turned quietly away, and returned to his former station.

Tranquillized by the certainty that his Gonsalva's representative was thus rescued from profanation, he was able to controul his indignation at other circumstances, and to strive at obtaining his own freedom; but though he endeavoured to explain to these banditti, that if they would convey him to a Christian fortress they should be liberally paid, and loaded with gifts, they either did not comprehend, or much mistrusted his veracity: at length, wearied out by his steadfast character, and tempted by the great price given for handsome Europeans by the Moorish grandees, Sarhamet meditated selling him.

This information, which was meant to vex, rather gratified their prisoner; to be again brought into the plains, was to be once more placed within prospect of liberty, and chance of meeting the reverend Abensallat: Sebastian's health returned with hope; for though his last wound had been deep, it had been skillfully managed; and the purity of a good constitution, adding force to an invincible spirit, enabled him to bear

without injury the piercing mountain air, and the frequent fasts to which the Alarbes had wantonly doomed him.

His improving looks quickened the eagerness of Sarhamet for selling him : solicitous to secure the moment of procuring a high price for his captive, the robber selected a dozen followers, and mounting them and Sebastian upon stout Barba, set off with them one morning by day-break, for the country house of a Moorish grandee.

Sarhamet and his brother rode on each side of the King ; they were armed with guns and Moorish knives, and made signs to him that if he attempted to escape, he must inevitably fall by the hands of the troops escorting them, whose naked weapons were placed in their girdles ready for that purpose :—Sebastian smiled, and motioned acquiescence ; but it was a grievous smile, “as if he disdained himself” for so submitting to fortune.

Their journey was long and wearisome : the Alarbes, enured to every change of climate, travelled indifferently through nightly dews and noon-day heats ; sometimes they halted after a burning day, upon the very summit of a snow-topped mountain, where they supped, and slept, with no other covering than the clouds ; at other times they would journey through the night, and lay themselves to rest in valleys, among scorching rocks, that reflected thrice the heat of the sun.

Sebastian contemplated this iron strength, with something like envy : by rendering a man’s body independent, it gives additional stability to the freedom of his mind ; he felt conscious that, had he been thus disciplined into invulnerable strength, he might have attempted, and perhaps effected his escape : but the intense heat had re-opened his last wound, and had in consequence so reduced his natural vigour, that he could not hope to succeed, though he should master two Alarbes who constantly watched him while the others slept. Completely unarmed, and cautiously removed from the spot where the horses were fastened, he was aware, that a contest with one Moor must awaken the others, and that he should perish under their daggers long before he could meet any shelter : by acquiescing at present, he might obtain his object hereafter ; in the neighbourhood of a populous city, less hazardous means might be found, and providence, might again throw Abensallah in his way, or some Christian friend, with whom he might share in an attempt at mutual deliverance.

These thoughts often occupied him, as he rested or

rode among his ferocious companions; and still hope filled his sanguine breast, pointing to his country and to Gonsalva.

From the length of their journey, Sebastian conjectured that his late residence had been at the extremity of the Benzeroel mountains; he had therefore been in the same tract of country with the benevolent dervise, and was now far distant from him: at thought of never seeing him again, his feelings saddened, gliding naturally from Ahensallah to the gallant Stukeley, and thence to the slaughter of Alcazar.

On the fourteenth day, Sarhamet exchanged his prisoner's worn-out galebia for a coarse, but more becoming habit, telling him that they were on the point of finishing their career: Sebastian for the first time enquired the name and rank of the person to whom they were now going; he learnt in reply, that he was the Almocadem of a cavila, (that is, governor of a province) high in favour of the reigning Xeriff, (having ably assisted in securing him the throne) and highly respected throughout Barbary. His dwelling was in the Valley of Palms, a delightful place, nearly three leagues beyond Mequinez.

After bathing, and re-dressing themselves, the whole party mounted their horses, and proceeded down a winding declivity into a most luxuriant vale: the country-house of El Hader lay before them. Having been a royal gift, the building was a Moorish Cassavee of much magnificence, covering with its interior gardens, squares, piazzas, and baths, an extent of four miles. Sebastian paused awhile, admiring its rude splendor.

The high dome of green and gold, the tall cypress trees which appeared rising above the gilded railings of the squares, the fountains of white and azure marble, the gay piazzas chequered with coloured tiles, the lofty columns and massy arches, all presented a semblance of regal grandeur, which made his heart spring back to Ribera and Xahregas. The contrast of his situation now, with what it had been when in those beloved places, almost unmanned him; their scenes were so associated with the idea of Donna Gonsalva, that it was impossible for him not to heave some profound sighs as he entered the dwelling of a Moorish nobleman, a prisoner and a slave.

Sarhamet, with his brother and their captive, was admitted into a lower hall of the Cassavee, whence they were soon after led into the presence of the Almocadem.

As the young and imperious King of Portugal passed through a crowd of Moors to the audience chamber of

El Hader, and reflected that he was going to be sold, for a price, like some ignoble animal, his heart might well be said to "grow too big for what contained it;" he was on the point of madly rushing upon all surrounding him, and so purchasing freedom with life. Had he not happily remembered that Portugal claimed a sacrifice at his hands, and that it was his duty to suffer, in the hope of living to repair the unintentional calamity he had caused her, his rashness must have transported him into violence that would have ended in his own destruction.

Fervently calling on every saint to endue him with patience, he walked slowly after Sarhamet, with a resolution of no longer observing the minutiae of his fate: thus influenced, he scarcely noticed the approbation of El Hader and his retainers, but stood silent, wrapped up in his cloak, willfully inattentive to the long bargaining of the Alarbe, and the enormous price at length paid down for him.

When the bargain was concluded, Sarhamet departed; the Almogadem then addressed his new slave in vile Portuguese, telling him to adore Alla, for having advanced him to so high an honour as that of serving the greatest man throughout the Xeriff's dominions; promising, in consideration of the Christian's fine appearance, to make him one of his household slaves.

The sentence of death would have been more grateful to Sebastian than this degrading favour. What! was he, a Christian King, the descendant of Kings, to wait upon an accursed infidel, and learn obedience to his nod? No, he would rather perish, he would suffer for his beloved country and for his friends all that pain, sorrow, and want, could inflict, he would for their sakes bend to almost any mortification; but it was impossible for him to yield to base servitude, and become the domestic servant of a Mahometan. Resolute to die in this determination, he calmly repeated it to El Hader, protesting he would only labour in the manly occupation of really useful work, the employments of the field.

The Almogadem was a good humoured, indolent man, not easily moved to wrath; surprised, therefore, but not irritated, he turned to his interpreter, bidding him ask the foolish Christian if he knew the difference between a household and a field slave. The man who repeated the question, ended it by an explanation of the situations, assuring Sebastian, that if he remained in the Cassavee he would be superbly dressed, delicately fed, and comfortably lodged; that all his business would be to wait at his lord's back with his hookha, or ride out when he went a hunting, with his lances and

arrows : that, on the contrary, if he persisted in joining the field slaves, he would be doomed to hard fare, and worse lodging, and be urged to the most laborious tasks by stripes and blows.

At the last words, Sebastian's eyes sparkled with fury, "Mark me, Moor!" he cried in a dreadful voice, "I am a man that will not survive disgrace: by the immortal heavens! if but the shadow of one of your whips ever falls upon this body, I will wash out the stain in blood! Beware then!"

The Africans looked on each other with astonishment: the Almogadem smiled. "We shall see! we shall see!" he repeated carelessly, if you do your duty I give orders that you shall not be beaten; but I must have all my slaves do their duty; so do you hear, don't abuse my goodness by insolence and idleness. What are you, young man?—How did you get into that rogue, Sarhamet's hands?—Were you one of the mad-headed followers of the mad King Sebastian?"

The captive monarch's blood crimsoned his face; "I was in the battle of Alcazar," he said proudly, "and were I free this moment, would again follow the royal-standard of Portugal over the plains of Barbary. The mad Sebastian, as you call him, on that day made the stoutest hearts in Morocco tremble.—May he live to make them quake again! I saw your routed Moors flying before him like scattered sheep!—the field was ours, till one of your infidel race, the detested Muley Hamet, turned like a traitor upon the troops he was affecting to aid.—"

"He did right," interrupted El Hader, "by so doing he made his peace with Mahomet, and gained Paradise. But how could your hot-brained King build on the faith of a man who had broken his faith with the prophet by leaguering with Christians? Ah! I see that touches you,—well, they are both gone to settle their accounts together in the other world."

As he concluded, the Almogadem turned to his interpreter, "Ephra, we must give this Christian fool his choice; you know I am always desirous of leaving my slaves to experience.—Conduct him to field-work; and then, if he continues to despise the honour of attending upon me here, we must leave him to his fate.—Bid him withdraw."

As El Hader rose while he was speaking, Sebastian naturally coincided with the movement, and turned away; he was therefore spared the mortification of being told to depart.

Ephra conducted him towards a long piazza, through which they passed into a large paved court, were se-

veral slaves were refreshing themselves between their hours of labour: struggling with his imperious nature, the unhappy monarch neither saw nor heard any thing, till a passionate exclamation, in pure Portuguese, struck his ear; he turned hastily round and beheld a young man, (whose face he remembered to have seen amongst his troops,) who dropping upon one knee, repeated in whispers—"O sire! what a change is this."

Many and powerful were the reasons of Sebastian for remaining unknown to the Moors; but his feelings, ever superior to selfish prudence, now mocked control; he stooped, and extended both his hands, which the soldier eagerly kissed; he would have spoken, but the words died on his lips; the Portuguese recovering from his transport of mixed emotion, into sorrow and habitual reverence, fearfully relinquished his sovereign's hand, and turned aside to conceal some tears: Ephra rudely advanced and asked the meaning of this scene.

Before Sebastian could reply, the young soldier gently answered, that he was overcome by unexpectedly finding his commanding officer in the new slave, then he prayed permission to converse with him awhile, after which he would return to his occupations with redoubled diligence.

Ephra was a man not easily moved: he coldly denied this indulgence, telling the Portuguese to mind his present superiors and forget his past ones, adding sarcastically, "whoever your captain is, whether Don or Hidalgo, he is now a slave like yourself."

Without venturing to remonstrate, the poor youth bowed and disappeared, while Ephra morosely continued to precede his royal companion.

Every thing now was unnoticed by Sebastian: this accidental meeting with one of his subjects had subdued him; the sound of those few words pronounced in their native accent, brought into his mind such crowds of tender and affecting images, that his heart was completely softened: until this moment he had felt utterly abandoned, and now the unexpected proof of being still loved and honoured, even by one he might be said to have injured; affected him to weakness.

It was the weakness of Sebastian to wish for the love of his fellow creatures: time, only, could teach him to be contented with their esteem.

Having conducted his melancholy companion through the obscurest parts of the Cassavee, Ephra brought him into a large square of ground surrounded by mean buildings, where a number of Christians were at work: this place contained the slaves' habitations, and was under the direction of a governor, whose office it was

to see the several tasks fulfilled, and at night to lock up all the captives in their miserable lodgings.

At sight of a new victim, this man came forward ; " Here, Ben Tarab," cried Ephra, " our illustrious master has sent you this refractory Christian to teach obedience ; give him work, and see that he does not attempt to escape : if you do not present him to the great El Hader when next he calls for him, your head will answer it."

Ben Tarab bowed submissively, and Ephra left the court.

Sebastian's eyes meanwhile were anxiously employed in scrutinizing the persons around him : they were Christians of all nations, some very old, others in the tender spring of life ; but blood-drinking care, and flesh-consuming toil had left their traces on the youngest cheeks : every countenance was wan, every figure emaciated.

Amongst the various groups, he sought in vain for his cousin Antonio, or Don Emanuel de Castro ; none but strange faces met his gaze, and as no one recognised him, he rightly concluded that none of his own army were amongst them.

Sebastian wished not for partners in affliction ; and though anxiety led him to seek for Crato and De Castro, he was gladdened by not finding them under the task-masters of El Hader.

Ben Tarab soon assigned him a portion of labour ; too much occupied with reflections on the miserable lot of others, to think any longer of his own, Sebastian performed his task mechanically, while viewing the scene before him.—In one quarter were groups of captives employed in stamping, with heavy weights, the damp earth with which the Moors form the walls of their inferior buildings ; others were labouring to prepare this earth out of various materials ; others again bringing sand, bricks, and lime, in loaded baskets upon their heads ; while some were hewing stone, sawing wood, melting lead, or moulding ornaments for the nobler parts of the Cassavee.

Fainting with heat, toil, and thirst, these unhappy people were yet urged to their tasks with imprecations and blows ; neither age nor infirmities pleaded for a moment's indulgence : they toiled on, consumed by scorching suns, and unrefreshed by a single breeze.

The sighs and groans of the Christians pierced the heart of Sebastian ; he heard them with anguish, for he was no longer that Sebastian whose nod could give liberty ; a slave now, he had nothing to bestow but inward prayers for himself and for them.

Perceiving his new workman totally ignorant of labour, Ben Tarab roughly told him to observe how others did, and so learn the trade of them.—“What, I suppose you have been what Christian dogs call a gentleman, and therefore are good for nothing:—I have always ten times the trouble with gentlemen; they are either insolent, lazy, or stupid, and are only fit to do the work of horses or asses; one poor fellow is worth a thousand of you.—We never promote gentlemen here, so you may reckon soon upon being sent into the open country to draw the water-waggon, or dig for lime.—Why the plague am I to be troubled with you?—could not you have been kept amongst the household pack?”

The rage which seemed ready to burst in thunder from Sebastian, evidently intimidated Ben Tarab; he moved nimbly out of the reach of his arm, muttering in a sullen tone, “Get on with your job—do as well as you can.”

Recovering his self-command, the young King turned scornfully away, and pursued his occupation; it was chipping marble: The comparative easiness and delicacy of this employment, when contrasted with that of others, made him believe that he owed some gratitude even to Ben Tarab, for having thus favoured him, he was therefore resolved to disregard in future the brutal language of the man, and think only of escaping insult by discharging his portion of labour.

In spite of this resolution he could never again look at Ben Tarab without something so alarming in his eyes, that the Moor feared to approach him, he shewed him his daily tasks, not daring to threaten any punishment for their non-fulfilment, and at length, sick of such restraint, offered to remove him into a different department. Sebastian caught at the proposal; he was solicitous to see all the slaves of the Almoçadem, and frequently wished to meet once more with the young soldier whose dutiful remembrance had affected him so much.

“I perceive,” said Ben Tarab, “that you know nothing of the works we do here, and perhaps some other might suit your capacity better; every man has not the gift of doing all things.—We have slaves, now, that manufacture powder, and armour, and cast cannon; do you like that business?—What! you’re afraid of such combustibles?—You change colour at the very mention of them: there you and I agree.—We have others that hew and drag timber, some that get in our three harvests, some that make bricks, and a few that work in the great El Hader’s gardens.—I can promote you to

any of these departments if you know how to be thankful for such a favour."

"I know how to be thankful," said Sebastian gently, "give me any occupation so it be but in the fresh air of heaven, and require little more than *bodily* exertion, and I will thank you sincerely."—

"Well then," replied the Moor, "you may as well change into the gardens; there you will have nothing to do, but trudge about, pruning and digging, fetching water from the fountains to the baths, plenty to do, and nothing to crack your brains with thinking of: if you behave well, and shew any signs of *rare sagacity*, you may get *promoted*, and become at last, *fruit-gatherer* and *flower-gatherer* for the women."—

"Ben Tarab!" said Sebastian, after a thoughtful pause, disregarding the brute's contemptuous air, "Is there any offer ~~that~~ could persuade you into becoming my friend?—Procure for me permission to send to one of the Portuguese forts, and I will not only engage to be ransomed at a high price, but will faithfully promise you a hundred gold crowns for your kindness."

"So then, you *are* a nobleman?" replied Ben Tarab, attentively eyeing him "I thought so the moment I saw you: but hark ye my friend, the great El Hader prides himself upon despising ransoms; if the King of Portugal himself were living, and a slave within these walls, he must offer a thousand of such crowns as that he was crowned with, before he could move a true Mussulman: Slaves here, are slaves for life; and I hate you all too cordially ever to betray my trust and risk my neck for such scoundrels."

As Ben Tarab ended, he disappeared with a malicious grin, and in a short time re-entered with an older Moor, who looked awhile at Sebastian, and then conducted him out of the court: the latter followed his steps in silence, strongly wrestling with his own outraged feelings, which were almost chased into fury, by the mingled malice and cowardice of Ben Tarab.

After traversing several open quadrangles and stone galleries, they came at length to the gardens: they were admitted through magnificent gates, curiously wrought in open work of cast iron, and covered with gilding; as he entered, Sebastian felt an emotion long unknown to him, an emotion of delight.

The gardens were spacious and verdant, beautified with marble fountains and canals; their terraces were shaded by tall trees of the freshest green, and the air that fanned them was impregnated with the perfume of orange flowers.

Sebastian could not respire air thus perfumed, with-

out instantly thinking of the gardens of Count Vimicea ; the first day he had seen Donna Gonsalva came back to his recollection with all the force of a present scene : he stopt, cast his eyes round, scarcely breathed, almost expecting to see her celestial beauty advance from some of the groves :—But he saw no one, till his conductor led on still further, and brought him to a spot where a few slaves were employed in cutting a subterraneous passage, from a bower of Arabian jessamine, to one of the baths.—Stopping at this place, the Moor shewed the King his new occupation.

After toiling in silence till long past sunset, the slaves were dismissed to their distant lodgings, where a miserable supper awaited them.

On re-entering the court where he had first laboured, Sebastian did not see Ben Taraf, he passed slowly along, noting every fresh group of new faces, without finding any that he knew : at length he perceived a cluster of Christians gathered round one who was sitting with a rude guitar in his hand, playing the symphony of a song ; the King approached, and recognized the soldier, Gaspar. The young man, without observing him, began to sing with little voice, and less skill, but infinite feeling, these stanzas.

*“ O Time ! thy waves that might have rolled
Thro’ channels gay with bordering roses,
Now slow and sad and sunless flow
Where not the flower its bloom discloses :*

*Say, will the blushing wreaths of joy
Beside thy waters blossom ever,
And sweets like breath of angels, throw
Around the purple wings of Zephyr ?”*

As he was going to repeat the song, his eyes met those of the King, and a flush of joyful surprise covered his pallid face ; he rose hastily, reminded his comrades of supper, and in the midst of their tumultuous movements, drew near to one of the houses : he then glided in at an open door, making a sign for Sebastian to follow.

The King obeyed : no sooner were they alone, than Gaspar cast himself at the feet of his sovereign, uttering in a low voice the most affecting expressions of sorrow and of respect, deploring the fate of Portugal, thus deprived of her protector, and beseeching him to order his services and his life in any way conducive to his comfort.

Sebastian could not conceal his emotion : he raised

Gaspar from the ground, with many gracious acknowledgments, assuring him that the only service he could do him would be to discover whether a ransom would indeed be refused by El Hader, or to aid in their mutual escape.—Gaspar's answer destroyed every hope.

He represented that the Almoçadem avowedly plucked himself upon never giving liberty to the enemies of Mahomet; that as the whole of the domains were inclosed by high walls, and these regularly guarded day and night, the escape of a prisoner was impossible; nay, that even such captives as worked in the fields and quarries, were watched by Moors completely armed, therefore as hopeless of escape as the household servants.

"For myself, I scarcely care," said the young soldier, (tears starting into his eyes even while he believed himself thus indifferent;) "but to behold my King ~~oppressed~~, drives me to desperation.—My life, sire, is of no consequence—except to a widowed mother and sisters, whom your royal bounty will hereafter save from want—perhaps you would deign to accept of my attempting something for your sake; should I fail, it will be nothing; I shall die in the performance of a duty; should I succeed, Portugal will owe her happiness to me."

"What is it you would attempt?" asked Sebastian, seeing Gaspar too much affected to proceed.

"To scale the walls," exclaimed the breathless soldier, "to flee by unfrequented ways to the nearest fortress, to convey thither the blessed tidings of my sovereign's safety, and either return with a royal ransom, or joined by every Portuguese in Africa, march hither, storm the Cassavee, and——"

"Brave Gaspar!" exclaimed the youthful monarch, animated with similar ardour, "Thou hast the heart of a knight: should we ever reach Portugal, claim knight-hood at my hand. But I cannot accept of freedom on such terms; too many gallant soldiers have already been sacrificed by my imprudent reliance on the faith of a traitor: neither the lives nor the properties of my subjects shall be lavished to purchase my liberty. If these wretches knew my real rank, half my kingdom would not satisfy their avarice. No! let us trust to Providence.—I will watch the opportune moment like a lynx. I will try every method to bribe my gaolers—if I escape at last, be assured Gaspar, I will remember you."

Gaspar was going to press his former petition, when the sound of Ben Tarab's horrid voice made him stop: "We must part, sire," he exclaimed, "haste—mix

with the crowd—we meet again to-morrow night.” While speaking, he hurried the King out of the house, and they were immediately absorbed by the multitude without.

Ben Tarab kept at a distance from Sebastian, who could not help smiling at his mixture of ferocity and meanness: it was soon bed time; and the slaves, separating, the King retired to a scattering of bean-straw in the corner of a brick-room, where he threw himself beside four other captives, and sunk, overpowered with sleep.

The break of day awoke him to the same toil, and the hour of supper again allowed him a short conversation with Gaspar. Every day brought with it but fresh causes for regret, while it diminished the delusions of hope. But where is the situation, however desolate, out of which it is impossible for us to extract some consolation? Sebastian found in his present state, a balm for part of that remorse which had so long tormented him.

While experiencing the benevolence of Abensallah, he had naturally thought with so much esteem of the Moorish character, that his expedition appeared almost preposterous, and the destruction attendant on it, doubly criminal; but now that he witnessed the real miseries of slavery, and the detestableness of a tyrannical government which habituates every individual to the exercise of tyranny in his turn, zeal once more assumed the rank of a virtue, and lulled conscience to rest.—In addition to this, his own sufferings were softened by the power he fortunately acquired of alleviating those of others.

Among the garden-labourers were two aged men, for whom he frequently procured rest and refreshment, by fulfilling, not only his own task, but part of theirs: when he saw them fainting with thirst and exhaustion, he would give them all that he had purposely saved from his scanty breakfast; their blessings were his luxuries, his only luxuries, but such as warmed his heart far beyond all the enjoyments of his former state.

Never till now had he known the full transport of doing good, for never before had he done so at the expense of personal privations: sovereigns, like gods, may scatter bounties with unsparing hands, yet never have this sacred, soul-ennobling consciousness. Ought we then to envy, ah! should we not rather pity that exalted station which demands from its possessor so many cares, and rewards him with so few pleasures?

Though the governor of the gardens knew no other language than his own, Sebastian managed to converse

with him by signs, and to conciliate his favour : from the instant in which he found himself capable of benefiting the distressed, his servitude ceased to appear degrading, and he toiled incessantly ; his strength and his taste made him inestimable ; and by voluntary labour or ingenious plans of decoration, he soon won so much on Hafiz, that he gained frequent intervals of rest for his fellow slaves.

They were now employed in constructing and adorning a subterraneous passage, in imitation of a natural grotto : there Sebastian amused himself with a thousand tasteful fancies which enchanted the dull Hafiz, and procured for him new proofs of kindness : from this success his endeavours to please acquired fresh stimulus ; he redoubled his efforts, hoping to win so far upon the Moor, as at last to gain liberty through his means.

After each day's fatigue, the supper-hour was always welcome ; it brought him into the society of Gaspar. The conversation of his humble friend was now Sebastian's chief pleasure, for with him he felt himself Sebastian still ; sympathy of suffering, gratitude for affection, and esteem of native goodness, united to heighten this pleasure : he talked with Gaspar of Portugal and liberty, of days past and days to come, with all the ardour of unbroken youth.

Gaspar, in return, canvassed every possible mode of escape, continuing to bewail the fate which separated him from his King : he was, however inspired by some information lately obtained—it was as follows : at certain periods the Moors permitted a few travelling friars, called brothers of the redemption, to inspect their slaves, and to agree for the ransom of such as they wished redeemed ; one of these charitable men, a native of Spain, was expected at Mequinez, by the next new moon ; but the Almocadem having resolved never to sell any of his slaves, had always refused to admit the friar, so that it would be necessary for Sebastian to exert all his eloquence upon Hafiz, for him either to petition the Almocadem himself, or to let the friar know there was a Portuguese nobleman under his care, who would reward him amply for importuning El Hader in his favour.

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At this moment, while kissing the earth beneath Sebastian's feet, he was inwardly meditating a rash enterprise, full of danger, but fraught with heroism: expecting little from Hafiz, Gaspar meant only to wait till one attempt to gain him had been made and frustrated and then he would immediately execute his own project. His work lay in the open country, where he was employed with other slaves in felling timber; there were periods when the Moors who guarded them, were scattered about, and therefore to escape without instant notice: if Gaspar could get the start of them by a single half-hour (being very swift of foot, and well acquainted with a bye-road to Mequinez, where he had often gone with loaded waggons) he might hope to reach the friar, and communicate the secret of Don Sebastian's existence.

Gaspar was certain that in pursuing him the Moors would first look among the woods and hills leading to the interior, and that consequently, though he was almost sure of falling eventually into their hands, his object would be attained: the friar would convey the important news to the Christian forts, from thence it would be speedily transmitted to Portugal and Spain, and then he doubted not, an army or a ransom would be sent to redeem their King.

Some anxiety however, was still connected with his enterprise, even if it should succeed: as Gaspar would hazard it without his royal master's knowledge, he could not bear any proof of his veracity, such as a ring or piece of writing; he must rely solely on the sincerity of his manner, and on that natural desire of crediting what we wish, which is implanted in the human heart.

To disobey his sovereign on such an important point, he justly conceived a duty due to his country; for Gaspar, though born in the sixteenth century, had an intuitive conviction that his country's claims were superior even to the commands of her rulers.

Filled with this daring project, the young soldier arose from his monarch's feet with an illuminated countenance: a few moments after they separated for their different chambers.

The only indulgence which Sebastian had asked for himself, was the privilege of passing his nights in a solitary apartment, this request had been granted, with many assurances of its being an immense favour; he now repaired to the place, which was a small room,

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scarcely large enough to turn in, with a barred window and a straw bed. As he entered it with an emotion of pleasure, the change of his destiny forcibly struck him : what a cell for a King of Portugal, and the lover of Donna Gonsalva to behold with gladness !

He went up to the narrow window and as his eye fell on nothing but the dark dwellings of the slaves, faintly lighted by the rays of a watry moon, he looked from them to himself, and sighed profoundly. Not three months back, he had worn the habit, and been surrounded by the glories of a powerful prince ; he had been ministered unto like a god, till the most exquisite refinements of polished life had become natural wants ; he was now a slave, clad in coarse garments, denied the common necessities of his poorest subjects, forced to labour without intermission through the day, and at night be immured in a wretched chamber, where solitude was his only comfort !

For awhile, thought took so gloomy a cast, that he felt as if all that sunny period of his life had been no more than a dream. The memory of Stukeley appeared but the memory of some brilliant phantom ; his rousing eloquence, that had always acted on the soul of Sebastian like the sound of the trumpet was now passed away, his voice was hushed, his body gone down to dust !

Nothing gives such apparent length to any portion of time, as a complete change in outward scenes and inward feelings. Sebastian was scarcely able to persuade himself that all these new emotions had been produced by the events of so short a period as three months ; he reviewed the incidents which had happened since his landing in Africa, with a bitterness of regret which was at length dispersed by the idea of Gaspar : in this faithful friend, providence was evidently preparing for him a zealous assistant ; at any rate, if his attachment might not aid, it would assuredly console him, and was therefore to be gratefully accepted as a sort of earnest of the divine succour.

Elevated by this thought, Sebastian's feelings changed with their usual rapidity, joy lightened his heart, and pouring out a fervent prayer over the little cross of his order, (which he still preserved,) laid himself to rest with the confidence of pious reliance.

CHAPTER VI.

As Gaspar was sure of learning from the good-natured Moor who had spoken to him of the redemption friars; when father Mansonada would be at Mequinez, he had cautioned the King not to put the absolute question to Hafiz, before the friar's arrival was actually announced; but to employ the intermediate period in gaining his good will, urging the request at the time when it must be either instantly refused or granted:—this precaution would leave no time for repentance.

Pursuant to this prudent resolution, the King continued to exert his strength and his talents in every work given him by Hafiz: under his hands the uncouth earthen passage grew into a romantic labyrinth, diversified by spars and mosses, and hung with natural garlands of flowering plants. Often while he was placing a stone or a shrub, he smiled bitterly at what to him seemed womanish employment, and was forced to remember that no occupation is disgraceful which is submitted to for a great and virtuous purpose.

Having acquired many of the Morocco words, he was now able to hold short conversations with Hafiz, who though grave, and somewhat dull, was not insensible to merit; he liberally praised Sebastian, and for his sake granted new indulgences to sickly slaves.

Sebastian marked his increasing influence with re-animating hope: having his eye fixed but on one object, (freedom, in which every blessing is included,) he disregarded all else, distributing among his fellow captives such presents of dress and delicate food, as Hafiz occasionally made him.

But the satisfaction arising from these circumstances was considerably diminished by an unforeseen distress; Gaspar was taken ill: he had been unusually fatigued lately, during an insufferably burning day; and at night, had slept on some marshy ground with other Christians, who were all attacked the following morning with illness:—The disorder seized his lungs. From that hour a suffocating cough and slow fever preyed on his strength. At all times delicate, he now lost his appetite and sleep; and appeared hastening fast to that world “where the weary are at rest.”

Afflicted beyond measure, his royal friend no longer thought of exerting any influence over Hafiz for his own peculiar gratification, but tried to use it for Gaspar; he represented his situation in the most moving terms, soliciting the Moor to get him transferred from the fields into the gardens, where he promised to work

in his place, allowing himself no instant of recreation through the day, and but four hours of rest at night.—His importunities at length wrung from Hafiz a promise that he would go and solicit the Almogadem's leave for the transfer.

Sebastian communicated this to Gaspar with all the ardour of pleasure, the latter turned pale and faltered out an exclamation of regret; painfully disappointed, Sebastian enquired the reason of this disinclination to be near him, and soon found, from the generous soldier, that it arose from concern at the sacrifices which he must make on his account.

This indeed was part of the truth; but the most powerful cause was alarm at a removal, which however agreeable to Gaspar, would put it out of his power to serve his master: from the gardens he could not attempt escape without involving him in his ruin should he be retaken, and therefore it was necessary for him to wait no longer a return of health, but seize this last opportunity of flying from the fields.—Perhaps another day would close the door of freedom for ever, as Hafiz, who had been sent for to Mequinez by the Almogadem, might return ere night: this thought determined Gaspar!

Many and violent were his emotions when he parted from his beloved master at the door of their cheerless lodging; the poor fellow felt death at his heart, and scarcely knew how to hope for sufficient strength to carry him to Mequinez, where, however, the arrival of friar Mansonada was now happily ascertained. He fastened his eyes on the countenance of Sebastian with the most sorrowful expression; the benign smile that sat there, revived him for an instant, but fearful of betraying any unusual agitation, he retired without speaking.

The next day Hafiz did not return, and at night Sebastian was surprised by the non-appearance of Gaspar; concluding that he was cruelly kept out at distant labour, he began to grow impatient for the sight of Hafiz: still the governor returned not, and the next night and the one following that, Gaspar too was absent.

Disturbed and alarmed, Sebastian approached a French Christian with whom he had once seen Gaspar enter from work, and asked the man, in his own language, what had become of him: the answer overwhelmed him with grief.

Gaspar had attempted to escape two days before, while the wood-slaves were dispersed; and their guards carousing; he had got half way to Mequinez when he was overtaken by two of the Moors, who having heard

him question another about the Friars' Redemption, guessed which way he was going. After a short struggle, a wound in the leg brought Gaspar to the ground, and rendered resistance impossible; he was now in the prison of the Cassavee, where Ben Tarab threatened him with the extremity of the bastinado that very night.

Sebastian too quickly comprehended the motive of his friend's rash action; penetrated with gratitude and sorrow, he flew to the dark building called the prison, intreating to be admitted, and offering extravagant rewards to the Moors who guarded it:—Sebastian could not always remember that he was no longer able to reward any one!—But these vain promises were no sooner past his lips, than he disclaimed them, with a stifled groan, and turned once more to entreaties.

The brutal Ben Tarab advanced cautiously, "You see I am armed;" was his salutation, (pointing to a pair of huge pistols in his belt, and drawing out a Moorish knife,) "in that case you dare not touch me: what is all this tumult about?—is it because the dog is a Portuguese like yourself?—or because you are colleagues? By the holy prophet! I believe you deserve as sound a bastinading as he does. If he dies under the thong, this night he shall receive a thousand lashes. Get you to your sleeping hole, and pretend not to thwart a Mussulman in his duty."

Without replying, Sebastian shot an eagle glance round, as if in search of something, the next instant he darted forwards, and snatching up a hatchet which lay accidentally among some rubbish, flashed it in the eyes of Ben Tarab.

"I too am armed!" he exclaimed fiercely, "approach but one step nearer and this hatchet shall lay you dead at my feet.—I can die but once—yet if I do fall, I will sell my life dearly.—Mark me the man who takes Gaspar to punishment from this prison must cut his way to him through my heart."

As he concluded, the stern frown of the young monarch withered Ben Tarab's courage, he drew back trembling, and tried to pull out one of his pistols; Sebastian saw the action, and sprung on him like a tiger; his powerful grasp pinioned the arms of the Moor, who believing himself in the very gripe of death, cried out for mercy: before any one could come to his rescue, Sebastian flung him disdainfully away, saying—

"Take your worthless life—I want nothing beyond pity for a poor dying man. Suffer me unmolested to keep watch before this prison till Hafiz returns; then let the punishment of Gaspar be referred to the Almo-gadem: you will appear against him, I shall plead for him, I hope from the lips of the humane Hafiz."

Livid and trembling, Ben Tarab now sheltered himself behind a group of Moors who had run into his assistance : conscious that Sebastian was, indeed, only to be conquered by death, and aware of the high value set on him by El Hader, he feared to order the violence his base soul longed to inflict :

"Stay then," he cried at last, "Stay ! and may plagues blister you for your pains !—There you may watch and fast, for neither bed nor meal shall you have till Hafiz comes back and rids me of you altogether. Soldiers, take care he is not too subtle for you ; look to him well." So saying, Ben Tarab left the court, shutting its huge stone gates after him, with a rage that threatened to crash them.

Sebastian grasped his hatchet and sat quietly down upon the steps of the prison, while two Moorish guards walked backwards and forwards, discoursing about this mad Christian, who would certainly be condemned to the rack by their illustrious master.

In this situation, full of agitating thoughts, the King of Portugal past the night : fortunately for him, Hafiz returned the next day, and having missed Sebastian in the gardens, came to inquire for him of Ben Tarab ; that brutal fellow related the events of the last few days with all the exaggerations of inveterate animosity, sending Hafiz to threaten his favourite slave with a chain or a log.

Sebastian's character was one of extremes ; he was alternately the fiercest and the gentlest of mankind ; where he saw the trace of humanity he could quell every movement of passion, and enter into the calmest and most considerate explanations : he now let the wrath of Hafiz take its course, waiting till it was spent, before he expatiated upon the natural love we bear our countrymen ; and the impossibility of refraining from some show of violence when any object whom we sincerely love is threatened with danger. The poor dying youth being menaced with the bastinado, was, on this reasoning, a sufficient plea for his own vehemence. Sebastian mingled these with strong appeals to that sentiment of Liberty which he presumed dwelt in the bosom of Hafiz, in common with every honest man, he besought his pity ;—and finished by declaring, that if Gaspar perished, neither whips nor daggers should ever compel him to any act of labour.

All these arguments had their weight, but especially the last ; Hafiz feared to lose the very flower of his workmen, and therefore promised to go immediately to Kara Aziek, the daughter of El Hader, and try to win Gaspar's pardon from her : this favourite and on-

the surviving child of the Almoçadem had come that morning from Mequinez, merely to see the subterraneous labyrinth, and having been enchanted with its novelty and beauty, Hafiz hoped might be induced to pronounce the desired forgiveness. Hastening away, he returned in a short time with the Moorish Lady's order for the release and removal of Gaspar.

Penetrated with gratitude proportionate to his late apprehension, Sebastian vehemently thanked the good Moor, and went with him into the prison.

As they approached the dungeon in which Gaspar was, his feeble groans alone broke the sullen silence; he was the only human being who had slept in that dismal place during three nights, and might have perished there, without even the hope of succour: at the sound of his royal master's voice, he slowly raised his head; and supported himself for an instant; but he sunk again, overpowered with pain and weakness.—Sebastian hastened to catch him on his breast, while Hafiz assured him he was pardoned, and going to be removed entirely from the influence of Ben Tarab.

The prejudiced yet well-meaning Moor accompanied this information with several animadversions upon the folly and ingratitude of attempting an escape from a residence where all the slaves were treated like trusty servants; bidding him remember, that as it was wholly for Fabians' sake he was forgiven, a second fault would draw Fabian into the same destruction.

Gaspar could only reply by a submissive motion of the head, for a merciless neglect of sending him food had rendered him so weak he could scarcely speak; he was besides too joyful for utterance; but he held his sovereign's hand alternately to his lips and to his heart, with an energy of gratitude that needed no additional eloquence.

The wound in Gaspar's leg was more painful than it appeared dangerous, so that Sebastian trusted he might yet recover both from it and his pulmonary complaint, if properly nursed, and kept for awhile from labouring amongst evening and morning mists:—he now made an earnest petition to Hafiz for permission to inhabit some chamber adjoining that allotted to Gaspar; in order that he might be thus enabled to devote every leisure moment to his suffering friend.

After long resisting, Hafiz reluctantly yielded: first stipulating some new exercise of his favourite's ingenuity, by way of equivalent:—Gaspar was then conveyed to another quarter of the Cassavee, where the household slaves are lodged, and a small but not wretched apartment was assigned to him.

His wound was examined, and his internal disorder prescribed for, by a skilful renegade who acted as family physician and surgeon; Sebastian would fain have staid to assist this man, but Gaspar himself could not bear the thought of so employing his King, and Hafiz now waited for him at the labyrinth.

Eager to repay the worthy Moor's kindness by increased diligence, Sebastian hurried into the gardens; all his generous and delighted heart beamed on his noble countenance as he moved through the verdant groves and lawns leading to the grotto; as he was hastily advancing, he was checked by an unusual sight: a group of Moorish women were just issuing from the entrance.

Rightly conjecturing that these were the Almogadem's daughter and her attendants, he drew back: one of the ladies was richly habited after the Morocco fashion, in a kaftan and turban embroidered with coloured silks and precious stones; her mildly superior air declared her to be Kara Aziek: she drew her veil closer at sight of a man, but stopping at the same time, said a few words to Hafiz in a very soft voice. Sebastian ventured to advance; he bent one knee to the ground, making a sign expressive of gratitude; Kara Aziek courteously motioned him to rise, and then moved away: but she frequently looked back as she went, and on turning into another walk, graciously noticed him still, by a gentle inclination of her head.

Sebastian's eyes remained fixed on the vacant space which her figure had occupied: it was the first time he had seen a woman since he had entered Africa, (for he would not give that title to the female Alarbes,) and for the first time, a train of sweet and tender emotions, glided through his bosom.

The appearance of a young and pleasing woman, is ever associated in the mind of man, when under affliction, with hope of consolation and expectation of relief—Kara Aziek's dove-like voice and pitying manner, would of themselves have been sufficient to rouse up the sanguine spirit of Sebastian, but when to these were added the late proofs of her humanity or yieldingness, he could not help indulging in reveries as delightful as they were unexpected: in five minutes his ardent imagination had gone through a whole romance of disinterested generosity on her part, and boundless gratitude on his; she had facilitated his escape, restored him to his people, and become the friend of his soul's treasure, the incomparable Donna Gonsalva.

Transported with these fantastic day-dreams, he scarcely heard the precise Hafiz, who was all this while endeavouring to explain to him, Kara Aziek's commands about the gardens: starting at her name, he begged to have those commands repeated.

Hafiz deliberately recapitulated them; adding, that their young mistress, who was going immediately back to Mequinez, wished her new orders to be fulfilled before the feast of Ramadan, on which she should return with her father; that on hearing the particulars of Gaspar's situation, she had instructed Hafiz, to have him carefully attended, and supplied with proper nourishment; avowing her intention of reporting Ben Tarab's barbarity to the Almogadem, who though strict with his slaves, was averse to their being cruelly treated.

When Hafiz ended, Sebastian abruptly exclaimed—“Perhaps I should bless my captivity, since it daily frees me from prejudice!—Hafiz, when I first fought against your countrymen, I believed myself combating a set of wretches, devoid of every human feeling: since then, I have learned to think that the Maker of Heaven and earth, breathes so much of his divine spirit through some rare souls, that not even the pollutions of a false religion, can wholly deface their original beauty!—I had been told that your women were little better than agreeable images, without thought or will: how is it that this young and admirable lady, has been thus moved to compassionate a Christian, and condemn a Mahometan?”

“O, I can soon satisfy you;” answered the simple-minded Hafiz, “I begged for this Gaspar, in the name of Sidie Absalom.”

“And who is Sidie Absalom?” asked Sebastian.

“You would not ask that,” returned his companion, “if you had ever read the Holy Book of the Jews; he was a beautiful young man, the son of one King David—*From the sole of his foot even to the crown of his head, there was no blemish in him*—our women pray to him as to a saint; ask them any thing in his name, and they are afraid to deny you, for fear of not getting a husband as handsome as he was.”

Sebastian smiled at his simplicity; Kara Aziek's actions seemed worthy of a better motive, and he failed not to bestow on them one infinitely nobler.

Hafiz now hurried him to labour: the good Moor, proud of distinction, and aware that to the activity and taste of his Portuguese slave, he should owe some liberal mark of the Almogadem's satisfaction, exhorted Sebastian to employ all his invention in new adornments for the baths and fountains, and in bringing to perfec-

tion the nursery of fragrant exotics, which Kara Aziek had requested he might attend.

Sebastian needed not an additional incitement to these humble tasks : it was motive enough for him, that by fancying light decorations, requiring more ingenuity than strength to accomplish, he spared his fellow-captives many a weary labour: Hafiz had long trusted them almost solely to his direction, well satisfied with seeing beautiful novelties rising around him, though he knew that they did not occupy half the time, nor exhaust half the bodily powers he had formerly been forced to lavish.

The slaves blessed with longer intervals of rest, were no more pale and squalid ; they had leisure for decent attention to their persons, and permitted to form for themselves many minor comforts, health and resignation (for content can never dwell with slavery) began to appear in their looks : at this sight Sebastian's heart glowed within him, and the consciousness of being the source from whence these blessings flowed, increased the glow. On retiring for the night of this eventful day, Hafiz allowed the King to gather some choice fruits for Gaspar, with which he hastened from the gardens.

Gaspar was already supplied with a basket of the finest grapes, and a flask of medicated asses milk, (balm of Mecca being infused in it) by a servant of Kara Aziek's: he had temperately partaken of these presents, and was even then revived by them.

The details which now took place between the King and his humble friend, were not unmingled with pleasure ; Gaspar could not conceal the affectionate motive of his mad enterprise, nor could his royal master refrain from shewing the extent of his gratitude, by describing the scene which had passed between him and Ben Tarab—new plans for their mutual liberation were then canvassed, and these might all be summed up in a determination of seeking the favour of Kara Aziek, through whose interference perhaps they might prevail on the Almocadem to permit some communication between them and the Christian forts.

At this prospect, Gaspar could not check a sigh purely selfish : his cruel disorder forbade him to indulge the fond hope of ever again beholding Portugal : this painful emotion burst forth, followed by a reflection far more grievous to Sebastian than it was to himself.

"I must submit," he said, "if it please Heaven to deny me the joy of witnessing my sovereign's restoration to his people: doubtless I sinned in deserting my poor mother and sisters for the mere sake of fighting

against infidels; my wrong notions of duty perhaps, have left these dear relations to starve, for I was their only protector.—Jesu help me! I did not think then, what I have often thought since, that our blessed Redeemer must be better pleased with us when we seek to preserve lives, than when we go to destroy them!”

This artless remark made the King change colour: if Gaspar believed that to die in miserable servitude was only a just punishment for moral ignorance, what must be his destiny by whose powerful example multitudes had been allured into a similar error?—Sebastian's heart was disturbed; and he paused at this question. Though he did not answer it to himself at that moment, he often repeated it afterwards; and the subject connected with it, was then attentively examined. His days of prosperity had been unreflecting days,—adversity now taught him to scrutinize the past, and to prepare stores of principle for the future: formerly, he had only acted of himself; now he began to think for himself.

Without suffering Gaspar to perceive the pain his remark had caused, Sebastian soothed the poor fellow's self-accusing feelings, joined in an act of devotion with him, and did not leave him till he saw that he was tranquillized in sleep: he then repaired to a neighbouring chamber, where he spent nearly all the remaining hours of night in earnest supplications for an enlightened spirit.

From this period the attention of Sebastian was divided between so many objects of anxiety that he had not leisure for regret: though he was often wrung by the thought of Gonsalva's too probable grief, and apprehension for the fates of Antonio and De Castro, present cares forbade him to dwell on such considerations; he thought yet oftener of escape, and while so much was left him to hope, did not feel privileged to lament.

Each day now saw him incessantly occupied, each evening restored him to Gaspar; that poor youth's slow-consuming disorder had not yet given way to the Moorish prescriptions,—unable to stand long upon his wounded limb, Gaspar could not be employed in field-work, but his grateful disposition taught him a new species of usefulness, and he amused his solitary hours by the manufacture of ingenious trifles, such as ornamental baskets, brocaded sandals, &c. with which Hafiz was to present Kara Aziek on her return to the Cassavee.

Sebastian had found leisure intervals for the accomplishment of a trifling object with which he frequently

lashed the depressed spirits of his friend : it was a flute formed of cane ; he had contrived to furnish it with stops, &c. and had at length made it capable of " discoursing most excellent music."

In the tranquillity of evening, when Gaspar was laid on his narrow pallet, and their minds equally exhausted by agitating conversation, Sebastian would take his flute and play Portuguese airs, till Africa was forgotten, and their native country alone remembered.—It was in these moments that love reigned absolute over the heart of the young King : he could not breathe a note that did not recall some song of Donna Gonsalva's ; her celestial voice seemed floating around him, till tenderness melted him into weakness, or impatience lashed him into agony, and the instrument would then fall from his hand.

Experience alone teaches us the mutability of fortune : we hear of it, we see it, we think we understand and believe it,—but when we find *ourselves* precipitated from an height of happiness into an abyss of misery, it is then for the first time that we really discover the slightness of our former perceptions.—The adversity of others " we write in sand ;" our own " we engrave on brass."

Sebastian had now constant opportunities of making this reflection, for until his dismal change, absolute power had prevented him from even dreaming of a reverse in his own person : since that reverse had happened, he bitterly lamented his precipitate promise to the Pope, whose sanction might otherwise have been obtained, and then Gonsalva would have been left at least a queen, protected by wealth and authority.

But these regrets could not recal the past ; they were useful only as lessons for the future :—he averted his mind from such reflections, directing all its energies, towards the present objects of his care.

Some of these were attained : his fellow-slaves of the garden were comparatively happy through his means ; Hafiz continued to shew him increasing regard ; and Gaspar was losing most of those alarming symptoms which so lately threatened his life.—Though in slavery, and condemned to perpetual labour, the young monarch had never yet smarted under one degrading indignity which he would hereafter blush to have survived : this was a consolation almost transporting ; it assured him of divine protection, he thought, seeming to say, that Providence might bend but would not crush him.

As it was from Kara Aziek that Sebastian anticipated the completion of every hope, he was naturally inquisitive about her character and habits of life : by his

facility of acquiring languages (the most enviable because the most useful of talents,) he was now competent to converse with Hafiz in excellent Moresco; he therefore seized an opportunity one day when they were alone together inspecting her nursery of exotics, and questioned him respecting their gentle mistress.

He learnt in reply that Kara Aziek was the sole surviving child of the Almogadem by a Portuguese lady who had been carried off by a set of those pirates, who frequently plundered the neighbouring coasts, and brought to Morocco: as she was scarcely passed childhood, El Hader had succeeded in persuading her to change her religion, and to become his wife, upon the condition that he never would marry any others; this promise he had kept, living in harmony with her many years, until they were separated by death.

Though this lady was not a woman of much sense, she was accomplished, and constitutionally humane; her influence had softened the prejudices of the Almogadem, so that he suffered her to educate her daughter after the European fashion, in all respects save religion: Kara Aziek was therefore mistress of the Portuguese and Italian languages, and the literature of both countries; she was a Mahometan it is true; but her expanded and inquiring mind, her pure, beneficent spirit, etherialized the grossness of her creed, and made her almost a Christian, *in action*.

After her mother's death, Aziek became sole arbiter of her father's decrees; at her request he granted such indulgences to his slaves as no other slaves throughout Barbary ever enjoyed, but unhappily these indulgences had never been faithfully administered:—Kara Aziek was too young and inexperienced to conceive the possibility of her father's benevolent commands being disobeyed, or rather not obeyed with eagerness; she therefore believed the Christians to be well fed, moderately worked, humanely treated; when in reality most of their task-masters appropriated the liberal allowances to themselves; sold their surplus of labour; and in fact tyrannised over both their bodies and their souls.

The freedom of a captive she had never obtained. El Hader thought it argued well for his piety that neither money nor persuasions could induce him to liberate an enemy of his prophet: on this point he was inflexible; and Sebastian, on hearing it, scarcely knew how to hope any thing for himself:—but hope is a sturdy plant that will grow on the most rocky soil; it is destined for the aliment of man's spiritual part, and without it he could not exist.

Encouraged by the gentleness of Aziek's character,

Sebastian believed that she might be easily induced to pity, and finally to assist him—perhaps her intreaties might not always be unsuccessful:—Fraught with these ideas he heard of her return with the Almoçadem.

The day after their arrival he was sent for by El Hader :—"Young man!" said he in Moorish, "come hither, I want to ask you if you are now willing to accept the distinguished post I had destined for you, that of attending on my person wherever I go, even into the presence of the illustrious Xeriff himself? I hear you have been a perfect whirlwind amongst my people, and that you will do nothing but what you please; is this true?"

"I have not been used to obey:" replied Sebastian; proudly, "but I believe my incessant labours will shew that I am not ungrateful for kindness. These limbs are young and strong, and capable of much fatigue; but some of my unfortunate companions are sick, and old, and oppressed, and for them I have struggled."

"Aye, so it seems:" answered El Hader, with a gracious nod, "my daughter tells me that your rash attack upon my servant Ben Tarab, was to be applauded; to that I do not assent, for you should respect the servants of the great El Hader as his delegates: however, we will pass that over, in consideration of your youth and folly, and natural wish to defend a countryman.—I have pardoned both you, and that still more rebellious slave Gaspar, at my daughter's intreaty: see that you behave better in future; if either of you attempt a second escape, or brave a domestic of mine a second time, not even the tears of my well-beloved Kara Aziek shall save you from destruction.—But tell me, are you inclined to accept the high distinction of waiting on my person?"

The proud and fiery King of Portugal started at this question; he surveyed the infidel from head to foot with a look of insufferable disdain, and then burst into a scornful laugh:—his laugh had something terrible in it, independent of the consuming fire of his eyes: El Hader nimbly started up from the cushions on which he was loling, and retreated through an adjacent door:—Sebastian did not wait for his re-appearance, but immediately withdrew.

The degrading mark of favour offered by one whom he esteemed only a few degrees above some harmless brute animal, had stung the feelings of Sebastian almost to madness; he traversed the gardens with a swelling heart, but a glimpse of Kara Aziek changed the indignant throb into a thrill of pleasure:—he saw her at a little distance walking with some other Moorish ladies.

Grossing his hands over his breast, he stopt and bowed his head; she recognized him through her veil, and graciously returned the salutation; her visitors half uncovered their faces to look at the Christian about whom they had been conversing, but Aziek moved away, and Sebastian dared not remain.

After that day he constantly beheld her in the gardens; sometimes only at a distance, reading, or playing on her guitar. No opportunity had yet occurred of addressing her in private; for when she went with him over the quarter assigned to the culture of Portuguese shrubs, to learn their names and qualities, she was surrounded by her maids, and he was followed by Hafiz. But obstacles only stimulated the King's impatience; other circumstances tended to counteract them. For some time he had every night found in his chamber the most exquisite confections, bread, and sherbet: (presents, evidently the product of female hands,) he shared them with Gaspar, not doubting the benevolent giver was she who had already been so generous.

The only return he could make, was daily offerings of flowers formed into garlands or arranged in bouquets, for the head and bosom of Kara Aziek; these were presented to her by Hafiz, who reluctantly acknowledged that they came from his slave Fabian: Aziek would smile, accept them, inhale their scent awhile, admire their arrangement, and then place them among her beautiful hair instead of more costly ornaments.

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CHAPTER VII.

THE first day on which Gaspar was able to walk out, Sebastian obtained leave for him to breathe the air of the gardens in the cool of evening: all the slaves were retired to supper, when the grateful soldier hesitatingly accepted the support of his King, and slowly proceeded from his chamber.

"At moments like these," whispered he, "I cannot believe myself awake.—So supported—so attended,—oh sire! in Portugal this would have been impossible."

"Only because in Portugal I should not have known your value." Sebastian could not forbear sighing as he spoke—but quickly smiling, he added, "Trust me, Gaspar, I shall not feel less a King when again seated on the throne of my ancestors, for having administered to your sufferings and shewn my gratitude for your rare attachment. I take your heart as a sample of all

my people's; and the reflections your generous sensibilities have given rise to, shall teach me to respect their feelings, though at the expense of my own extravagant desires."

They now moved slowly on: a gentle breeze just stirred the leaves of the umbrageous plane trees, mingling their murmurs with the cooling sound of fountains and water-falls; a balmy smell from fruits and flowers delighted the senses of Gaspar; his eyes wandered with pleasure over the beautiful gardens, and the consciousness of reviving health diffused through his heart and over his face an air of grateful complacency. His pale cheek and feeble frame presented an interesting contrast to the yet vigorous youth of Sebastian: like a young cedar of Libanus, flourishing in eternal spring, his manly beauty seemed formed for duration.

Having conducted Gaspar into the labyrinth, the King laid him down upon one of its mossy couches; fearing to exhaust him by conversation, he took out his flute and played several soft airs.

The music, the profound tranquillity, and his extreme weakness, by degrees stole upon the senses of Gaspar, and he dropt to sleep: Sebastian observed it in silence; then fearing to awake him, rose to seek some other slave who might assist in conveying him to his chamber.

For this purpose he quitted the labyrinth: the pale evening star twinkling through innumerable boughs, alone lighted him on his way. Glowing with benevolent and friendly joy, he trod with a lighter step, and looked even in the gardens of El Hader as he had done in the magnificent precincts of Xabregas: though wrapt in a homely dress, the kingly air was still visible. There is a gracefulness of mind which ennoble the meanest habit; that grace now gave picturesque grandeur to the coarse drapery of Sebastian. His neck and head were bare; but the crown of Portugal itself, could not have added majesty to that commanding brow, nature's hand had encircled it with a crown: his dark brown hair glowing with living gold, hung in glossy curls over his forehead and his cheek, discovering at intervals, as the breeze lifted it, those eyes and that mouth whose sweetness had once been proverbial in a court.

Hastening onwards, he was startled by the sight of Kara Aziek standing alone, as if she had been listening to the sound of his flute: after an instant's confusion, the impetuous monarch flung himself at her feet, and uttered in Moresco a hasty expression of gratitude, then remembering what Hafiz had said of her accom-

ishments, and fearing to be overheard, he changed his accent, and spoke to her in Italian.

She answered him courteously, though not fluently, in the same language; but her soft voice was so broken by timidity, so mixed with sighs, and interrupted by hesitation, that she was scarcely intelligible. Sebastian remained at her feet, and she had time to recover herself.

"What is it I can do for thee, amiable Christian?" she resumed, "my heart is touched with thy situation. — So young, so brave, so generous as I hear thou art, thou must have many friends in thine own country, the remembrance of whom increases thy present sorrow: would I could restore thee to them! but I cannot; my power extends only to ameliorating thy condition. — What is it I can do for thee?"

"Alas, nothing!" exclaimed the King, pierced with disappointment, "banished from my country, without hope of return, I no longer desire life. I was born, lady, in the midst of power, riches and honours; I had the means and the will of blessing multitudes; I was surrounded by relations and friends. I am now a slave! if forced at last to abandon the hope of release, do you imagine that any thing can reconcile me to such a destiny? To your heavenly goodness I already owe all the comfort of which my miserable fate is susceptible: ah! could I persuade you to pity me yet further—to procure for me permission to inform one friend of my captivity, and so be ransomed from the Almoçadem!"

"Christian!" said Kara Aziek, after a pause, "thy noble disregard of selfish considerations since thou hast been under the charge of Hafiz, deserves the exertions of all who love virtue: be assured, from this moment, that thou hast made a friend in Kara Aziek: she will continue to protect thee, she will cautiously labour to obtain thy release; but thou must not be impatient if the time be long, and the object lost. My father will not bear either too frequent or too earnest urging: if I would serve the Christians, I must do it prudently."

Sebastian put the embroidered hem of her kaftan to his lips: "You are my guardian angel," he exclaimed, "and there are hearts in Portugal worthy of knowing your's, that shall one day bless you!"

The young monarch's emotion interested Kara Aziek, she wished to see him again more distinctly, and for this purpose lifted up her veil; the instant their eyes met, she dropt it with a modest blush. But her soft beauty, like that of the summer moon, instantaneously changed the impetuous ardour of Sebastian; a serene

and delightful admiration succeeded to his agitation; her shape, her voice, her countenance, were all lovely, they breathed the tenderness and the purity of an angel, and though the radiant image of Donna Gonsalva outshone the Moorish Beauty in splendor, it could only have been preferred by a lover.

Every thing in Gonsalva was gay, resistless, triumphant; in Kara Aziek, touching, yielding, and humble; the one seemed a divinity to be worshipped, the other a tender creature to be loved.

Every endearing quality of woman's fond and faithful heart, beamed from the dewy eyes of Kara Aziek; those eyes bespoke a soul capable of wholly losing itself in the happiness and honour of one beloved object; they promised heroic devotedness, disinterested goodness, virtuous submission: they had never yet known how to express disdain, anger, or desire of rule. It was sufficient to have beheld Kara Aziek but for a moment, to be convinced that she was the sweetest and the gentlest of human beings.

Lost in the remembrance of a countenance so engaging, the young King did not remark that his companion heaved several deep sighs: at length, she spoke to him again. "It is then to Portugal that thou wishest to return? It was my mother's country—perhaps thou hast a mother and sisters there—or a wife—art thou married, Christian?"

Sebastian answered in the negative with a sigh deeper than her own; Aziek eagerly resumed. "If thou hast neither mother, sister, nor wife, thou should'st not be so very unhappy at thy present misfortune: think how much keener would have been thy sorrows, had they been increased by the memory of such beloved relations. Learn to be grateful, Christian, to the *Great Being* for his smallest mercies!"

Sebastian was about to own that Portugal contained one as dear to him as a wife, when she asked after his sick countryman; on hearing that he was then in the labyrinth, she grieved at having detained his friend, and bade him pursue his way to the house. "Pray warn this poor fellow," she added, "never again to attempt so rash an enterprise: he may get beyond my father's walls 'tis true, but wherever he goes he must encounter Moors, or perish for want among solitary places.—Adieu, Portuguese! endure patiently, pray often, hope constantly."—So saying, the lovely Moor turned away, leaving Sebastian standing where they had first met.

He could not forbear ejaculating a thanksgiving for this fortunate meeting, which incensed him in all those

sanguine expectations that otherwise had been fantastic: he blessed the amiable Aziek repeatedly, while hastening to the hall of the household slaves, he procured an assistant, and returned for Gaspar.

The motion, in carrying him, quickly awakened Gaspar, but Sebastian would not rouse him further by speaking then of his adventure, and shortly afterwards left him to repose for the night.

The next time Kara Aziek saw the King of Portugal, it was again in the gardens, supporting his still-languid friend: she stopt in the midst of her women and asked after the invalid.

Sebastian seized this opportunity of describing his delicate constitution, and beseeching her to order him some less hazardous labour than that of working through all weathers in the open air: at the same time he ventured to solicit indulgence for some other sick captive. Kara Aziek fixed her luminous eyes on him through her veil, with a look of soft admiration.

"How is it," she said, "that thou dost never ask any thing for thyself?—hast thou been taught to live solely for others?"

"It was the first lesson I ever learnt," replied Sebastian, "would to God, that I had always practised it! but my heart, lady, has not room at present for minor wishes; I languish for liberty. While I am a slave, every personal good is indifferent to me."

"I pity thee, Christian, indeed I pity thee!" said Aziek in a tone of touching sincerity, "if I were the sole arbiter of thy fate, of all fates there is not a Christian groaning throughout Africa that should remain in his bonds—but, though my father indulges me beyond what any other parent allows, he does not leave me absolute. I must win favours from him by degrees; while thou askest these indulgences for others, thine own suit remains un urged: choose then between them and thyself! am I to plead for their comfort, or thy freedom?"

"For them! for them!" cried Sebastian.

"Generous Christian!" she exclaimed, extending her arm by an involuntary impulse: Sebastian threw himself at her feet, and ventured to seize and kiss her hand; it was a hand so lovely soft, that it seemed to melt in the pressure: though his ardour was chastened by respect, Kara Aziek drew back in confusion. "I will learn of thee to be generous," she added, "to be so, I must risk something, conquer my timid nature, and be importunate for thy sake." She then earnestly besought Sebastian to concert some mode of ameliorating the condition of all the slaves, and yet rendering

them useful to El Hader: if a plan were formed, embracing a variety of objects suited to different degrees of strength and ingenuity, she thought its profitability would recommend it to her father, and make a strong argument for her to use in urging its adoption.

Delighted with her benevolent idea, Sebastian readily promised to sketch such a plan with Hafiz, and then to submit it for her approval: he accompanied this promise with an animated eulogium upon her mind and heart. At this she blushed timidly, telling him that she owed her thoughtfulness to a few good books which her mother had taught her to read, and which perhaps might now be a solace to him: the King was gladdened by this offer, and, gratefully accepted it.

He then ventured to ask whether Kara Aziek could give him any information about the state of Portugal: she replied with benevolent minuteness. From her answers he learnt that his throne was filled by the Cardinal, Don Henry, and that his own supposed body (obtained through the King of Spain) had been buried at Belem, with royal honours. "Do they lament their late King?" asked Sebastian, with extreme emotion.

"I hear he was in many things worthy to be regretted," replied Aziek, "but his ill-advised enterprise nearly desolated Portugal; for of the few families he left in it, there was not one that has not lost some relative, either on the field, or by captivity. In this weight of private grief, I suppose a public loss is scarcely felt. Thou didst love thy monarch, I think, that starting tear honours his memory." The eyes of the gentle Moor filled with answering tears while she spoke.

Overcome by her obvious remark, Sebastian stifled a groan: again he saw the bloody plain of Alcazar, and again conscience accused him of countless murders. Heart-wrung, even to torture, he leaned in silent agony upon the shoulder of Gaspar, who being ignorant of Italian (in which they spoke) was now surprised and disturbed at his sovereign's agitation. Kara Aziek regarded him with a mixture of terror and pity.

"Alas! what have I said!" she exclaimed, "that has thus afflicted thee? compose thyself, amiable Christian! thou shalt see thy country again, if Kara Aziek parts with every comfort of her life to obtain thee that felicity."

Without waiting to receive his thanks, she withdrew hastily, leaving Gaspar to make unsuccessful attempts at soothing his royal friend.

Aziek had unconsciously planted the dagger of the furies in the very bosom she would fain have shielded from every shaft: care for others, constant occupation,

and ceaseless projects of escape, had lately banished from Sebastian's mind, all self-accusing recollections ; but now he saw at one glance his name forgotten or execrated in the land which he loved with parental tenderness, his throne filled by another, his people sunk in funeral gloom, and Donna Gonsalva learning to hate his name, while she wept for her murdered father !

These images were heightened to the wildest excess by a passionate imagination, fruitful in self-tormenting, and as it hurried him in thought from object to object, he sacredly vowed never again to unsheath the sword but in defence, or for the succour of others : this virtuous vow checked the torrent of sorrow.

The last words of Kara Aziek had escaped his ear ; and desperate of release through her means, (since she herself was so doubtful of it,) he came to the resolution of making some personal effort for his own deliverance : warmed by this new project, he gradually recovered himself, and returned back with Gaspar.

On entering his chamber he found several volumes of Italian and Portuguese authors, which he took up and looked at, without knowing one of their titles ; for his mind was otherwise occupied, and he laid himself on his pallet, not to sleep, but to think.

It was now that Sebastian found his first visit to Barbary likely to produce benefit ; by it he was made acquainted with all the coast, and much of the interior, he had also acquired information from the persons he redeemed, which now promised to serve him essentially.

In those days the Emperors of Morocco had a right to every captive beyond a certain rank, taken either in battle, or on the seas, and the Moors therefore, frequently secreted their noble slaves and conveyed them privately away for the sake of high ransoms : one of these gentlemen who was the property of a low man, had been conducted by him to the castle of Massignan, by a road which the King now tried to recollect. It had lain through a track of more than a hundred miles : Sebastian calculated on being able to pursue the same route undiscovered, as it led principally through desert mountains.

It is true, that before he could reach Massignan, he must cross the river Ardea, the fords of which were all guarded by Moorish posts, for the express purpose of frustrating the escape of runaways. But he had been told of a safe passage in one part where the river narrowed among the Green mountains, and which on account of its remoteness was left unwatched : once there, he might cross, and make directly down to the coast ; could he gain Massignan he should be safe.

Neither the savage beasts infesting the country he must thus traverse unarmed, nor the apprehension of starving, staggered the resolution of Sebastian; he felt that a mighty spirit has something of omnipotence in it; and believed that the All-seeing parent who feeds the fowls of the air, would provide for his limited wants: if he were destined to perish, better to die free, than to linger out life in slavery.

At first he thought of making Gaspar his companion, but a moment's consideration forbade him to indulge so dangerous a wish: Gaspar could not endure the fatigue and peril to which they must be subjected during such an enterprise, and would in all probability prove the cause of their eventual re-capture: better therefore, to hasten to Massignan and from thence send a King's offer to El Hader. Long did the generous Sebastian pause upon this obstacle: he abhorred the appearance of abandoning his friend, and would not have resolved on it at last, had he not justly deemed that, the only method of procuring his ultimate liberation.

The next object of consideration was how to get beyond the walls of the Almocadem: so indulged as he had long been, it seemed almost perfidious to repay the lenity of El Hader, and the reliance of Hafiz, by using them for the purpose of escape; yet liberty, sacred liberty, is the birth-right of every man; and he who would enslave his fellow-man, however softly he may weave his chains, has perhaps no legitimate claim to his fidelity.

Sebastian felt the force of this assertion: he had ever scorned dissembling his thirst for freedom, and therefore believed himself still privileged to attempt obtaining it by any bold measure. Ere he finally digested this sudden plan, he endeavoured to obey the humane injunction of Kara Aziek; from the day on which they first met, he had employed himself after work-hours in visiting the different quarters of the Cassavee, and making such inquiries and observations as were necessary for his purpose. Hafiz accompanied him, completely satisfied with acting in obedience to his mistress. In a short time the King had perfected the theory of a new establishment infinitely more advantageous to the Almocadem, and far milder for his Christian associates: this project he delivered to Kara Aziek, through Hafiz, who was recommended in it, to be made Governor of the whole. Aziek studied it attentively, and assented to its excellence with all the ardour of her benevolent nature; soon afterwards she sought and obtained her father's approval.

Transported with this success, she urged El Hader to send for that enlightened Christian, who thus united regard for his interest with pity for his own countrymen; El Hader had not forgotten their last interview, but no longer apprehensive of seeing a madman, he yielded to his daughter's wish.

The Almogadein received Sebastian with his usual good-natured indolence; and after having suggested one or two alterations, and demanded a few explanations, he pronounced the desired acquiescence. Sebastian would not have prostrated himself to any mortal for a favour merely selfish; but at this mercy to so many sufferers, he cast himself at the feet of Kara Aziek, who sat wrapt up in her veil, exclaiming in Italian:

"It is to you, amiable Lady! that the Christians owe these blessings; henceforth I will believe myself your slave, and then bondage will be no longer abhorrent."

"Ah Christian!" cried the lovely Moor, and stopping abruptly, she averted her eyes with a palpitating heart.

Sebastian knew not the soft confusion his ardent speech had caused; he forgot the woman in Kara Aziek, and saw only the pure and disinterested spirit of an angel.

El Hader now made some remarks upon the improvements in his domain, which he was told were the effects of his Portuguese slave's exertions, adding, "Thou must surely be satisfied with the miraculous kindness with which thou art treated, and consequently pleased with thy situation?"

This observation afforded Sebastian the opportunity he sought. "Many and important favours," he said "I gratefully acknowledge in my own person, and in that of every Christian inhabiting this place, but while I labour to shew my sense of your indulgence by a peaceable demeanour and voluntary acts of service, remember El Hader, that I do not conceive myself bound to forego the hope of liberty: my heart is filled with it;—day and night my thoughts are on it; I warn you therefore not to suppose that any thing can make me abandon a resolution to break my bonds, if possible. You refuse a ransom, therein you are merciless and tyrannical, and by that act free me from the obligation honour would otherwise impose: would you accept money as an equivalent for me (however exorbitant the sum) I would not steal myself away, and defraud you of your rightful gain, though liberty tempted me from a thousand avenues; now, I hold my conscience un-

shackled : if I can escape, I will ; but wherever I go, be assured I shall bear with me a salutary remembrance of Moorish virtues."

"Is not this fellow a madman?" asked El Hader, turning with a smile to his daughter. "This confession of his may clip his wings. Christian, (he added) dost thou not believe I can abridge thy present freedom, and so prevent thy escape?"

"Assuredly I do," returned the impetuous monarch, "but that consideration ought not to deter me from asserting my right to use every means of restoring myself to my country. I tell it you, that you may not hereafter call me a base, ungrateful hypocrite ; I tell it you, that you may not impute to others my imagined guilt. God forbid that I should be the occasion of any man's disgrace ! should I effect my purpose, recollect it will be all my own work, and that neither your slaves nor your servants will have had the smallest share in it."

"Rash, but amiable man !" exclaimed Kara Aziek, regarding him with a look of admiration, "O that thou couldst forget thy country and be happy in Africa !"

The tenderness of her tone penetrated the heart of Sebastian, he did not reply by words, but his eloquent eyes fixed for a moment upon her, spoke only too ardently the gratitude she inspired : again the soft bosom of Kara Aziek palpitated with an unknown emotion, and covering her figure still more with her veil—(as if fearing her soul was visible)—she hastily withdrew.

El Hader detained the King a few moments longer, jesting him on his extravagant hopes, and assuring him, that though still indulgently used, he should be well watched. Sebastian listened in silent majesty, then quitted him, completely satisfied with their mutual understanding.

While he returned to toil and the society of Gaspar, who was now able to bear a moderate part in the work of the gardens, Kara Aziek retired to her own apartments agitated with pain and pleasure : unknown to herself, the pity with which she had at first regarded the young and handsome Christian was now changed into a sentiment less disinterested but more animated ; his situation and character were alike interesting ; his conversation insensibly stole her from herself ; and his graceful image contrasted with the swarthy Moors and pallid slaves around, was ever present to her eyes : at the sound of his voice or his flute, (heard at a distance from the gardens,) she would feel her heart throb tumultuously ; and when his past looks or words

crossed her memory, a delightful thrill would run through her veins.

Formerly Benevolence was content to administer to his wants and to secure him from hardships; now Love panted to surround him with the delicacies of refinement, and to procure for him exemption from every occupation. She would send him the choicest fruits and viands, essences and fragrant oils for his use after the bath, books, music, and becoming apparel; she would watch his looks with silent anxiety foreseeing indisposition ere it approached him, and providing against it by medicines prepared by her own hand: a favourite maid cautiously conveyed these things to the apartment of Sebastian, who received them silently and distributed them with discretion.

Though indulged in a freedom perfectly singular in Barbary, Aziek dared not openly pour upon a Christian such a shower of benefits, she was obliged to find frequent employment for him, that she might see and converse with him unsuspected. At those times she would talk to him not merely of his country but upon such subjects as enlightened her mind and displayed the treasures of his: thus did she unconsciously weave her own chains, little dreaming that the heart she thus learned to idolize, was the property of another.

Wholly devoted to the remembrance of Donna Gonzalva, and too much occupied with his various anxieties, Sebastian never once thought of the possibility of destroying the peace of his benefactress; he beheld her with the tenderest and most exalted admiration; and as she shewed to Gaspar nearly equal compassion, (for Gaspar was dear to her on his account,) he considered her as a creature formed by Providence expressly for the purpose of succouring unfortunate Christians.

The new order of things was now established throughout El Hader's residence, and Sebastian became painfully anxious for its success. By adapting every occupation to the peculiar powers of each man, and allowing them more rest and more food, he knew that nothing short of determined industry would render their master satisfied with the change; he was therefore obliged to urge these motives unremittingly amongst them till he conquered their habitual languor, and made them feel that the persevering activity of half the day would insure to them repose and comfort during the remainder. The perfect completion of his system left him free to think solely of his escape.

To keep his promise with El Hader, and avert destruction from Gaspar, Sebastian refrained from telling him of his purpose: alone, and in secret, he meditated and observed.

Though he was permitted to range through every part of the Cassavee domain, it was enclosed by walls of great height and thickness, upon which, at small distances, were placed sentinels day and night; the only possible avenue appeared to be that part where a narrow river washed the eastern wall, the sentinels there were far apart and relying on this natural barrier watched carelessly: here Sebastian thought it practicable to cut a passage through, and so passing from one side to the other, creep through the underwood to the river, and swim across.

The eastern wall was not far from that angle of the building in which he slept, and he might therefore pass and repass with less danger of discovery; though his door was locked nightly, his window was unbarred, and from it he could easily descend into the garden.

On reconnoitring the particular spot he pitched on, he found that a cluster of very thick trees would conceal him from possible observation, and that a canal, not many paces distant, would serve as a reservoir for the rubbish and stones: inspired by these providential circumstances he commenced his project the ensuing night.

The implements of daily toil served now for the instruments of freedom; Sebastian was disciplined to labour, and rendered expert by practice; every night he worked during the half of it, leaving the increasing chasm, masked with stones well-fitted. Success seemed to await him; no one hitherto had suspected his nocturnal employment, and Gaspar, for whose delicate health he feared, (as he resolved not to abandon him in a dying state,) rather strengthened than declined. Meanwhile peace and comfort reigned throughout the abode of El Hader; his slaves looked better, and performed more than they had ever done; groans and sighs were no longer heard in the Cassavee, and if the captives still wept for their country and friends, it was in the privacy of their own chambers.

Kara Aziek continued to move amongst them like the angel of pity; she compassionated them all, but she loved one, whose "looks were now her soul's food." Sometimes she sent for him to instruct her in the Portuguese songs and the Portuguese history, and then, though her father were present, she would speak to him in Italian of the subject nearest his heart. Sometimes she would loiter with her women for hours beside him in the gardens under pretence of giving orders about her bowers and her green-houses, when in reality it was to hear the music of his voice, and to "suck in the honey of his sweet discourse."

Indeed Kara Aziek could no longer command, where she would willingly have served; respect ever accompanies love; and her worth inspired affection now shrunk from those acts which reminded her that the object of her devotion was in a state of humiliation.

In such interviews the ardent manner of Sebastian deceived her unintentionally: those eyes that spoke even the slightest emotion more distinctly than any other eyes, seemed when expressive of gratitude, to be expressive of love; at sight of her, he remembered Donna Gonsalva, and that enchanting recollection diffusing over his countenance the most touching tenderness, made Kara Aziek fondly fancy herself its object.

By these frequent opportunities she saw him under every variety of his various nature; alternately the sereneest and the most tempestuous, the tenderest and the fiercest of human beings: her gentle character often trembled at the violence of his; but when the storm was gone, and the sun smiling in his face, she felt only the sonder anxiety and the deeper interest.

She saw him quick to avenge the wrongs or relieve the pains of others, but regardless still of his own: how then could she denounce that very rashness which disquieted her, since it arose from the excess of a virtue?

Yet she was solicitous to have this rashness moderated, and often took occasion to converse on the subjects of prudence and forbearance: she reminded him that there is no such thing as swaying others, before we have learned to command ourselves; she pointed out to him several instances in which the fierceness of his temper had frustrated the effects of his benevolence: when he sought some indulgence for a fellow captive suddenly overpowered with heat or sickness, if the task-master demurred, he would blaze into indignation, and harden the heart he disdained to soften.

Kara Aziek ventured to shew him the superior dignity and utility of employing reason at such times rather than anger: he would listen with delight and contrition, though his former habit of exacting obedience from others, rendered it difficult for him to obey himself.

Aziek saw that to conquer his natural infirmity would cost Sebastian infinite trouble,—and to her, it would have been no visible blemish, since she loved him with a tenderness that veiled his very faults;—but she felt that his faults made himself unhappy: how then could

they continue a matter of indifference?—with such impatience and imprudence he must ever carry in his own mind the seeds of sorrow and remorse.

Unconscious of his hazardous purpose, she was daily advancing towards the object he desired: her father never left her without bearing away with him some argument in favour of the Christians, and particularly of Sebastian: not daring to ask at once for his liberation, she was gradually softening and preparing El Hader's mind for such a request.

Meanwhile time rolled on, and Sebastian completed his laborious task. When he first caught a gleam of the moon-lighted river shining through the important aperture, it seemed as if that sight alone had released him from his bonds; he kissed his bosom cross in a rapture of gratitude, and emotion for awhile prevented him from thinking of his indiscretion in suffering the chasm to remain uncovered; he filled it up immediately, at both extremities, for the night was just closing.

On returning to his chamber he found it impossible to sleep; his heart was too full of anxiety for the event of his enterprise, and for the effect it might have upon Gaspar: to disclose the secret to him, Sebastian believed absolutely necessary, as that would soften the pain of being apparently deserted, and yet could not justly subject him to the vengeance of El Hader.—Gaspar might conscientiously swear that he had in no way contributed to the escape of his countryman.

Agreeable to these reflections, Sebastian seized an opportunity the next morning, and detailed his project: for awhile the affectionate soldier stood aghast, but quickly recovering, he faltered out a mixed expression of joy and sorrow: he then ventured to solicit his sovereign's bounty for his mother and sister, praying him to relieve their poverty, and to remember that he was left behind in slavery. The poor youth was frequently on the point of asking to accompany his King, but as often the conviction of his infirm health checked the selfish request.

Sebastian saw only liberty before him, and succour for those he left behind; yet he grieved to part his destiny from that of Gaspar, and at thought of the gentle Aziek, he felt the most piercing regret: her rare goodness and refinement was worthy a nobler fate than that to which she seemed born: she was not adapted to share with a Harem the capricious favour of an ignorant Mussulman, she was calculated to win and to deserve a heart polished by culture.

Kara Aziek did not appear in the gardens that day.

and towards evening Sebastian spoke of her to Hafz : he learnt from him, that she was gone to Mequinez, to keep the feast of El Ed Geer, with the Almogadem ! at this information his joyous feelings were damped : he had then parted from that amiable being for ever, without having uttered afresh those animated sentiments which filled his heart, and which she might hereafter recollect as a grateful farewell !

The pain of this thought would have tempted Sebastian to delay his departure, had not the image of Donna Gonsalva, sorrowing over his supposed grave, hurried him onwards ; he could not however depart, until he had left a slight memorial of his gratitude :—for this purpose he entered the labyrinth, and cut with a knife upon the chalk of one of its stones, a few words in Italian.

After this tribute to the gentle spirit that had blessed him even in captivity, he hastened from the spot, for it was now the hour of retiring.

Gaspar waited for him in his sleeping room : the night was dark and gusty ; a circumstance that awakened some friendly fears in the former ; but Sebastian's soul was roused with the prospect of freedom, and he considered the gloom which alarmed his friend, as favourable to his concealment. They sat together in a remote chamber, watching with extreme anxiety the gradual stillness that spread around them : by degrees the sound of voices and steps died away,—the closing of doors became less and less frequent, till at length profound silence settled over the scene.

They scarcely exchanged even a whisper during this long suspense ; Gaspar's heart was full almost to bursting ; for he felt that in losing the King of Portugal as a fellow-prisoner, he was losing a friend : that King seated again upon a throne, would not surely acknowledge and love a private soldier ! he had heard that "the favour of princes is not fastened by nails of diamonds to men whom they affect," and while his artless mind dwelt on this saying, the deepest dejection stole over him.

Ideas of such a nature changed his former ease and confidence into awe and distrust ; and at the very moment in which Gaspar most longed to throw himself at his beloved master's feet, there to pour forth all his feelings, he stood sadly silent, scarce venturing to breathe or to raise his eyes from the earth.

Sebastian comprehended these emotions : he took Gaspar's hand with a warmth and earnestness which enforced his words, and pressing it repeatedly, assured him that neither the pomps nor the cares of a crown could break those bonds in which mutual suffering and

mutual obligation had united them: he renewed his promise of immediately placing Gaspar's family in competence, and of dispatching an embassy to the Muley of Morocco for the purpose of ransoming him and the rest of the Christians.

"Rely on the word of a King, and the faith of a friend!" he concluded, "all this I solemnly swear to perform should heaven restore me to my throne.—When we meet again, may it be in our dear native land!—then Gaspar thou shalt see how much I love thee."

Transported with such goodness, the tender-hearted youth wept like a woman; his sovereign's heart beat high with hope, and could not admit regret: he anticipated a blissful hour of future meeting, and gently chiding his companion, leaped the window of their chamber:—Gaspar followed more cautiously.

Sebastian was lightly clothed in a habit sent him by Kara Aziek, which he had never yet worn, and therefore could not be described by; in his girdle was stuck a small hatchet, and a Moorish knife, for the purpose of defence: over his shoulder was flung a sort of basket containing a few Tourkia cakes and dried meats, which he had saved from the daily presents of Aziek.

A short circuit brought them to their place of destination. pushing aside the trees, they gently drew away the loose stones that concealed the aperture; the still sound of the river was heard through it: Gaspar looked fearfully to the sky: the clouds there were thick and dull, but something like light gleamed through them in parts proceeding from the moon now at her full: Sebastian whispered him to be of good cheer; then turning hastily round, he grasped him to his heart without speaking.

Both the King and the soldier trembled in each other's embrace; at length sinking from his sovereign's arms, Gaspar embraced his knees without being able to articulate a single word: Sebastian hastily raised him, embraced him once more, then pressed through the aperture.

With breathless attention Gaspar listened to the rustling of the bushes on the opposite side through which Sebastian had rushed; the next moment he distinctly heard him plunge into the river: at that fearful crisis he crossed his breast and his forehead, and remained kneeling in an agony of supplication; but suddenly recollecting his friend's injunctions, he hastily filled up the chasm of the wall at each extremity.

At every blast of wind sweeping through the leafy branches over his head (while thus employed,) he al-

most fancied that he heard the drowning voice of his King : once he thought the sound of a gun had mingled with the blast, but it was not repeated, and his apprehension ceased.

By degrees the wind sunk into a low moan, only mixed with the hoarse dashing of the water ; neither voice nor step came any longer to his ear : the faithful soldier then sorrowfully arose, and returned to his solitary chamber ; piously endeavouring there to cast his cares upon that Almighty Protector who alone is able to destroy and to save.

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CHAPTER VIII.

SEBASTIAN had to contend with a strong current, but having stripped off his clothes and fastened them above his head, he was able to breast the powerful water with equal strength ; a few strokes of his nervous arm brought him to the opposite bank ; he sprung on land, and shaking off the wet, quickly redressed himself.

While he was fastening on his rude sandals, he looked up to the Cassavee, from whence he had escaped ; the faintly glimmering moon now cast a momentary gleam over its high dome, and silvered part of the line formed by the wall, upon which were seen a few sentinels walking to and fro : one of these men appeared to stop and bend forward ; Sebastian glided behind a cluster of willows ; the Moor called out, and receiving no answer, discharged his arquebuss ; but whether Sebastian's profound stillness deceived him into the belief of having mistaken the shadow of a tree for a human figure, or whether he thought all his duty performed by this act, is uncertain,—he waited awhile, then moved away without further scrutiny.

Sebastian crept slowly through the underwood till he found himself in a path gradually declining between tolerably steep hills ; no longer afraid of discovery, he rose from his stooping posture, and ran swiftly in a direction leading towards the interior. Happily the moon began to shine distinctly, for a rising east wind scattered the clouds that had before ascended from the west, and now her steady light brightened every hill and every valley.

The royal Portuguese proceeded with rapidity through scenes which increased in wild solitariness ; at every step the heights assumed a bolder and steeper form ; the thickets of oak and locust trees became more fre-

quent, and except the din of a torrent which grew upon his ear, nothing was heard to startle even momentary apprehension.

Guiding his course by the stars, he continued to advance among the mountains with the utmost celerity; nature and habit had made him capable of bearing great fatigue without injury; he now flew rather than ran, springing over the broad beds of mountain streams, and leading from point to point of the rocky fissures.

Day dawned on him in these desert places, but neither flocks nor dwellings appeared to warn him from his fellow men: he pressed forward, eager to get the start of his pursuers, and resolved not to rest till he could do so with a prospect of security.

After journeying till mid-day, chance led him to a steep rocky dell so overhung with shrubs and trees, that it appeared to promise a safe resting place; he had to stoop under the pendant branches that shaded its entrance, but after passing through them, the foliage fell down again like a curtain, and secured him from observation.

He advanced to the end of this recess, and sat down on a projecting crag; there, for the first time since his escape, he had leisure to think and to calculate on his future movements: the earliest fruit of those reflections was gratitude to that Almighty Being whose hand had thus conducted him in safety; the next emotion was tender remembrance of Gaspar and Kara Aziek, but while he believed that he was hastening from the latter never to see her again, joy brightened regret, for he was returning to Donna Gonsalva.

Never before had Sebastian been sensible to such a sudden translation from misery to transport: Freedom, man's greatest blessing, the air he is destined to breathe and to live by, and without which he dies—Freedom, that pure element, which is scarcely felt while it surrounds us, and seldom known but in its privation,—was now his own again; it throbbed in all his pulses, spoke to his senses from every outward object and inward feeling, new-strung his nerves, and turned hopes into certainties.

What bright visions of future happiness, transcending all he had ever yet known, now animated him—in his own person he had acquired a keener relish for the blessings of home and liberty, and he had learned such important lessons as would make him respect those blessings in the persons of others.

Thankful even for captivity, since it had ameliorated his character, he gave no check to sanguine thought: a thirty leagues of African ground still lay between him and security.

Finding himself faint for want of refreshment, he ate sparingly of his few provisions, and quenched his thirst with the water of a neighbouring spring, then commending himself to the protection of his tutelary saints, laid down to rest.

When Sebastian awoke, he found the day far spent : he had of late abridged his sleep so much, and been so continually anxious, that this first repose, in a scene of comparative freedom, lasted longer than he wished ; however, he awoke with renovated strength, and quitting the dell, resumed his former track.

He had not proceeded far, when he came abruptly upon a flock of goats, with a couple of stout Moorish boys watching them ; not allowing them an instant to note his dress or face, he darted down a side declivity and flew along till seeing the hills opening in several directions, he chose one path at a venture, and soon lost himself among thickets and precipices.—At first he heard the boys' voices mixed with those of men ; but shortly they ceased to reach him, and he then concluded they were seeking him in a different path.

Alarmed by this incident he deemed it best to penetrate further into the mountains, ere he shaped his course downwards towards Massignan, as by so doing he would not be so likely to encounter any Moors but Alarbes, and against meeting them, he must guard as well as possible : it is true that by thus prolonging his journey in desert regions, he incurred the risk of perishing either by famine or by savage beasts ; but he believed himself capable of warding off the latter, and for the former he did not fear, as he learned amongst the Alarbes where to find roots and berries fit for sustenance. Putting up a fervent prayer, he resumed his flight.

Night surprised him in a thick forest : to proceed now would have been madness ; those enormous serpents and lions with which Africa abounds, were not lightly to be braved in the darkness of vast solitudes ; he therefore ascended one of the largest trees, where he watched away the remaining hours.

The awfulness of his present situation, and the alarmed state of his spirits, formed a striking contrast to his late exultation : every thing around was dismal ; one of those fierce winds which constantly blow in Barbary from the north-east, in the month of March, was now raving through the forest ; this was mixed with the distant roar of lions, and the thrilling yell of hyenas ; as each pealing blast shook the very roots of the huge oak in which he lodged, he fancied it the fury of some powerful animal, and prepared himself to encounter it with his hatchet.

Night however passed away, and the rising sun flamed over a track which Sebastian now trod with tranquil thankfulness; the beans of the Alcorabe made his scanty breakfast, as he walked under its umbrageous boughs: trusting that he had now baffled pursuit, he proceeded in a direction which must bring him lower down among the green mountains, and lead directly to the Ardea:—Two hours brought him out into a wide plain skirting their feet; a broad river rolled through this plain, and over it were scattered Alarbes' tents.

Sebastian's blood curdled with abhorrence at hearing the tinkling of Zauphehs; (a barbarous musical instrument he remembered too well) as he precipitately turned back to retrace his steps, the figures of men crossing from a side eminence forced him to retreat, the men shouted on seeing him, and rushed forward; others were quickly seen pouring from the tents; some came on foot, some on horseback; they gained upon his steps, till he distinctly recognised the voices of two Moors whom he had known under the roof of El Hader.

Death or slavery was now before him; he flew on the wind, outstripping even their lances and the shot of their harquebusses: the opposite side of the river towards which he made was clothed with woods, could he reach them, (as there was no bridge or boat for the conveyance of his pursuers,) he hoped yet to escape; shaking off his cloak and his baggage, he plunged into the water. Awhile he combatted its rapid current; but alas! former fatigue, anxiety, and intense heat, had nearly forespent his bodily powers: he struggled with the waves till strength was exhausted and consciousness gone: just as he was sinking, an Alarbe dashed into the river, seized his arm, and dragged him to shore.

The rude remedies used by these ferocious people succeeded in bringing their victim to life: Sebastian opened his eyes and beheld himself in the hands of the Almogadem's servants, once more a prisoner and a slave.

At that moment it could not be said his fortitude forsook him, though he closed his eyes again with the air of one bereft of hope: on the contrary, he was mentally bowing to the will of Providence, and striving to rein in the phrenzy of extravagant rashness.

Having secured the weapons with which he might have attempted resistance, and seeing him completely enfeebled, the Moors loaded him with abuse; and one of them was on the point of adding outrage to invective, when Sebastian half-started from the ground on which he lay, faintly uttering the name of Kara Aziek;

as that sound the Africans shrunk back, staring on each other, and pronouncing the Christian a sorcerer: he had indeed divined the only magic that could save him from an extremity of insult; for on quitting the Cassavee these slaves had been threatened by Hafiz with their lady's wrath should they injure the Portuguese.

The crowd of Alarbes that had joined El Hader's servants, forbade any attempt to elude them; Sebastian promised to return quietly, upon condition that they did not fasten his hands like a criminal. After some consultation together, the men at last consented to this. Without allowing him time to recover from his exhaustion, they mounted him upon a horse, and forming a troop of Alarbes around him, proceeded towards the valley of palms.

The uncouth habits and ferocious looks of his mountaineer associates, the mode of his conveyance, joined to the circumstance of his situation, forcibly recalled to Sebastian the period in which he was first carried to the abode of El Hader: thought then flowed back upon the memory of Stukeley and the rare goodness of Abensallah; sigh followed sigh as he remembered them, though he envied the lot of the friend he lamented, who had escaped the galling chains of slavery by a memorable death.

Such reflections as these occupied him so entirely, as to render him insensible to the brutality of his companions, who frequently repeated with grins of horrid triumph, that the Almogadem had sworn he should be broken upon the wheel.

Advancing in a beaten and direct road lying below the hills he had mounted, Sebastian found that a journey which had cost him two nights and days of wearisome toil, was to be achieved in less than the fourth part of that time: the Moors hurried on, not allowing him any other refreshment than a draught of water, so that when they reached the valley of palms, his strength had completely forsaken him, and he almost dropped from his horse at the great gate of El Hader's residence.

The Moors conveyed their captive to one of those dungeons where Gaspar had formerly been confined, telling him he must wait there till it pleased their high Lord the Almogadem to determine upon his punishment; Sebastian gave no answer to their brutal information, throwing himself along the damp earth, (his only resting place) regardless of his own fate, alarmed now for that of Gaspar.

It was but too probable that the Almogadem might

have revenged himself upon his innocent head for the flight of his countryman : this fear had not before agitated Sebastian, because he believed Kara Aziek would interfere for the poor soldier, and that indeed El Hader himself was not inclined to cruelty : but the present appearance of severity rendered apprehensions for Gaspar perfectly rational.

This thought gave anxiety a new direction, and kept the unfortunate monarch from reflecting upon his own disappointment ; he was now earnestly praying to see, or hear from Kara Aziek, from whom alone he could hope for an account of his friend : but Kara Aziek did not appear, and the King of Portugal counted the tedious hours of night in a dark dungeon, upon the bare ground, alone and unsolaced.

"When the mind's free, the body's delicate ;" he that had been nursed on the lap of luxury, now suffered every human privation without missing any other comforts than those of freedom and friendship.

Morning was made known to Sebastian merely by the sounds of labour without ; no cheering sun beam penetrated his airless cell ; he lay on the unpaved floor, his spirit subdued awhile by past exertion and present disturbance.

Towards evening a Moor whom he had once before seen, came to inform him that it was El Hader's pleasure he should be brought out the ensuing day into the large slave-court, there to receive a thousand lashes, in the presence of the Almogadem and all his household.

"Tell your merciless master that I will die first !" exclaimed Sebastian, fiercely starting from the ground.

"Peace ! thou art a fool !" returned the phlegmatic Ephra, "how art thou to escape this flogging, when thou hast neither weapons nor strength to put thyself out of the world ?"

"I shall then meet death on some of your weapons !" cried Sebastian, whose eyes struck fire as he spoke.

"By every saint above, I swear, that while there is life in this body it shall not be dishonoured by a coward's punishment ? The man who would sooner lose life than honour, may find avenues to death at every step. Tell your master—again I say tell him,—that I will die resisting his infamous decree !"

"You will die like a lunatic then, as you are," retorted Ephra, turning to go away, "I can tell you in return, that our master swears he will not abate one jot of your punishment, even to please my lady, his daughter : so don't reckon upon her interference.—Nay, for that matter, she is lying sick at Mequinez, and will know nothing of this business till it is over."

Ephra closed the dungeon door as he finished, leaving Sebastian to contemplate the probability of death on the morrow.

It was in vain that the young and ardent monarch strove to reconcile himself to a destiny so inglorious : to perish thus in obscurity among a handful of sordid Moors, without the means of conveying to his people, and his Gonsalva a last blessing, was a thought which drove him to phrenzy ; he could not hope for the satisfaction of seeing Gaspar, nor was Kara Aziek to be near, soothing his parting pangs with respect and tenderness.

A confused apprehension that she would too deeply regret his fate, trembled at his heart, softening the wildness of despair ;—"Amiable, too tender Aziek !" he exclaimed, "when I am released from earthly sufferings, may some miracle be worked for thee !—may thine eyes be opened to the true faith, and thy days be spent in other scenes than these, so full of horror and iniquity !"

Hope, which hitherto had never completely left the intrepid breast of Sebastian, now fled far away ; the absence and sickness of Kara Aziek appeared his death-warrant ; he therefore endeavoured to meditate on the probable event of his approaching struggle, with the seriousness it demanded.

It was the middle watch of night, when having fallen asleep after a long train of thought ; he was awakened by the sound of the heavy bolts which fastened his prison door ; they were withdrawn by feeble hands, for they moved gratingly : at length the door opened, and he beheld two of Kara Aziek's women.

They advanced timidly, closing the door behind them : the King sprung from the ground : hope once more warmed his heart.—"Your mistress, your angel mistress !" he exclaimed, "does she send you hither ?"

"She sends me to reproach you, you rash Christian !" answered the slave, "did you doubt her promise that you thus rushed upon certain destruction by attempting escape ?"

"No, no, Benzaid," replied Sebastian, "I doubted only her power to serve me—tell her that if I am to perish to-morrow, my soul will pine in Paradise till it meets again, her pure and benevolent spirit !"

At this passionate burst of gratitude, the companion of Benzaid (who had hitherto leaned unnoticed against the dungeon wall) sobbed aloud, and sunk down upon the floor ; in strange alarm Sebastian hastened to raise her : Benzaid put aside the slave's veil to give her air, and the lamp she held, shining directly upon her face,

discovered the soft olive-brown complexion, and lovely features of Kara Aziek.

Sebastian's excess of pleasure was checked by an instinctive conviction of Kara Aziek's motive ; and now those fervent acknowledgments he would have lavished upon disinterested benevolence, were stifled by an apprehension of heightening a sentiment which he could not return : every animated word he should at this moment address to her, would be treason against Gonsalva. At that thought he hastily dropped the trembling hand he was carrying to his lips, and respectfully resigning her to Benzaide, rose with a dejected air from his kneeling posture.

The gentle Moor wept some time in silence ; but how expressive was that silence ! her eyes spoke every feeling of a fond and pitying heart ; as they alternately looked from the dungeon to its noble inhabitant,—to him whose feet were cut, and bleeding still from the sharp rocks he had traversed, and whose countenance, though pale and wasted, was yet bright with unsubdued heroism.

" Ah, Fabian ! " she exclaimed at length, in a voice that went to the soul, " why didst thou do this rash thing ? If I should not be able to save thee ? " she stopped at this, unable to conclude the sentence, and the blood forsook her cheeks.

Wrung with grief, sick, pale, and languid, Kara Aziek could not have been seen by the man she wished to charm, at a moment more unfavourable for personal beauty ; but there is a beauty of the soul, so transcending all mortal perfections, that it triumphs over deformity itself ; that beauty now beamed from her tear-dimmed eyes and colourless cheek ; it seemed to shed a glory round her, at once awaking love and veneration. Sebastian must have yielded to its sweet force, had not his heart been pledged to another.

The agitated expression of the Christian's countenance, reminded Aziek that she was allowing too much of her own emotion to appear ; struggling to conceal it, she proceeded to repeat that he owed her present visit solely to that sincere friendship which his misfortunes and his virtues inspired ; a friendship that feared not to shew itself in the form of sympathy and succour. She informed him, that having been taken ill at Mequinez soon after his flight, she must have remained in ignorance of his return and fated punishment, had it not been for Hafiz, who secretly dispatched a message to her, praying her intercession in behalf of his favourite slave : she had then set off for the valley of palms, but arriving too late for an interview with El

Hader (who was gone to rest) had ventured to assume a disguise, and pass the prison guards as one of her own servants.

Aziek anxiously tried to hide from Sebastian the distraction into which his departure had thrown her, by mentioning her illness as accidental; native delicacy taught her to conceal the tenderest and purest love that ever warmed a human bosom; to conceal it because she would owe nothing to gratitude, nothing to compassion; because his happiness was the first object of her generous heart.

The enthusiasm of Aziek's manner while she spoke of pity and philanthropy, almost persuaded her grateful auditor, that she would indeed have done as much for any other man under such affecting circumstances; yet he could not help allowing that the peculiar esteem she felt for him, gave a charm to her benevolence.

He now blamed his late vain ideas, and thought, that in El Hader's daughter he beheld one who would learn with a sister's sympathy his affection for another, and lament with a sister's sorrow the privations of his love!—this belief restored him to composure; and after expressing much of his lively admiration, he ventured to inquire about Gaspar.

Aziek replied, that Gaspar had so adroitly parried the questions put to him (during the examination which followed Sebastian's flight) that the Almoçadem could find no ground for supposing him privy to the runaway's escape, especially as it seemed more natural for the former to have escaped also, than to have remained behind: Gaspar had been dismissed without censure, and was now occupied as usual under the indulgent Hafs.

This information relieved Sebastian's heart from its heaviest load, and again he blessed the gentle Being whose humanity imparted some of its own mercy even to Moors grown old in tyranny.

Benzaide at this period reminded her mistress of the late hour, and of her indisposition, which rendered rest indispensable; Kara Aziek reluctantly took her arm: "I am going to leave thee, Fabian," she said, "Alta alone knows when and how we shall meet again!—that frantic spirit of thine makes me tremble. If I should fail of softening my father, alas, what will become of thee! thy terrible look at this moment answers me but too plainly."

Her eyes swimming in tears were now fixed upon his violently agitated features; Sebastian strove to calm himself for her sake: "I dare not deceive you, amiable Aziek!" he said, "it is my determination not to survive disgrace: yet perhaps they will not seek to inflict

it. Let your father change my punishment to the severest penalties of toil, famine, or imprisonment—let him condemn me to unheard-of sufferings, and I will consent to live on, in the fantastic hope of being miraculously delivered at last: but were freedom, and all those blessings comprised in the dear name of country, to follow the execution of that sentence, which turns my cheeks to fire while I but think of it, I would abhor life after such degradation.—No, no, generous Aziek, ask me not to bear it and to live.”

“I do not ask thee!—I know not what I would ask of thee!” exclaimed the lovely Moor, in a tone of distraction, “thy life so precious—so dear—so dear to all thy companions—O Alla! is it to be thus madly thrown away! I would not have thee live disgraced, yet I would have thee live. Perhaps if thou wouldst join thy prayers with mine, and humble thyself to my father—prostrate at his feet he could not surely——”

“Prostrate at his feet!” interrupted Sebastian wildly, darting on her a look of indignation. “What, for myself!—for a Mahometan’s mercy!—No!—I will die as I have lived—a King!”

The magnanimous and proud spirit of Sebastian, yet unsubdued by all his mortifications, now shone out in full force over his face and figure: like one awakening from some vanishing dream, Kara Aziek gazed on him faintly repeating his last words: she stood transfixed, while thought, more rapid than light, was destroying every former hope:

If a Christian King, what must be the daughter of a Moorish noble, in his eyes?—an atom!—a mote in the broad sunshine of regal glory: as well might she think to scale the immeasurable Heavens, as to become the friend and partner of a King: in one moment she was hurled from him to a distance so remote, that it seemed madness to hope his heart would ever again throb with a single feeling answerable to her’s.

Shocked, chilled, despairing, she silently tried to cover herself with her veil, while half sinking in an attitude of reverence, excess of emotion overcame her, and she was forced to catch at Benzaide for support.

The heavy sigh which came from Aziek’s heart as she fell on the arm of her maid, recovered Sebastian from his paroxysm; he now threw himself before her; “Proud as you may think me, gentle Aziek,” he said, “Behold the King of Portugal at your feet, soliciting pardon for his impetuosity: the discovery that fiery hastiness has made, will but increase your pity for an unfortunate man who, while languishing in captivity, has so much to lament.”

He stoop, and Kara Aziek extending her hand to him with a varying cheek, answered falteringly, "the King of Portugal was said to have fallen at Alcazar, and to be now buried in his native land—but I believe indeed that thou art he.—Thou art then that Sebastian I was taught to hate?"

A deep but tender sigh burst forth with the last expression: how did that sigh appear to change the meaning of the word she uttered!—the touching voice in which she spoke, the tears that floated in her momentarily-fixed, and then suddenly-averted eyes, were only too expressive of an eternal devotedness; but Sebastian, self-absorbed, saw nothing; he rapidly recapitulated to her all that he possessed in Portugal, and was now on the point of abandoning for ever.

On the mentioning of Donna Gonsalva, whom love painted in the most seducing colours, Kara Aziek's countenance suddenly changed; it varied at every word, but she listened in silence: those fond hopes which had again sprung up, when she saw him at her feet, those hopes which formerly had been nourished by his tender manner, were now withered; could she preserve his honour and his life, and after that obtain his liberty, she would be doing this only to hasten the moment that would give him to another.

Her pure, impassioned heart almost exclaimed aloud, "Ah, it is not thy throne I covet to share: thy love alone would be to me a kingdom: with thee, a desert, or a dungeon, obscurity or poverty would bestow happiness."

But though this regret filled her bosom, it could not displace for one moment, that disinterested generosity which formed the basis of her noblest qualities; whatever might become of herself she resolved to renew her endeavour for procuring his release hereafter, should she succeed in saving him now.

Donna Gonsalva's beauty appeared from the description of Sebastian to be that of a Celestial, and her character delineated by the same partial hand could not fail of impressing Kara Aziek with the conviction that she was worthy to be adored: to such a rival she yielded with the less pain.

The King of Portugal was painfully affected by the changes he beheld in the expressive countenance of his gentle friend; it was impossible for him not to find his past tears recur, as he witnessed this ill-concealed emotion: at one moment he repented, at another applauded the disclosure of those dear engagements which must teach Kara Aziek that he was not ungrateful if remaining untouched by her tenderness and charms: but his

heart saddened to think what the eventful morrow might prove to her.

Benzaide now warned her mistress that day would soon break and expose them to the notice of the Moorish guards; Aziek started, and covered herself with her veil, unwilling to shew Sebastian the extent of her grief at bidding him farewell: incapable of speaking, she timidly held out her hand to him; it was cold and trembling—the King put it to his lips—“adieu matchless creature!” he cried, “may angels benevolent and pure like yourself, watch over all your days!—were not my heart in Portugal with her who is mourning for my sake, this transcendant goodness must either have softened or sharpened the pains of slavery:—I should have forgotten my fallen state, and dared to love the lovely Aziek.”—

The last sentence breathed in an agitated whisper over the soft hand he was pressing to his heart, thrilled through the frame of Aziek; she blushed, faltered, moved tremblingly away, and seeking the support of Benzaide, faintly pronounced a parting benediction:—her senses were in sweet disorder at so delightful and unexpected a confession; next to the bliss of possessing that noble heart, was the certainty that he believed her worthy of it. Transported with this assurance, she gave him a last look filled with gratitude and pleasure, and then departed.—

Compassion heightened by admiration, was the reigning sentiment left in the heart of Sebastian; long after the departure of his benefactress, her endearing image solely filled his thoughts: without a single moment's infidelity to the exquisite Gonsalva, he was yet deeply interested in the happiness of her rival, and could not refrain from thinking oftener of her than of himself. Still hoping something from her interference, he commended himself to Providence and lay down to sleep again, upon the floor of his dungeon.

Sebastian had been awake some time the ensuing morning, when he heard a bell ring; at the sound of which he had been told to prepare for punishment: as he listened, the blood forsook his face, and a horrid chill suddenly ran through his veins:—Kara Aziek had then failed!—recovering from the shock of disappointment (which had shocked him only because it was unforeseen) he knelt down with the crucifix clasped in his hands, fervently breathing over it a solemn supplication of forgiveness for all his sins and errors.

He prayed the Lord of Heaven to forgive or to enlighten him, if the resistance he meditated, were an act of impious rebellion; he besought blessings for his

friends and for his enemies, he commended his people to the protection of Him, who places Kings upon their thrones; and the names of Gonsalva and Aziek were mingling on his lips, when the prison door opened, and instead of guards to conduct him to a scene of blood, he beheld the smiling Benzaide.

Her mission spoke in her face, as she put aside her veil, bidding him rise and follow her.—Sebastian obeyed: not before he had devoutly kissed the cross he wore;—boundless gratitude to Heaven, did indeed swell his heart, as he passed with his companion through the various courts, leading to Kara Aziek's apartments: on reaching them, Benzaide threw a large mantle over him, in which she bade him wrap even his head; as he would then pass unnoticed by the female servants; at the same time she deposited a pair of slippers at the entrance, observing, that should the Almoçadem come and see them, he would retire according to the Moorish fashion, believing that some neighboring lady was then visiting his daughter.

Sebastian learnt from this, that in rendering him such services as these, Kara Aziek perpetually risked the displeasure of her father: this thought did but the more enhance the value of her protection.

Upon entering the chamber of Aziek, he found her alone, lying along a sofa shaded by thin drapery: she spoke to him without altering her position or uncovering her face, for she was ill, and greatly agitated: her motive for admitting him to her presence at such a period, was not merely to see him again, or to receive his thanks, but to soothe him under a disappointment she had been forced to prepare for him.

El Hader had been previously with her, when she had exerted all her influence for the pardon of Sebastian: at first he refused to hear his daughter's petition, expressing great anger at her partiality to this ungovernable Christian, on whom so many favours had already been thrown away; he ridiculed the idea of a slave's preferring death to a few strokes of the whip, and told her plainly, that if she continued thus to protect a Christian merely because he was of her mother's country, the Moors would proclaim her an enemy to the true faith.

Kara Aziek mildly allowed herself to be called foolish and profane, yet redoubled her intercessions, availing herself of her severe illness to plead with more earnestness for indulgence: she prayed, she wept, she embraced her father's knees, telling him that she had vowed for her mother's sake never to cease protecting the two portuguese, and that consequently, she could

not remain inactive now, without breaking that inward promise.

Her tears and touching feebleness at length melted El Hader, and he consented to limit the punishment of Sebastian to a month of the hardest labour in his quarries; "as the fellow is so strong and ingenious," he concluded, "I will not part with him, but his countryman, your other favourite, shall be sold immediately; he is a sickly, stupid, good-for-nothing dog, and the sooner he is got rid of the better.—See that you make no attempt to bring these Christian fools to a leave-taking—if you do, I swear by the beard of the Prophet, that the slave Fabian shall pay the price of your fault.

This had been the Almoçadem's parting command, and Kara Aziék, for Sebastian's sake, did not venture to disobey,—she detailed her father's resolution with many sighs and expressions of deep regret: the King turned pale and an exclamation of grief escaped him; not for himself he grieved, but for the less healthy Gaspar who had so long been accustomed to receive from him comfort and assistance.—

The distress painted on his manly features was visible to Kara Aziék through her transparent veil—she hastened to efface it; "I must not detain thee here," she said blushing, "even now my heart trembles for fear, I have done wrong in admitting thee into these apartments—but I could not deny myself the gratification of telling thee that I will not lose sight of thy poor friend; if money may avail, Gaspar shall regain his freedom, and return to Portugal to prepare the way for thee.—Go Prince! (for I cannot call thee Fabian now) go, and believe that Kara Aziék knows no other bliss on earth than that of trying to resemble the ministering spirits of Heaven. Thy rare example first taught her, that it is noble to live solely for others."

Sebastian's heart made a more animated reply to this speech than he suffered to flow from his lips: her disinterested goodness was exalted in his eyes from the very circumstance which threatened to weaken its force if she loved him, and felt that her peculiar happiness was only to be found in his presence, what heroic generosity was it, thus to sacrifice every selfish consideration, by seeking to procure for him the means of withdrawing to a rival and a distant land.

After expressing some part of his feelings, and tenderly assuring her of his deep concern at her increased illness, he once more wrapped himself in the mantle, and passed with Benzaidé through the outer chambers.

On quitting that side of the Cassavee, Sebastian proceeded to see and thank Hafiz, to whom he owed the

prompt interference of Aztek: his acknowledgments were received with a mixture of kindness and anger; for Hafiz was to lose his services a whole month, and could not comprehend what he wanted with liberty, when so indulged by him and the Almoçadem. From the gardens the unfortunate monarch proceeded to the scene of new labour; there he toiled under a sky like burning brass, without shelter, almost without sustenance; but his mind was too full of interesting thoughts to leave him time for noticing bodily suffering: Gaspar and far distant freedom, tortured remembrance.

Though the strict command of her father deterred Kara Aziek from attempting to see Sebastian while he wore out his days of penance remote from Hafiz, she contrived to send him every night various refreshments, accompanied some times by short billets: in one of these she gave him the unexpected information of Gaspar's being free, and now on his way to Portugal.

After a cautious negotiation through the means of a Jew merchant, she had purchased the poor fellow's liberty by the sale of a few jewels, and now wrote to animate Sebastian into hopes for himself:—ardent were the hopes her letter awakened! The King could not doubt that Gaspar, who knew in common with every other Portuguese, his engagement with Donna Gonzalva, would immediately repair to her with the news of his life and captivity, and that consequently her kind zeal would quicken the exertions of his release.

It was not in man, however disinterested, to lament the act which would thus convey to his ministers and his friends the knowledge of his existence: sincere as was his determination of never calling upon his subjects for that succour he had a right to demand of them, he was not insensible to the joy of finding that another was gone to tell the tale of his sufferings, and to plead for his return. If the people of Portugal loved their King well enough to tax themselves for his ransom, he was well inclined to receive that obligation from their affection, which both pride and principle had forbidden him to extort from their duty. Not doubting the general sentiment, he surrendered himself up to delightful anticipations.

But a little while, and he would be free again! As his heart throbb'd high at this blissful thought it naturally turned with warmer gratitude to the generous friend from whom it proceeded. Kara Aziek, still dearer than ever, from her unwearied goodness, was however to be abandoned, and never more beheld! As well might a brother have contemplated the prospect of eternally quitting a beloved sister; Sebastian would not

dwelt on it; but formed in fancy many romantic plans, each of which had for its foundation the religious conversion of Kara Aziek.

Towards this new and pleasing project, now suddenly conceived, he determined to direct the whole force of his heart, that heart which had never ceased to glow with its original zeal: from this period he devoted his leisure moments to the recollection and arrangement of such arguments in favour of Christianity, as appeared to him the most convincing, and when again brought into the gardens, was enabled to press them upon Aziek in the interviews she frequently afforded him.

Kara Aziek listened with attention and pleasure, for she loved to hear him talk upon any subject, more especially upon one which interested her deeply; but though she afforded Sebastian frequent opportunities for conversation, and almost wished to believe, as he did, her clear reason could not blind itself to the monstrous system of Popery: unhappily the young monarch was not qualified to remove this veil from the simple beauty of Christianity: he had been educated a devoted son of the Romish church, and was incapable of perceiving that, but from its unscriptural authority; and intolerant tenets, Kara Aziek would have ceased to have been a Mahometan.

These constant interviews only tended to fix Sebastian more firmly in the heart of the gentle Moor; she felt that they did so, but with an excess of generosity refused to purchase peace for herself, by the sacrifice of his enjoyments: her society was evidently his chief solace, and to her unremitting attention he owed every personal comfort; could she then afflict him by sudden or gradual coldness, by long absences, and assumed indifference? Sebastian knew her only as a friend, and to that disinterested character she was resolved never to lose a claim.

Consonant to this resolution, she accustomed herself to talk with him of Donna Gonsalva, yet at his lover-like description of her rival's enchantments she could not controul those tumultuous feelings, of which a love so hopeless and so powerful was but too susceptible.

"Happy, happy creature!" she would often exclaim to herself, "could I believe that *thou* lovest him, that *any one* can love him as I do, what should I lament? but who has seen him like Kara Aziek, a prisoner and a slave, alternately the object of terror and admiration, interesting even in his moments of wildest passion, who therefore will ever learn to forget herself and the whole world in him? Alas! how shall I live, when he who is become the very soul of my life, is far from

From that painful question Kara Aziek always turned without delay, striving to be indeed as indifferent as she believed herself, to her own happiness: love, ingenious at deceit, fondly persuaded her that in sighing after the bliss of being united to Sebastian she was actuated solely by this idea, that no one's affection could equal her's, consequently that no one would ever watch so attentively over his conduct and his comfort.

The King himself, hurried away by an earnest desire for her conversion, no longer saw or thought of her attachment, but dwelt with grateful enthusiasm upon the joy she might bestow on him, would she yield her heart to the doctrines of the church, renounce her infidel country, and consent to become like a sister to his adored Gonsalva. At length he found that no arguments of his availed to convince her of the fallacy of her own religion, she had many specious ones to urge in its defence, but still more to urge against papal Christianity; sorrowing and reluctant therefore, he relinquished his attempt.

Sebastian now counted the days as they passed, welcoming each on its arrival, as the day of freedom: Gaspar had been absent above a month; Kara Aziek had learned at the Moorish court that the Prior of Crato was alive and in Lisbon, therefore the King reckoned still more confidently upon his release: time, however, wore away; days, weeks, months elapsed; as they fled, still they bore with them some health and spirit from Sebastian; the excuses he mentally made for his people's delay and hesitation hourly decayed, apprehension and indignation took their place.

Was he to expect succour from his grand uncle, Don Henry? That uncle now knew the gratifications of absolute power, and might not perhaps feel willing to resign them: was he to hope for freedom from the voluntary sacrifices of his people!—those people were the descendants of that pitiless generation who a century before had basely suffered the infant Don Ferdinand to die in captivity. Ferdinand had offered himself to the Moors as a pledge for the fulfilment of a certain treaty, the Portuguese refused to ratify it, and left him to languish out his youth in confinement. Such a precedent might but too fatally influence the present conduct of Portugal.

At this piercing thought, the unhappy monarch lost all self command, and no longer restrained the expression of his fears. Sometimes Kara Aziek would behold him given up to the bitterest grief, imagining his beloved Gonsalva torn from him by death; at others, she

would witness the whirlwinds of his character, while he conceived himself abandoned by his subjects, or his relations: resentment and sorrow then swayed him by turns; and it was only at the sound of her plying voice, or at the gaze of her imploring eyes, that he would rein in his anger, or check the tide of lamentation.

So tossed by various passions, so agitated with many a fond fear, so surrounded and touched by the ill-disguised tenderness of Kara Aziek, there were moments in which Sebastian felt her excellence so exquisitely, that he doubted whether he could be quite happy even in Portugal with Gonsalva, unless she were there to complete it: his imprudently-ingenuous nature spoke the sentiment as it arose, fatally flattering the young and inexperienced Aziek with ideas she was scarcely conscious of indulging.

The different emotions of each, soon produced a visible effect: Sebastian lost his strength and his looks; Kara Aziek suddenly became languid, sick, and sad; when with the King, her eyes no longer dwelt on him with an apparent forgetfulness of every thing but of that soul whose movements she was tracing through the eloquent countenance; they were tearful and downcast, and that irresistible meltingness which used to make love visible in their floating orbs, was displaced by an expression of troubled anxiety.

Her careless attire, and unusual fits of abstraction, at length led the King to suppose that some domestic distress had a principal share in so painful a change; he interrogated Kara Aziek: as they walked together with Benzaide under the starry sky, while others slept, he gently strove to win from her the secret of her affliction; Kara Aziek alternately blushed and turned pale, sighed and wept, but refused to satisfy him.

Such conduct only stimulated the efforts of a friend whose tenderness was increased by this first call upon its sympathy; but Aziek, mildly inflexible, constantly left him at the usual hour in doubt and conjecture.

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CHAPTER IX.

SEBASTIAN'S suspense did not continue long: one night he was summoned, to meet Aziek in the labyrinth.

It was nearly midnight when his listening ear caught the sound of her unsteady and hurried steps; she came leaning on her confidential maid: her veil was down,

and he could not therefore behold any peculiar emotion in her countenance, but he perceived it in her air and voice.

She answered his salutation in broken accents, then sitting down at some distance from him, was awhile silent.

The green, and now fading lamps, with which the subterraneous passage was illuminated, cast a melancholy light over the veiled figure of Kara Aziek; her silence, and the rapidly apprehensive mind of Sebastian contributed to agitate him beyond measure: he approached her with extreme solicitude.

"Allow me a little emotion," she said faintly, averting her head, "I believe we are about to part for ever: thou art the only friend Kara Aziek ever had reason to esteem and to regret—ah! if thou shouldst forget her entirely!"

She stopped, momentarily overcome, affording the King an opportunity for uttering an exclamation of surprise and of affectionate reproach: "Prince!" she faltered out, "thou art free; to-morrow thou mayst return to Portugal."

Uncertain whether he had heard aright, Sebastian repeated her words, conjuring her to say if his senses had deceived him: her answer transported him to throw himself at her feet! he did not speak, but joy triumphed on his face, and burst in the kiss which he imprinted on her trembling hands.

This excess of joy was what Aziek had thought herself prepared to meet, yet now it distracted her resolutions, and half-maddened her to exclaim, "Ah, ungrateful man, is it thus that my friendship is returned!"

Liberty, home, happiness, every dear and oft-remembered object was now present to the ardent imagination of Sebastian; the names of his country and of his mistress were the only sounds that escaped his lips: they penetrated the heart of Kara Aziek: she strove to extricate herself from the transports of his gratitude and rapture, for, alas! their impassioned expressions glowed more from anticipated emotions, than from any that she herself excited.—Faltering and tearful, she besought him to let her depart.

"Depart!" he repeated, (roused from his selfish delirium) depart so soon, when we are to meet no more! Do not poison the felicity you give, by making me fear that you think me indifferent to the future fate of my benefactress! You tell me, Aziek, that it is to your intercession I am indebted for this blessing, but you do

not say how it was granted—whether you did not know some wrath.”

Aziek hastened to assure him that she had secured her father's assent without incurring his displeasure : “Thy freedom was unexpectedly offered, upon a condition which I need not detail, as it does not relate to thee. Take thy liberty, prince ! and be convinced that though these eyes shall never more behold thee, thine image—the memory of thy misfortunes—thy virtues—thy delightful converse, will exist in my heart, while life and memory—”

Tears interrupted the sentence, and she cast herself back upon the bosom of Benzaide.

Vehemently agitated by her emotion, Sebastian pressed her to trust herself to his honour, and to quit Africa with him : he promised her the friendship of his Gonsalva, and protection in the exercise of her own religion ; he urged to her the delights of polished society ; and perhaps Aziek would not have resisted his pleadings had they been seconded by vows of love ; but now she was able to feel and to avow the strong claim of filial obligation.

Her refusal to desert her father was grounded on arguments which the King wished, but was not able to shake ; “Yet I will not say *farewell for ever* !” he said, “were I able to do so, Kara Aziek, I should abhor myself : you are dear to me as a sister, you are the object of the tenderest and truest gratitude that ever penetrated a human heart,—how then can I consent to forego all thought of beholding you again ? If Providence permit me to regain my former power, the Moors will no longer find me their enemy : for your sake I will court their friendship, and when in amity with their Xeriff, may tempt my Gonsalva to cross the sea in search of her Sebastian's guardian angel.”

Kara Aziek did not reply ; she was overcome by recollection of the price she must pay for his deliverance, a price which would remove her far from the seducing prospect he pictured ; formed with all the weakness and strength of women's mixed character, she could command her actions but not her emotions ; she could constrain every selfish consideration for the sake of another, though she knew not how to conceal the grief such sacrifices cost her : her fast-falling tears now fell without interruption.

Shocked and afflicted at her excess of sorrow, the young monarch scarcely knew how to suppose that it originated solely in the regret of parting from him ; indeed he wished to believe otherwise, and suffering his imagination to take a new direction, importuned her

to say whether she had not heard distressing intelligence of Gaspar, or of some of his dearest friends in Portugal.

Aziek hastened to relieve his apprehensions, and by exerting herself to do so, gradually recovered her own composure.

Having succeeded in calming him, she held out a letter, conjuring him not to open it till he should be restored to Donna Gonsalva; "In it thou wilt find a braid of Kara Aziek's jetty hair;" she said, striving to smile, "thou wilt sometimes look at it, and remember her who gave it thee: perhaps thou wilt contrast it with the golden tresses and ivory skin of thy beloved; ah! tell her, as thou dost so, that the heart of Kara Aziek is fairer than her face."

As she spoke, she lifted her veil, and fixed on Sebastian her lovely eyes, now swimming in tears; the look they gave entered his soul: neither time nor distance ever effaced their impression.—Thrilled with pity, admiration, and regret, he could only falter out a repetition of his hope that they were not parting for the last time; Aziek faintly repeated that hope, adding, they must now separate, to allow him some repose ere he began his journey.

"Hafiz is instructed to provide for thy accommodation," she continued, "he has my father's commands.—Adieu, Prince!—friend!—instructor!—light of my once dark mind!—may thy prophet, may my prophet conduct thee not merely to thy throne, but to the hearts of thy people!"

She turned aside her head while she spoke, and stretched out her hands to him: the half-distracted and bewildered Sebastian made a movement as if he would have thrown himself at her feet, but the feelings of nature triumphed over every idea of established customs, and he found that he had pressed her to his heart, instead of distantly saluting her hand.

In a tumult of new emotions, Kara Aziek gently pushed him from her, "Leave me, leave me, Prince!" she exclaimed faintly,—"think of me in Portugal; remember me there, as the mutual friend of thee and thy Gonsalva."

At that name the agitated monarch recovered from a moment's oblivion; he fixed his eyes earnestly upon her lovely figure, then lifted them to Heaven, as if invoking blessings on her, and hurried from the spot.

Occupied with contradictory feelings, the King reached his own apartment: to sleep was impossible; he walked up and down, watching the dawn of that day which was either to restore him to liberty, or to

crush him with disappointment. The capriciousness of the Moorish character made him dread some change in the sentiments of El Hader; yet hope preponderated, and the joyful tone now given to his mind, dissipated those fears for Gaspar and Gonsalva which had before tormented him.

How rarely does our reason behold any object uncoloured by the medium of passion! not a single circumstance had arisen to warrant a change of opinion, yet Sebastian now banished every suspicion of his people's infidelity and his relations' unkindness; he recollected the timid spirit of his uncle, which might have procrastinated, without wishing to frustrate measures, and warm with present happiness, confidently anticipated superior felicity in the future.

Giving himself up to the most gratifying anticipations, he rapidly sketched out plans for times remote, and these still included Kara Aziek and the benevolent Abensallah:—to Sebastian's ardent romantic heart, every thing it wished seemed probable.

An hour after sunrise Hafiz appeared: he came to inform the Portuguese that their illustrious master, Mahommed El Hader, had generously granted his freedom, and that he might depart immediately. At this confirmation of what he had been so long and apparently so confidently expecting, Sebastian's emotion rendered him speechless: meanwhile Hafiz poured forth a most pathetic lamentation.

It was some time ere the King could comfort him sufficiently to obtain information about his route: his sole aim was to travel expeditiously and safely towards some Christian settlement; this was an object not easily attained. Unless under the protection of natives or licensed merchants, a liberated captive was but too likely to fall into a second captivity: Hafiz knew no way for his friend to avoid such a mischance, except by joining a party of travelling traders from Syria, who were going that very day from Mequinez to a Moorish port, between Tangier and Ceuta. From this port a passage might easily be obtained in one of those vessels employed in carrying on a contraband trade with the coast of Spain; or the King might hazard a short expedition alone, and strike across to the Christian town. The journey from Mequinez was indeed long and fatiguing, but it would be performed leisurely, and as the road lay near Benzeroeh, would afford Sebastian an opportunity of ascertaining whether Abensallah were yet alive. After settling this important point, a most momentous consideration remained: how were the expenses of this journey to be defrayed? happily

the 'Almogadem' had given orders that the Christian should be conveyed whither he chose, at his cost, and therefore nothing now remained but to take leave of his fellow prisoners.

Never before had the King felt so acutely for his brethren in affliction ; the alteration in his own situation appeared to deepen the misery of theirs ; he parted from them with many expressions of sympathy, charged with commissions to various quarters of the globe, and promising faithfully to have them all executed.

From the slave-court Sebastian returned through the gardens, bidding a joyful farewell to every structure and every plant that his labour had formed or fostered : yet regret mingled with gladness, for these gardens were the peculiar property of Kara Azick, and her gentle image appeared to rise at every turning to reproach him.

Hafiz had obtained permission to attend his favourite slave to Mequinez : as they mounted their mules at the great gate of the Cassavee, Sebastian recalled the last time he had passed those gates after his fruitless attempt at escape ; he was then returning he believed to eternal thralldom ; but four months had elapsed since, and as if by miracle his chains were broken !

The mules were swift of foot, and well acquainted with their road ; when they had conveyed their riders to the top of an eminence leading from the valley, Sebastian turned round to take a farewell look of the habitation that contained Kara Azick. The gilded pinnacles of her apartment glittered above rows of tall cypress trees ; he breathed unnumbered blessings on her, fixed his eyes for some moments upon that quarter of the Cassavee, then spurred his mule down the opposite side of the declivity.

An arrangement with the merchants was quickly made by Hafiz, who paid beforehand, the charges of his companion's journey ; at parting, the good-natured man shed tears, which Sebastian repaid by sincere expressions of esteem and everlasting sense of obligation : he was preparing to commence his journey, when one of the Syrians brought him a packet which Hafiz had instructed him to deliver when he should be on his return ; the King took, and eagerly opened it.

Its contents were a purse containing several gold sequins, some valuable jewels, and a number of those small shells which then passed current through Africa, and are still known there by the name of Barbary money ; upon them lay a slip of vellum, with these words written on it—"Unforeseen accidents may render this purse of use to the friend of Kara Azick."

This fragment of her hand-writing made the amiable Moor almost present to Sebastian; he looked intently on the characters, sighed and sighed again, for memory too forcibly told him, that in striving to succour him she had lost her own peace. Closing the packet with a mixture of gratitude and regret, he mounted the animal provided for him, and began his route.

The men with whom he travelled, were too much occupied in calculations of profits and losses to interrupt their companion's reveries; they were furnished with an order from the Almogadem, purporting that Fabian his slave was going on business to the sea-coast, and therefore not to be detained on suspicion of being a runaway: in consequence of this, their progress was unmolested, and they continued journeying on slowly, but safely.

The traveller's road lay near Alcazar; it crossed that fatal plain, where, above twelve months before, the King of Portugal, at the head of a few gallant troops, had rashly braved the whole force of Morocco: what were his emotions when he now entered on it!

The meridian sun blazed over its broad and arid surface, marking with a glaring light every spot affecting to memory: Sebastian transiently closed his eyes, as if to shut out a picture, that, alas! was painted yet stronger on his mind. That dismal plain covered with dead, such as he had seen it with Abensallah, was even more present to him than the one he actually saw: Stukeley, De Castro, the young Braganza, every dear and lamented associate, pressed upon recollection; those deep wounds of the heart which new anxieties had closed, now opened afresh, and he became once more the prey of profound though unavailing remorse.

Given up to gloomy retrospects, Sebastian sought to indulge them alone and at liberty; for this purpose he took advantage of his companion's halting for refreshment, and went to visit the tower where Sir Thomas Stukeley fell. His path was whitened with human bones! he trod amongst them hastily, yet apprehensively, for whether these were the last mortal relics of Moors or Portuguese, they were still the relics of men.

Seen under the cheerful light of day, the broken watch-tower was not in itself so dreary an object as it had appeared by the glimmering of moon-light, but Sebastian viewed it with still drearier reflections: time had altered his sentiments, and taught him to consider the blood shed under those walls, as blood shed uselessly and madly; but for his fantastic enthusiasm,

Stakeley might have been then living honoured and happy.

Struck with this thought he slowly approached the ruins, that he might look for the last time on the spot where he had found his friend's body ; as he advanced, two men issued from the shattered gateway, and passed him ; one of them started as he passed, and stopped—Sebastian moved on, thoughtless of personal danger. He had gained the place he sought, and had stood sadly contemplating it, when, on raising his eyes, as he turned away, they were arrested by the sight of faces peeping at him through the lower branches of some trees : in one of these he recognised the dark scowl of Ben Tarab.

Instinctively he grasped the head of a loaded pistol which he wore in his girdle ; this action, and the sudden blaze of his eyes, made the cowardly Moor relinquish his hold of the tree, its boughs closed as he let them easily out of his hand, preventing Sebastian from seeing which way he went.

Somewhat disturbed at this unexpected rencontre, the young monarch stood for a moment to determine on his future movements, he was too conscious of Ben Tarab's animosity not to apprehend its effects, and therefore thought it best to rejoin his companions without incurring fresh risk by attempting alone to find the cave of Abensallah : regretting this necessity, he hastened from the ruins, and looking back, beheld Ben Tarab and his comrade stealing behind the trees and the wall in the same direction with himself.

Once more he turned round and stooped, determining to accost the Moor and be satisfied if the meeting were accidental ; but on seeing him pause, Ben Tarab again retreated and concealed himself among the broken walls : Sebastian then resumed the road to his friends.

The travellers had pitched a tent on the plain, and were therefore visible at a great distance : through the loop holes of the tower Ben Tarab now watched the course of the King, and saw him enter their tent ; he then descended, and rejoicing at the chance which had led him to this spot for temporary shelter from the heat, called his associate and ran off to the town of Alcazar.

On rejoining the merchants, Sebastian thought it best to speak of his adventure and the apprehension he grounded on it ; one of the Syrians to whom Hafiz had peculiarly recommended his favourite, proposed immediate departure ; If Ben Tarab wished to cast obstacles in their way, he might easily find means for doing so, by questioning the freedom of Sebastian, or

by informing some of the Emperor's officers in Alcazar, who would then seize him for their master's service. Under this idea it was fit the whole party should hasten to get the start of the Moor.

Their tents were now struck, their camels re-loaded, and bidding adieu to the pleasing hope of seeing Abensallah, Sebastian mounted a swift horse and resumed his journey.

They had scarcely passed the boundaries of the plain, when a party of horsemen from Alcazar, overtook and detained them: the King gave himself up for lost; but he dissembled this despair, and met the scrutiny of the Moorish soldiers with apparent composure. Surrounded by armed guards, Ben Tarab could rail and threaten with impunity: he accused Sebastian of being a runaway slave; to oppose this assertion, the principal merchant simply produced the writing and signet of the Almoçadem, purporting that the Christian who accompanied them was a servant of his, bearing important dispatches to the Alcayde of Kouf.—At sight of this convincing testimony, the Moors began to excuse themselves, and were about to depart, when Ben Tarab called their captain aside and said a few words to him in a low, furious tone; the officer directly countermanded his men, telling the merchants that as they were going to travel through a Cavila then in a state of insurrection, he would honour the Almoçadem's messenger by escorting him to the Alcayde and afterwards protecting him back to Mequinez.

At this masterly trick of Ben Tarab's the blood forsook the face of Sebastian, but it rushed indignantly back, while, haughtily braving his fate he told the Moorish captain to lead on.—Ben Tarab eyed his changing countenance with a doubtful look;—

"If thou art not a runaway," he said, "thou and thy master will thank us for this safe guard; and if thou art deceiving us, thy punishment will not wait for the sentence of El Hader, whose signet thou must have stolen; the Alcayde of Kouf will doom thee to death immediately."

"Thou art not my judge," replied the King, directing a withering glance towards him: intimidated by former scenes, the malicious wretch nimbly fell into the ranks of his military comrades, and proposed advancing in their journey; the merchants acquiesced. None but the acquaintance of Hafiz knew the real destination of Sebastian, and they were therefore pleased to find, that instead of being detained by this adventure, it would expedite and protect them: they proceeded on their way, headed and flanked by the sol-

diers, who were content to observe the object of their suspicion riding in the centre :—

While Ben Tarab was exulting in an accidental meeting, which had thus enabled him at least to annoy, if not to frustrate the supposed design of his former enemy, Sebastian was ruminating upon some mode of escape : not one presented itself : he must either confess that he was made free, and going to embark for Portugal, or try a bold experiment on the Alcayde.

To dare the former, would be madness, because all Christian captives above the rank of artisans or peasants, belonged by law to the Xeriffs ; Ben Tarab could therefore plausibly question El Hader's right to liberate him, until his true rank were ascertained, and such a scrutiny would be destruction : he then resolved to hazard a suddenly-conceived stratagem.

During the time in which they halted for the night, he selected a superb diamond from the jewels of Kara Aziek, and placing it in the embroidered purse by itself, folded it in a piece of brocade after the Moresco fashion, and deposited it in his breast. The character of the Alcayde had been given him by Hafiz's friend, to whom he communicated his plan, and upon that he built for success.

After some days of wearisome travelling, and days full of agitation, the cavalcade came in sight of the chief town in the province of Kouf ; the merchants were suffered to pursue their way to the port they sought, leaving Sebastian, whom they dared not attempt detaining, solely to fortune and his guards.

Ben Tarab's ferocious eyes glared with satisfaction as he followed his unprotected victim into the Alcayde's house ; disdaining to notice him, Sebastian calmly proceeded.—While passing from the court to the audience-hall, his upright mind shrunk from unmanly deception ; he was tempted to risk the truth, though convinced it would throw him again into slavery ; but his country, his duties, his beloved, all tugged at his heart strings, and aided by the universal toleration of stratagem under circumstances like his, weakened every other impression ; he sighed over the bitter necessity of the act, besought Heaven to pardon it if really culpable, then entered the hall.

His fate was quickly decided : the gem he brought, appeared an undeniable proof that he came direct from El Hader ; he presented it in his master's name, alledging that the Almogadem had sent it as a friendly token, requiring from his relation in return only a satisfactory account of the province he governed, as it was said at Mequinez, to be ripe for revolt.—The credu-

lous Alcayde readily promised to give him every information on the morrow; and immediately issued orders for the guards from Alcazar to be refreshed in his house, and lodged there during their stay.

Sebastian now carelessly told him the story of their officious protection, at which the foolish Alcayde laughed heartily, though he deigned to say, they had not acted amiss; and telling the Christian to repose himself wherever he chose, left him for the night.

It was quite dark at this time, and the room in which Sebastian remained, opened into a piazza on the outer side of the house: the sound of laughter and voices, mixed with the sharp notes of a tabor, and the ringing of drinking cups, assured him that Ben Tarab and his followers were already relaxing from their watchings, among the domestics of the Alcayde.—The Syrian had hastily sketched out to him the site of a neighbouring village, from whence he might possibly cross to Spain, (for to reach Ceutah or Tangier undiscovered, was out of the question) and by the rocks he saw towering before him, he knew the village must be at hand: now then was the moment for flight. He felt in his sash to ascertain if the remainder of Kara Aziek's present was safe and feeling it under his hand, he pushed open a latched door, and sprung into the piazza.

A short winding path brought him to a slanting defile of rocks, whose feet were washed by the united seas of the Atlantic and Mediterranean; the sublime sound of their waves, first quickened the motion of Sebastian's heart and steps; he rushed forwards, and their vast volume of waters, heaving under a clouded sky, burst upon his view.

Joy unnerved him; he stood rivetted for awhile, straining his eager eyes towards the shore of Spain. Through the dusky night, the lofty rock of Gibraltar (towering like some fabled giant) was alone dimly discernible; its watch-fires cast a sullen gloom above the horizon, now ascending steadily, now blown by sudden gusts along the air, roused by the creaking of vessels, the King started from his trance, and hurried to the village.

It consisted of a few fishing-huts, and except an old man and his son who were busy in towing their bark to shore, all its inhabitants were gone to rest. There was just light enough for these men to see in the hand of Sebastian, a heap of sequins, with which he tempted them to put off immediately for any port on the opposite coast: they hesitated only a short time; his ardent intreaties and persuasive manner, but above all, his gold, decided them to incur any risks, they once more hoisted their sail, he leaped into the bark, and in a few minutes they were far out at sea.

Is there a heart to which liberty is sacred, to which a country and a home are dear, that does not throb with anxiety for Sebastian; and if that heart has known the bitterness of long and hopeless exile from these blessings, will it not paint his feelings only too faithfully?—

As the little boat flew direct before the wind, and the waves roared and foamed round its slender keel, the King of Portugal sat motionless, like one stunned; his eyes indeed moved; they roved over every object again and again, to impress their reality upon his mind with that assurance he felt it needed: doubtfully he harkened to the splashing of the sea, mistrusting the evidence of every sense, and unable to steady or to compose his thoughts.

Assuredly joy overcomes us more frequently than sorrow; perhaps it is because we arm ourselves against the latter, and abandon ourselves to the former without reserve.

While myriads of bright visions were passing and repassing through Sebastian's entranced imagination, the fisherman and his son were shifting their sail and tacking about with plodding indifference; they neither observed nor shared their royal companion's emotion.

The wind continued favourable, the coast of Africa receded, and the fertile mountains of Grenada and Andalusia advanced from the horizon: the vessel now ran into a creek and disembarked her crew.

The moment Sebastian's foot pressed Christian ground, he threw himself down and embraced it; gratitude and adoration locked up the powers of speech; so much pain and pleasure melted his heart, that it was too big for utterance, and he wept. His companions did not long allow him an indulgence of this honourable weakness, their voices made him start from the earth, he flung them their reward, and then they hastened away.

CHAPTER X.

DAY was just breaking over the high tops of an olive ground, beneath which stood a solitary cottage; Sebastian approached, and unwillingly roused its inhabitants; they were a simple good couple, and finding that their disturber was a Portuguese escaped from Barbary, they brought him in, forced refreshment on him, half-wearied him with questions, and at length resigned to him the only bed their habitation afforded.

Secure of freedom, and of all the blessings in its train, the King hastened to give repose, both to his body and to his mind; his exhausted spirit bathed itself in a long and deep sleep, which not even a blissful dream disturbed: the noon-day sun awoke him to a livelier sense of what he had regained.

Glowing with rapturous emotions, and eagerly anticipating that moment which should restore him to Donna Gonsalva, he knew it would be impossible for him to endure those delays which must arise, were he to declare himself in Spain or in his own dominions, ere he had reached Xabregas; he therefore determined upon travelling disguised, and giving himself the romantic delight of surprising her.

Having told the people who lodged him that he was a Portuguese officer journeying homewards, he had no difficulty in procuring a guide and mules to take him through Andalusia, the low condition of the men with whom he must associate during his journey, would render a recognition of his person very improbable, and relying on this circumstance, he left the sea-coast without apprehension of discovery.

In one of the valleys through which he passed, the ringing of a convent bell gave the welcome tidings of evening prayers; how many months had elapsed since that holy sound had spoken to him of Heaven! he hastened to obey its summons, and leaving his guide in charge of the mules, went into the chapel: scarcely any one was there except a few poor monks. Sebastian prostrated himself before the image of his dying Saviour, and the emotion of his heart again flowed out in tears.

Tears like these the manliest eyes need not disdain shedding; nay, tears like these, honour him who sheds them.

Animated by this delightful act of duty, he retired immediately after the service, and regained the muleteer; they set forwards once more toward Portugal.

Traversing the luxuriant vineyards of Andalusia,

they followed for some time the course of the Gaudiana, then crossing its stream, they left its wild rocky banks far behind, entering upon that part of Portugal which is denominated the kingdom of Algarve.

As Sebastian descended the steep heights that divide the two countries, the winds sweeping over his native land, came on his sense with imaginary sweetness: at every gale, the remembrance of former joys became more vivid, and his heart beat with additional impatience. Freedom had so intoxicated him, that he hoped even against probabilities, expecting to find his Gonsalva's beauty and health unimpaired, and his uncle willing to resign the sovereign power without a struggle.

Sometimes grateful thought turned back to Africa, and a blessing on the gentle Kara Aziek would burst from his lips; but such thoughts were transient, for love, friendship, and a kingdom, were before him.

Travelling without intermission, only snatching a hasty meal occasionally at some goatherd's cabin, or under solitary shades. Sebastian, with his guide, quickly traversed Algarve, penetrated through a pass of the Sierras de Caldaraon successively into the provinces of Alentejo and Estremadura, and at last he found himself in the vicinity of his own capital.

Having dismissed his guide, he now sought some obscure house where he might make such inquiries as hitherto he had urged in vain: the people whom he questioned could merely tell him that the prior of Crato had, indeed, escaped from Barbary very soon after his capture, and that the Cardinal King was declining fast. Of Donna Gonsalva they knew nothing.

In those days information of court changes did not travel down to the lower ranks of society, as it does now in these freer times; newspapers and magazines were then unknown; the titled and the powerful were considered like so many gods, and their actions were as imperfectly known and as rarely scrutinized as if they really dwelt above the clouds.—Sebastian, therefore, was forced to satisfy himself with the belief, that if she had fallen a sacrifice to grief, her death must have become public, he consequently concluded that she was still living in the palace of Xabregas.

To Xabregas hastened the young and, impassioned lover. While hurrying over the road which led to it, his warm fancy pictured in endless variety the circumstances of their meeting; the well-remembered beauty and enchantments of Gonsalva agitated him to weakness: "Another moment and I shall hold her in my arms!" he exclaimed, hastily advancing to the private

gate of her abode. The gate yielded to his hand; he entered; and treading lightly across an angle of the garden, passed into a pavillion whence issued a secret passage leading into the state apartments of the palace. The springs of every door were known to Sebastian; he pressed one, which opening, led him into the subterranean gallery: breathless, trembling, almost flying, he was at the entrance of a favourite room of Donna Gonsalva's ere he thought of the alarm his appearance might cause her; he paused, and for that instant his limbs failed under him; but the sound of Gonsalva's voice banished every temperate consideration, new-strung his nerves, and made him suddenly push open the door.

Donna Gonsalva was standing alone with her back towards him, she turned round, and Sebastian beheld again that resplendent beauty which had never for a moment been absent from his thoughts.—He rushed forward and fell at her feet.

Overpowered with the violence and the variety of his emotions, her very name expired in sighs on his lips, and he could only cover her hands with kisses and with tears.

At sight of a man coarsely habited and obscured with dust, Donna Gonsalva uttered a cry of terror; but the action of Sebastian, his emotion, the well-known touch of his lips and hands, the very circumstance of his entering by a private way, made him apparent to her: she turned deadly pale, and sunk upon a seat without speaking.

Her impassioned lover hastened to support her in his arms: "Yes, Gonsalva!" he exclaimed, in a voice broken by excess of joy—"My own Gonsalva! it is your Sebastian who now presses you to his enraptured heart."

Amazement! Donna Gonsalva struggled in his embrace. Still silent, she endeavoured to escape from his arms, sometimes appearing on the point of calling for assistance, and then suddenly checking herself.

The young King hastily threw off his hat and pushed aside his hair; "Look at me, my beloved!" he exclaimed wildly; "look at me and acknowledge your Sebastian; changed as my person is, surely my voice, this agitation—"

"Release me!" interrupted Gonsalva, averting her head still more,—"I know you not: Don Sebastian is dead."

The King looked at her with surprise, amounting to stupefaction; "Dead!" he repeated, "you have believed me dead; and yet live on in health and beauty—"

Gonsalva; is this reception acted to try me?—O yes, yes," he added again falling passionately at her feet,—"You cannot have forgotten me,—you cannot have ceased to love the man who has suffered so long, so much, and so faithfully." Again he wrapt his arms round her, and again she struggled and broke away.

As she fled towards one of the doors, her foot struck against a little couch and awoke an infant that was sleeping there. At the sound of a child's cry, Sebastian was transfixed, but instantly recovering, he sprang forwards and tearing off the covering mantle, beheld a boy whose features appeared to mingle those of two well known faces: his eyes flashed from the couch to Donna Gonsalva. Covered with confusion, and scarcely conscious of what she was doing, she hurried back, and threw herself on the bed to conceal the child.

Pale, aghast, speechless, lost in a mist of frightful apprehensions, Sebastian remained gazing on her; crowds of agonizing recollections, of vanished hopes and wishes, floated confusedly before him. Was this the welcome he had expected? was this the fond Gonsalva whose gratitude and friendship he had pledged so liberally to Kara Aziek and to Gaspar? was this she, for whose dear sake he had slighted, afflicted and abandoned the tenderest of hearts.

"Gonsalva!" he sternly said, after a long silence, "you know me, and you are false. Nay, attempt not to fly;" he added, seizing her arm with an iron grasp, "stay and explain this damned mystery."

The hitherto-confounded beauty now haughtily raised herself, and making a bold effort, ordered him to leave her. "Whoever you are, she added, that dares usurp the name of Don Sebastian, and intrude thus upon my privacy, I command you to quit me: the King of Portugal, were he indeed alive would not have presented himself thus before me."

The air of disdain with which she spoke was yet clouded with terror. Sebastian's reason became unsettled: "by the blessed mother of Jesus!" he cried, "I know not what to think! Is it possible that only fourteen months have so utterly changed my person, my voice, my manner, that you should doubt my identity? O Gonsalva, bless me but by saying that Sebastian's memory still reigns in your heart, and I will soon convince you that it is he who now stands before you agonized and disappointed."

Again love and hope, mingled with grief floated his eyes; Donna Gonsalva uttered a few inarticulate, evasive words: in astonishment the King looked wildly at her then at himself, and seizing the arm he had let go,

he dragged her towards a mirror, where he gazed intently for a moment upon his own figure, exclaiming in a voice of thunder, "I am not so changed! you know me faithless, inhuman woman!"

The fury of his looks made Gonsalva's frail heart quail within her; fear banished artifice, and she sunk to the ground, imploring him by name, not to destroy her.

As self-preservation was now her first object, she besought him to forgive her infidelity—to allow for the desperation of her present shame, to be assured that the belief of his death and the unceasing importunities of Don Antonio de Crato, had alone rendered her untrue. At the name of her new lover the unfortunate Sebastian staggered a few paces and fell against the side of the apartment: What a blow to find himself at the same instant betrayed by his friend and by his mistress!

Terrified at the consequences of her imprudent disclosure, Gonsalva began to intercede for her guilty lover and her child: Sebastian ran his eyes over her without speaking: despair and destruction was in that devouring look: it increased the terror of Gonsalva, and she clung to his knees, sobbing out expressions of penitence.—Invincible beauty still gave an angel's semblance to her deceptive features; as Sebastian beheld that heavenly countenance deluged with tears, his head swam, his heart melted, his convictions were shaken; Gonsalva saw her advantage, and redoubled her seducing contrition; but at that moment the accidental disorder of her drapery discovered that she would soon again become a mother.

Recovered by this sight, he broke away, and hurried to the cradle: for a while he stood over it with a terrible countenance; his looks changed every instant, all his joints shook, he did not speak, but the drops of agony on his forehead seemed to say, "Live on: thou hast not betrayed me."

Hastily he averted his head from the mother and child, and without having uttered a word, rushed from the apartment.

Darting along the private passages, and then taking the first path that presented itself, he was soon several miles from the groves of Xabregas.

The mind of Sebastian was now in that tumultuous state which is the very acme of misery: a state in which every object of suffering is distinctly perceived, while memory appears sharpened by the very acuteness of regret: like the waves of a stormy sea, thought urged on thought, without order or intermission; those hours

once spent with Gonsalva and Antonio, and those expectations, which fourteen long months had cheered the gloom of slavery, now thronged on him like spectres. He traversed hills, valleys, and woods, with the rapidity of madness: vainly seeking to fly from himself.

Night was far spent, when he heard himself addressed by a stranger; he stopt, and beheld an honest-looking man standing at the door of a solitary little inn, where some travellers were just alighting from their horses.

"What makes you journey through such a night as this?" said the man, "If you have a mind for a shelter, stay here and welcome; by your garb you seem a poor fellow and not able to pay for a supper—yet you shall have something to eat nevertheless."

Sebastian paused at the voice of kindness, and found that he was indeed roving about under a dreadful storm: the rain falling in sheets had wetted him through, and he was without a hat, having left it in the chamber of Donna Gonsalva.—Bowing silently, he followed the benevolent innkeeper.

On the threshold of his door the good man paused, and holding a lamp up to Sebastian's face, uttered an exclamation of surprise at his haggard looks, adding "However, there's something in that countenance that tells me I am not going to harbour a robber, so come in poor fellow."

Sebastian followed him into a large kitchen where the horsemen who preceded him were already seating themselves near a fire: by their dress and mien two of them appeared noble, and the remaining four, their attendants. They took no notice of the King, but called for wine and omelets, and began discoursing about the weather: meanwhile the humane landlord offered his humbler looking guest some cheese and onions; Sebastian in a low voice declined the coarse supper; he wrapt himself up in his capote and stood remote from the fire, and thinking upon the past scene with Donna Gonsalva.

Of her guilt, and that of his cousin Antonio, he could scarcely doubt; her own confession, and the existence of the child, were proof undeniable, and from the apparent age of the latter it was evident, that their criminal intercourse must have begun ere the period of his attachment to Gonsalva: the conduct and conversation of Don Emanuel (hitherto so mysterious) then flashed across his mind, and his blood froze when he thought that, but for his persevering conduct, he might have become the husband of Antonio's mistress.

With what piercing regret did he recal the harsh treatment of the generous De Castro, who had too surely suspected, if not known, the guilty secret!—A groan now escaped him that made the company start: fearful of exciting curiosity, he drew his cloak round his face, and moved further from the light, complaining of a sudden pain.—The travellers eyed him suspiciously and laid fire arms on the table.

Of his Crown and his people, Sebastian thought no more; the monstrous ingratitude of Antonio, the perfidy of Gonsalva, and their mutual duplicity, (which he vainly endeavoured to trace back to some suspicious circumstances,) alone occupied him; he did not even glance towards the measures he should pursue for the recovery of his rights as a sovereign; but while he sat lost in rumination, the sound of his own name made him start: it was spoken in a conversation now held in Latin by the two superior travellers.—Attention completely roused, enabled him to catch every word, though the men spoke in low tones, and seemed afraid that not even a learned language was a sufficient guard for their subject.

The moment these travellers laid aside their large feathered hats, Sebastian recognised two of his own courtiers.

"You will find it difficult to convince me of this," said the younger.

"What! you don't doubt the fact?" cries his companion, "do you disbelieve that a man, arrived from Africa, who asserted it to be true?"

"No, I do not question that," rejoined the other; "but I believe the fellow told an impudent lie. Don Sebastian fell at Alcazar, as sure as yon poor rogue stands shivering in the corner."

"I am not of your opinion:" answered the elder gentleman. "I was present when this man from Barbary brought the intelligence to Don Antonio; his account was so clear and circumstantial that I did not scruple to avow my faith in it: and though Don Antonio pretended to treat it with contempt, I saw it alarmed him dreadfully; and well it might, for the return of Don Sebastian, would be a day of awkward reckoning for him."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the other cavalier, "had Don Antonio believed the impostor, policy would have made him stop the news-bringer's mouth."

"The Portuguese seemed to guess as much," returned the former speaker, "for though he promised to come again on the ensuing day, he posted off from

Grato to the house of different nobles, telling the same story, and praying to have it carried to the King."

"Well! and why were all these persons unbelievers, too, if the tale appeared so true?"

"Why?—Because every one of them are either pretenders to the succession, or friends to the pretenders. Some were partisans of Philip of Spain, others of the Braganzas, the Prince of Parma, &c. nobles who knew well that the restoration of their former sovereign would not afford them such a chance for power, as a scramble amongst numbers. Our old Cardinal draws to an end, in a few months perhaps the Spaniard will sit on his throne, (for in my opinion he stands the best chance,) and we all got a hint of the way to please Philip, by hearing how rigorously he treated every officer who returned from Africa, and ventured to speak doubtfully of Sebastian's death. If Don Sebastian could get here by miracle, he would not find a man in Portugal unbiassed by some faction; he might return to his chains."

That Sebastian of whom he spoke, was now kindling into fury; he gnawed his nether lip, and grasped his cloak with a convulsive action.—The last speaker resumed:

"Every body concludes that our present monarch relished the first report of his nephew's being alive as little as Philip; for I can tell you that Don Emanuel de Castro would not have got the viceroyalty of Brazil had it not been deemed politic to send him out of a country which he was continually agitating by assertions of Sebastian's existence: nay, the silence of his ministers on the subject of this last report, and the disappearance of the poor devil himself, speaks pretty plain; the rope or the cup has most likely silenced him for ever."

At this horrible conjecture, the joy of hearing that De Castro lived, and was in a land of freedom, gave way to anguish, a second groan burst from the unhappy King, the speakers stopt, and fixed their eyes on him.

"Who is this fellow?" asked one of them: "a sick traveller, I fancy," replied the landlord, drawing near and speaking softly, "or rather I should think a poor youth crossed in love: for he has a noble countenance, full of grievous wildness, and was roving about under all that storm without feeling it."

The good man now approached with a cup of wine, to which Sebastian put his lips, that he might avoid importunity, acknowledging that he was sick: the travellers resumed their discourse.

"For my part," said one, "I would never draw a sword to rescue Don Sebastian, his court was too moral for me: neither Venus nor Bacchus was worshipped there, and where they are not worshipped, I beg leave to make my conge. Besides, he put a public affront upon my cousin, the young Marquis Cellamare: he happened to carry off the daughter of a merchant; the old man got her back after one night's absence only, yet he complained to the King and he insisted on Cellamare's offering her honourable reparation in presence of her family and his own: the girl (tutored by Don Sebastian, no doubt), affected to dispise such reparation, preferred taking the veil, and refused him."

"Refused him!" repeated the other.

"Yes, indeed; the degradation was thus made worse than if she had polluted his illustrious blood by becoming his wife; you were not in Portugal then, I know."

"No, I was in Italy," rejoined his companion, "now I know your sentiments, I will frankly confess that I do not pray for the rash-brained monarch's return—he was liberal enough, to be sure, but then he exacted heavy returns.—For instance, he gave me a regiment, but it was on condition I followed his mad course to Morocco: fortunately the opportune sickness and death of my wife kept me at home. No, no, Don Sebastian made away with all his friends, when he led on twenty thousand Portuguese like himself, to slaughter, at Alcázar.

Quivering with restrained fury, his eyes striking fire, the young monarch started from his seat, and half-sprung towards the ungrateful miscreants—but suddenly recollecting himself, he turned away, and hastily left the apartment.

As he went through a passage opening into a field, he found the landlord had followed him: "What is the matter with thee, friend!" said he, "my guests pronounce thee mad, and recommend my turning thee out: I have not heart to do that—Lopez Vernaza never yet closed his door on the houseless."

Sebastian turned round with a look of anguish somewhat sweetened by grateful feelings; "I am not mad—not quite mad," he said, "though at this moment the most wretched of men." Fear nothing from me, honest Lopez—suffer me only to rest in some place where the sound of human voice may not reach me. I can reward thee, for I am not so poor as I seem."

The good innkeeper pointed to a barn at a little distance. "Go there," he said, "you will find plenty of clean straw, and no soul shall disturb you. Jesu help thee poor youth, thou lookest at thy wit's end!" Lo-

per turned back into the house as he concluded; and Sebastian wildly trode the path before him.

The information afforded by the two travellers had thrown his mind into fresh tumults: to find himself thus blotted out from his subjects' hearts, hated for his justice, derided by those he had served, betrayed by those he loved, forgotten almost by the whole world, an outcast even in his own kingdom—was a consummation to his misery, which not even misanthropy could have imagined. Murdered for his sake, Gaspar seemed to cry aloud for vengeance; yet where was he to find the means of retribution, when the court, the army, and the people, were steeled against him?

What a return! and how fearful was the spectacle which it presented!—as if a veil had been torn off by some invisible power, he beheld every heart in which he fondly thought himself cherished, false to their vows, and panting for his blood! his sick soul—"sick unto death,"—turned from object to object with increasing anguish: the only human beings whose love could be relied on, were out of his reach; De Castro, though living, was beyond the Atlantic, Gaspar in the grave, and Kara Aziek in the hateful empire of Morocco.

These convictions half-disordered Sebastian's brain: he walked with an irregular pace, sometimes stopping, then darting eagerly forwards; alternately striking his breast and his forehead, repeating, as their images shot through his mind, the names of Gaspar, Antonio, and the perfidious Gonsalva.

Though it was his wish and his interest to remain unknown, the mere circumstance of having passed unrecognised by two men whom he had so often noticed, joined to the singular fortune of never having been once suspected for their King by any of the Portuguese, now completed his anguish: distempered in mind, he saw not a single exception to the prevalent forgetfulness; but wild with grief, with indignation, with blasted expectations, hurried into the barn and cast himself on a heap of straw: "Leave me my reason, O, God!" he exclaimed, in a voice, the tone of which proclaimed a reason just tottering on the verge of madness.

At that sound, a rustling was heard amongst the straw, Sebastian started up, the next moment, a large rough dog sprang towards him, and leaping against his breast sent forth a cry of joy: "Baremél! Baremél!—O, Heaven! and art thou then the only one?" Interrupted by a gush of tenderness, the houseless monarch clasped his dumb friend in his arms; then recollecting

the last time he had seen him, and the words he had spoken, "Stay and be loved for my sake," his heart became so subdued that he burst into tears, and wept with all the vehemence of a woman.

Whining and fawning on him, Baremel lay at his master's feet, with upturned eyes, expressive of that instinctive attachment which so often shames the affection of reasoning man: the King now stood painfully contemplating this added proof of popular instability; "If thou hadst become hateful to Antonio's mistress," he exclaimed, "was there none of my court who would take thee in, and cherish thee for my sake!—poor Baremel! from a palace to a shed!—the favorites of fallen princes can hope for nothing better."—He smiled gloomily, and sinking down on the straw, laid his head upon the body of Baremel.

The happy animal seemed proud of his royal burthen; Sebastian then fell into a train of less distracted but equally wounding thought, till by degrees stupor succeeded to frenzy; his feelings became benumbed and "a waveless calm" spread over them: imperceptibly every agitating image faded away, till deep asleep, like midnight darkness, buried all things in profound oblivion.

Early the next day, after seeing his nobler guests on their horses, Lopez came to learn how the poor traveller had rested; he found him asleep with Baremel. On advancing to awake them, the dog sprang and seized the good man by his coat—Sebastian opened his eyes, and at his command Baremel released old Lopez. "Thou'rt an honest fellow I'll be sworn?" exclaimed the latter, "or this dog would not have taken a fancy to thee."—Come, get up and let me give thee some breakfast."

Briefly thanking him for his offer, the King enquired how he came to be in possession of a creature that had once belonged to their sovereign. Lopez eyed him curiously; "So, thou hast been a courtier, friend! or mayhap a soldier, and—" Sebastian interrupted him, willing to lull the curiosity which might otherwise annoy him.

"I am a soldier," he said, "lately escaped from Africa. After fourteen months' slavery, I have returned to my country to find some friends dead, many perfidious; my rights usurped by others, and the woman I adored, false—false as hell!" he paused, and the before pale gloom of his countenance, was now changed to the crimson flush of frenzy;—then recollecting himself, he added, "wonder not that I am half distracted—the sight of this dog, which I remember to

have seen following the King, has brought back some ideas that ought never again to agitate this betrayed heart.—How did you get this dog?"

"Why, by good luck," replied Lopez, "one of my cousins, you see, is under scullion in the kitchen of the Donna Gonsalva Vimiosa—she that our last King was to have married. Sorrow on her! what a jade she has proved! worse, I reckon, than the woman you are raving about—Come, come man, don't shake so; women were sad deceiving devils ever since the fall.—I dare say now, your jilt had not played the harlot with your cousin, as this Donna Gonsalva has done? all the world cried shame on her. You see, in less than five months after the King's sailing for Africa, she brings into the world a chopping child, at first my lady tried to make it out the King's and said they were privately married; but on Don Emanuel de Castro's getting back from Barbary, he disproved that story somehow, and she would have gone to die in the inquisition, had not the prior Antonio boldly owned her and the child, procured an absolution for them both from the Pope, and so forced the present King to pardon her.

See the world now!—the other day she was scorned by every body because both she and her paramour were in disgrace at court, but since the King gets so infirm and seems so averse to fix the succession, all the world worships her again. People think, you see, that Don Antonio will have the throne."

"Where then are the Braganzas?" exclaimed Sebastian, "What claims can the bastard Antonio make?"

"Why, you see," replied Lopez, "this same Antonio would have the best right if he could prove himself the lawful son of our Cardinal King's brother, the late duke De Beja; and so since he cannot prove it, he swears it; that is, he gives out that his father and mother were secretly married.—As for the Duchess of Braganza, she poor soul scarcely cares for a throne; her heart is out of this world."

"Alas!" exclaimed Sebastian, "did she lose both her sons in that fatal battle?" Surely the Duke of Barcelos was only taken prisoner?"

"Only," repeated Lopez, "Holy Mary defend us! you soldiers think nothing of such matters. I can tell you, my lady duchess did not make so light of it when she got her poor boy back again, with a face like a corpse. He'll never be the ruddy youth he was."

"He is returned then?" said Sebastian sighing deeply, "but the noble Diego, that wondrous child?"

"He never came back," interrupted the good Verana. "Alas, what a sad day was that which brought

the disastrous news ! My cousin, who has a sweetheart in the duchess's family, was there when an officer came who had received his last breath.—The pretty boy was killed by a cannon ball : he fell in his place, following the King ; and you may be sure then that he fell in the thick of the battle.”

At this passing tribute to his bravery, the cheek of Sebastian suddenly glowed ; he turned aside to conceal his emotion, and Lopez went on ; “ the King's arm beat back the coward Moors that would have trampled over his pretty page ; so this officer that I was speaking of, had time to stop and see if he could assist him ; but the dear child made a sign that he would not be taken off the field ; he grasped the officer's hand and said, ‘ tell my mother,’—he could not go on, so pointing up to Heaven and raising his eyes with such a smile as if he would have said he was going to join angels like himself, he fetched a gentle sigh, and died.”

Lopez put the back of his hand to his eyes as he spoke, and when he removed it again, it was quite wet with tears : the severer emotion of his royal companion shook his voice, as he hastily said—“ but this dog, Lopez—you have not told me how it came into your possession.”

“ O, aye, the dog—why you see the Donna Gonsalva took an aversion to it, and ordered her people to put it out of her sight—that you know was next hand to bidding it be killed—however nobody liked to do that, and yet they were afraid to give it a courtier in case she should see it again ; so my cousin offers to take it to me, because, as he said, I had a wonderful knack at gaining dumb creatures' hearts, and would be sure to make him stay with me ; and sure enough, so it turned out ; for Barémel laid himself down as soon as Garcias brought him in, and never seemed to want to go back again.”

Sebastian looked at the animal with an expression of piercing pain, for he could not forbear thinking poor Barémel had had no caresses to regret when he left Xabregas.

While such thoughts passed through his mind, he was tempted to ask himself whether he were awake ; a groan of bitter conviction followed the question. “ Do you remember Don Sebastian ?” he said, abruptly.

“ Not I, Lord help you ; I never saw him.—Some folks say he's alive still, and that he'll be amongst us when we don't expect it ; but for my part I wish he may be dead, for he'd find but a dismal welcome in Portugal. All his young nobles courting the prior of Crato because he makes one in their lewd courses ; the

old ones sticking to the Cardinal on account of his peaceableness; the poor folks not knowing which side to take for fear of their betters; Donna Gonsalva turned into a common harlot,—mercy on us! I'd rather be a mouldering corse in the shabbiest burry-ground that ever was, than the living Don Sebastian with such vexations to meet him."

Sebastian suddenly laid his icy hand on the arm of Lopez, with so convulsive a grasp, and such a ghastly smile, that the innkeeper turned mortal pale, and began to tremble; he thought himself in the power of a maniac, whom he pitied and yet feared: the wretched Sebastian seeing his terror withdrew some steps, saying in a softened tone, "forgive my strangeness, worthy Lopez: do not wonder that my own sufferings, and sympathy with those of an unfortunate prince should thus transport me. I will trouble you no longer, give me some food, for I must be gone."

Lopez hastened to obey; alarmed by the varying complexion and eyes of his companion, by his irregular steps and suffocated voice: he led him into the kitchen, where he placed before him some coarse food, though the best he possessed. Sebastian ate a few mouthfuls without sitting down, and with an averted face, for there were soldiers and servants in the place by whom he feared a discovery; having finished his scanty meal, he walked quickly out of the kitchen, motioning for Lopez to follow him.

By the time the corpulent innkeeper overtook him in an adjoining field, he had drawn from his bosom the treasure of Kara Aziek, and selected from it a bracelet of gems: this graceful ornament forcibly recalled its generous wearer, and fixing his eyes on it with a mixture of regret, tenderness, and consolation, he sighed often and deeply.

The gems sparkling in day-light rivetted the attention of Lopez, and he ventured to commend their beauty: awakened by this remark, Sebastian turned round: "Friend!" he said, with an air of gentler sadness, "your kindness has not been thrown away upon an ungrateful man; I have found one heart in Portugal worthy of a Portuguese: take this precious present, turn it into money, and continue, with added means, to succour the unfortunate. Do not eye me with distrust, (he added, seeing Lopez retreat doubtfully,) I came honestly by it; 'twas the gift of one to whom I owe my freedom. She is a Moor, Lopez, an infidel, join your prayers with mine for her conversion and her salvation: promise me that you will never pray, without soliciting the saints to intercede in Heaven for her soul."

Again Lopez thought his companion mad, and gently putting aside the bracelet, exclaimed, "Poor youth! I would not rob thee for the whole world; thy brain is disordered, thou knowest not what thou art doing."

Touched with such uncommon disinterestedness, the amiable monarch exerted himself to convince Lopez that he was perfectly reasonable and sincere; after much difficulty he succeeded: Lopez took the jewels, and gave up his title to Barémel. Sebastian squeezed the hand of his host, and telling him to remember the Moorish lady in his prayers, plunged into a neighbouring thicket.

The royal wanderer was now journeying towards the river Zadaon, near the extremity of which lay the home of Gaspar: he hoped to learn there something of that humble friend, to have preserved whose life he would willingly have poured forth all his blood; and hope yet surviving every shock, began to soothe him with promises of Gaspar's safety.

On that subject alone, could hope exert her heart-supporting influence, all others were desperate; and the wretched Sebastian, blasted in every tender expectation, dishonoured by the matchless depravity of her who was to have shared his throne, wished only to find some gloomy solitude where he might bury his shame and his despair.

• A betrayed lover cannot easily learn to think of the woman who once entranced him, in any other manner than that to which he has been accustomed; impressions repeated again and again are not to be immediately effaced by one impression, however just; the heart retains its first print of excellence long after a faithless object has ceased to impress it: we may regret without weakness for a while, what it would be meanness to love on, for ever; in short, we may lament that the brightest vision of our days was *but* a vision!

Sebastian could not revert to his last interview with Donna Gonsalva, and not find his thoughts hurried away by a multitude of softening recollections; past looks of tenderness, impassioned replies, tears, caresses, the touch of her hand, the tone of her voice, thrilled through his veins with the force of present existence; then returned the conviction of her baseness, and he cast himself on the ground, bathing it with tears, and uttering a thousand distracted exclamations.

His devious course was but too frequently interrupted by these bursts of despair; but he quickly recovered himself, for friendship yet claimed a share in his soul, and whether Gaspar lived or died, his family had claims on the protection of Sebastian.

Travelling through the wildest, because least frequented roads, the King procured food at goatherds' huts, or from passing muleteers; his remaining sequins gave him the means of paying these people well, and the watchfulness of Barémel rendered any precaution for his personal safety wholly needless: at night they slept together amongst woods, and in the day journeyed along, rarely noticed by those who met them:

During his route, Sebastian had more than once taken out the letter given him by Kara Aziek, but his bleeding heart shrunk from the pain of reading sentiments so tender and so noble; sentiments which would revive too forcibly the vanished virtue of Donna Gonzalva. "Another time," he exclaimed, as he returned the sealed vellum to his breast, "another time, matchless angel! for *woman* I will not call thee. I was to have read this after my re-union with——," that perfidious name died upon his tongue; he started up, called to Barémel, and hastened to lose thought, in the rapidity of violent motion.

Remembering the directions originally given by Gaspar, Sebastian left the Zadaon on his right, and entered some beautiful meadows, among which stood the cottage of his friend's mother. The mists of morning were but just beginning to clear away from its low roof, and no sound of man or cattle came from the fields around. He approached the cottage; its windows were closed, its garden in ruins: the silence that reigned there caused his heart to stop; could it be possible, he thought, for the family of Gaspar to have shared his cruel fate? grief and horror seized him at this suggestion.

With an unsteady hand he shook the fastened door, calling loudly for admittance; after several attempts to rouse the inhabitants, if inhabitants there were, he was preparing to relinquish them in despair, when a casement was cautiously opened, and a female voice was heard to ask, in a tone of extreme alarm, who was there; this question was only answered by a hasty inquiry of whether she belonged to the family of Gaspar Ribeiro.

At this demand the young woman uttered a faint cry, exclaiming "O, don't harm us!—indeed, indeed, he is not here."

Perceiving that she mistook him for some officer of justice, the King told her in a tone of convincing gentleness, that he was a friend, not an enemy; one that had shared captivity with Gaspar, and sought only the satisfaction of beholding him again.

At this assurance the girl hastened down, and open-

ing the door, admitted Sebastian into a low, earth-floor-ed room, in which he saw a younger girl, half clothed, pale, and trembling: their resemblance to Gaspar, and the desolateness of their situation, struck him so forcibly, that uttering an expression of concern, in which the name of his friend was more than once repeated, he sat down to recover himself.

The two young women looked at him fearfully: his habit, indeed, was mean and shattered, but the nobleness of his countenance, the grandeur of his mein, awakened a suspicion of his real character. "My brother spoke but of one companion in slavery," said Marakita, the eldest, hesitating as she proceeded, "and to him he gave a pledge at parting, a ring which—"

Without speaking, Sebastian held out his hand, and Marakita recognizing on it a coarse bauble that had once been her own, hastened to prostrate herself at the feet of her sovereign: struggling in vain to repress his extreme emotion, Sebastian raised her and her sister, desiring them to tell him the fate of their brothers. Marakita took out a letter from an old leather case which she had hidden under a stone of the door-way, and gave it the King; opening it, he read eagerly as follows.

"Most honoured sovereign, and may I venture to say, dear as honoured! should these ill-written lines ever come into your hands, (and God alone knows how to bring that blessed event to pass) I hope they may be given you on your throne; then you will not forget, sire, the poor orphans who present it, nor blush to acknowledge their self-exiled brother: but if, as I fear, it should be given to you after your unassisted return, O! let it warn you to trust no man in Portugal. Interest and ambition have corrupted every heart.

"They who should have loved their King most, have injured him most. I have personally applied to Donna Gonsalva, to Don Antonio, to the Dukes of Braganza and D'Aveyro, nay, to the Cardinal Regent himself, and all have pretended to disbelieve me. I have been imprisoned for my zeal, but thanks to an honest fellow-soldier, have escaped, and am at this moment writing in a vessel bound for the land of Brazil: a man who is leaving her, and will journey towards the interior, has promised to convey this packet to my sisters. May the saints guide him on his way!

"I go, sire, to make a last effort for justice. Don Emanuel de Castro, the most upright of your Majesty's subjects, having been ransomed out of Barbary, is at present the Viceroy at St. Salvador; his great soul never yet knew any other ambition than that of being

unsurpassed in virtue : he will hear and credit my story, and assuredly will interest the powers of Europe in his master's cause.

"Rely on him sire, and if he still rule in the new world when your majesty receives this letter, follow me thither : O ! trust not your precious life amongst a set of traitors, who have thirsted even for the blood of your humble messenger.

"Obeying the call of a superior duty, I trust my family confidently to the Holy Spirit : fortunately no one knew more of me than my name, and my sisters may therefore live without fear of molestation.

"I invoke Jesus, and the Virgin Mother, to hear all those prayers I daily put for the good Kara Aziek and for my injured sovereign !—I throw myself at his august feet, and venture to kiss and to embrace his sacred hands.—

"The devoted GASPAR."

The first emotion of joy which had for some time warmed the frozen heart of Sebastian, now glowed there ! transported out of himself by this unexpected assurance of his friend's existence, he exclaimed aloud, "Not at his feet Gaspar, in your King's arms !"—

A profound sigh followed these words, and Sebastian's mind was soon filled with so many torturing remembrances of the worthlessness of others, that he forgot both his situation and his companions. Starting from a reverie at an action of Barémel's he addressed the awe-struck girls, enquiring about their condition and their resources.

• From the younger he learnt that they obtained a living by working in vineyards, (their mother having died while Gaspar was in Africa,) and that the eldest might be married to the son of a wealthy muleteer, did she possess only a portion of five gold crowns.

How often had the present of Kara Aziek kept Sebastian from feeling the sharpest sting of misery, an inability to reward services or to bestow relief ! he now took out the Moorish handkerchief in which it was wrapt, and bidding Marakita advance, put into her hands some ornaments of precious stones ; "Take these," he said, they are all that is left an injured monarch to bestow ? they will enrich your husband, and enable you to give a portion to your young sister when she is of an age to marry : the remainder I go to share with Gaspar.—Do not shew these gems for awhile ; I may then be far from pursuit—far from a country where love, loyalty, friendship, the ties of blood, and the closer bond of affection, exist no more for me."

.. Alarmed by the excessive wildness of the young mo-

march's looks and voice, and well informed of his sad story; the two sisters shed tears in abundance, timidly asking a few questions, and scarce venturing to raise their eyes, while they invoked blessings on their royal benefactor and on their brother.

Much affected, the King returned their blessings, adding with a strangely-frantic smile, "Hear me, ye guardian saints of Portugal,—unless I am Heaven's outcast also!"

The sun's broad light now warned him to begone; and repeating his injunctions, he bade adieu to Marakita and her sister.

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CHAPTER XI.

DIRECTING his course downwards towards the coast, the King found himself at night in a mean town six leagues from Setuval; some shops were open, and at one of them he purchased a homely dress, better calculated for disguise than the mutilated habit he had brought with him from Africa: but alas! the unfortunate Sebastian scarcely needed any other disguise than the alterations wrought on him by hardships and sorrows. The roundness of health and youth was no more to be seen in his figure, giving beauty to strength, and proportion to grace: his cheeks were wan and hollow, his eyes dim, his brow furrowed with the frequent contraction of thought; that enchanting smile which used to distinguish him from all mankind, never appeared on his lips; who then was to recognize Sebastian in this gloomy-looking traveller?

He slept in the town, and the next morning resumed the road to Setuval.

The second night he took up his abode in a cavern on the coast whence there was a noble view of the town and bay. A radiant moon, brightened by slight frost, (for it was now November,) illuminated this quiet retreat; its roof, hung with crystal stalactites like natural fringes of diamonds, startled Sebastian on entering, he paused and looked back: the same resplendent moon was more temperately reflected from a vast stretch of sea; myriads of stars twinkled around her: the vessels in the bay, and the buildings in the town were silvered by her light, and only a faint dashing of waves broke the tranquillity of the scene.

Is there a heart to which moonlight is not hallowed by some association, or in which it does not awaken devotional feelings? Sebastian felt its softening, puri-

tying influence, and making the sign of the cross over his breast and forehead, gently breathed a prayer to the Divine Being from whom that lovely orb derived her beauty and light.

He entered the cavern with a calmed spirit: when he beheld its fantastic interior flashing splendor on him from a thousand tremulous crystals, he owned with admiration that no mortal palace could surpass the magnificence of this to which chance had conducted him.

The tumult of indignant emotions that had agitated him incessantly since his reception from Donna Gonzalva, now gave way for awhile to tenderness only: he was about to leave his country and his people, he was going to try the attachment of subjects, who, situated in another quarter of the globe, knew him solely by his choice of their former governors. Could he expect to find from them that grateful fidelity which his own court and familiar friends had failed to shew! and was it from the harshly treated De Castro that he was to seek for love and duty?

"Yes, from De Castro!" answered the noble spirit of Sebastian, "I cannot better recompense his virtue and efface my own injustice than by voluntarily affording him an opportunity of serving me."

To the Brazils therefore he determined to go, confidently expecting to be there recognized and obeyed; he might then dispatch letters to all the powers of Europe, notifying his existence, and requiring their assistance for the restoration of his rights; to regain those rights without bloodshed was his earnest wish: his heart sickened at the prospect of a civil war, should he, by remaining in Portugal, give the different parties a hope of securing his person; for if those now in authority chose to start doubts of his identity, he must call on his inferior subjects to rise in arms for his support.

This extremity was what he sought to avoid: indeed the wounds inflicted by the perfidy of his cousin and mistress, bled inwardly making every well-known scene hateful to his eyes, and every friend to whom otherwise he might have revealed himself, an object of suspicion.

While these thoughts were gloomily displacing the serener melancholy with which he entered his present lodging, he had thrown himself along the ground, and raising his arm to form a support for his head, struck it against something, which, on moving out of the way, he found to be a tablet, with writing on it in discoloured ink. He cast his eyes incuriously over the writing; the first line struck the chief chord in his own breast;

and with his hand shading the tablet from the dazzling glare of the cavern, he read the following wild effusion.

O that it were no sin to ask for death !
 Then would I pray to yield this hateful breath :
 Then from life's desert vast, its spectral gloom,
 These eyes would turn and rest upon the tomb !
 Those griefs approach not, pain and thought are still ;
 Nor hope, nor fear, can wake one trembling thrill ;
 Smote by the glare of death's petrific eye,
 Locked in eternal ice, life's currents lie ;
 No more their tides quick-circling through each part,
 Send warm emotions to the eager heart ;
 No more the gates of sense delighted move ;
 No more weak reason yields her throne to love ;
 But all things cease ; thought, feeling, mem'ry gone,
 And black oblivion broods unmarked alone.
 Whether our souls released, immediate go,
 Or sleep in trance awhile, we ne'er shall know,
 Till as our change begins, experience shows
 The awful secret of the grave's repose ;
 But pardon, Heav'n ! a frantic wretch who dares
 To own a heart so torn by rending cares,
 So loathing each remembrance, so possessed,
 As but to groan and pray for endless rest !
 If when these vital fires have ceased to burn,
 Thought, or mere consciousness, should e'er return,
 Say, would not her idea rush again
 And stab seraphic bliss with piercing pain ?
 Mixed with my being all, for ever mixed,
 Of change, incapable her thought is fixed,
 And here on earth, or there in Heav'n would come
 To render still the same my bitter doom.

* * * * *

O God of mercy ! from thy records raze
 This guilty frenzy !—let some pitying rays
 Beam on my madden'd brain, and teach my soul
 To bow submissive to thy wise control !
 Teach me to know, that when I loved too well,
 I gave a mortal in thy place to dwell !
 O teach me then to own thy just decree,
 And bless the thorny path that leads to thee !

Pity, heightened to the poignancy of agony by fatal sympathy with the situation here described, seized Sebastian ; he put down the tablet in extreme agitation, for love began now to struggle with indignation, and the tenderness of the unhappy unknown became infectious : a confusion of fond, delightful recollections, at

once entered his soul; some rare moments of transcendent happiness again, re-appeared,—moments in which the beauty, the accomplishments, the well-acted love and purity of Gonsalva had exalted him to beatitude. O! how was it possible that this transport had been deceptive, that this perfection of woman's charms was even then immersed in the low gratifications of illicit passion, in the horrible practice of systematic deceit?

After this hateful idea rapidly followed a recapitulation of her various arts while urging on a secret marriage, which was too surely destined to cover the proof of her shameful conduct, as by no difficult manœuvre her child might have been passed upon him and on his people for the legitimate heir to the crown of Portugal. Fury flashed from Sebastian's eyes at this thought; tenderness fled; and the frenzy of a heart outraged and betrayed in every point, suddenly succeeded.—“No, perfidious monster!” he exclaimed aloud, “thy crimes murder regret.—Thou hast not been commonly frail, nor deserted me for another honourable lover; then I might have lamented thee, pity might have united with love in regretting that thou wast not perfect, and I might have still doated on the past, like this fond wretch: but thou hast fallen into such an abyss of guilt, that even memory sees thee only as thou art now.”

He closed his eyes as if to shut out her image, and turning to another part of the cavern, threw himself down once more in the hope of obtaining repose.

It was long ere his tumultuous feelings and throbbing brain were stilled by sleep: piercing thoughts, like flashes of lightning quivering by fits through the blackness of some starless night, frequently shot across the gloom that gradually succeeded to frenzy: but at length the dumb caresses of Barémel softened every emotion, and he sunk to rest amid the calm of rising resignation.

Sebastian dreamt, and he dreamt of Kara Aziek. He fancied himself once more going through the last interview with Donna Gonsalva, and dragged by her orders to a loathsome dungeon; there he beheld the gentle Aziek braving death for the sake of pouring balm upon his wounded spirit: he felt himself in her arms; he heard her touching voice, her tears dropt over his face, while bending down she impressed on it a kiss of tender compassion.

At this instant of his dream, Sebastian awoke; his heart was beating strongly; the kiss, the breath of Kara Aziek, seemed yet warm upon his lips; so lively was their impression that he stretched out his arms with an

entranced look, believing he should indeed clasp her within them.—He leaped from the ground; no one was visible; the moon had set, and profound silence and darkness reigned throughout the cavern.

“Aziek! angelic Aziek!” he repeated in a voice tender as her own—“friend, comforter, benefactress; where art thou?” he stopped and scarcely respired! for as yet his heart and his imagination were dreaming, and he expected to hear her speak, or at least sigh.

While the echo of his own exclamation murmured along the walls, his senses gradually recovered from their delusion, and he knew himself to be alone in a place remote from her he dreamt of: tenderness rapidly diffused itself over his whole soul, while he supposed his dream realized, and himself held in the pitying arms of Kara Aziek. Her artlessness, her sweetness, her mild yet heroic goodness, her trembling soul-subduing love, her soft beauty, and still softer voice, floated before him, awaking hopes and wishes which a few hours previous, he would have deemed it impossible for him to feel.

How naturally does the warm and youthful heart cling to the source of man’s sweetest emotions! how eagerly does it embrace the hope of finding its transports renewed; of blessing and being blessed,—of learning again to behold the world with complacency for the sake of one amiable object!—Sebastian believed himself solely yielding to friendship, gratitude, and the desire of atoning to Aziek for the wounds he had unintentionally given her peace, when he was thus dwelling delighted on the probability of one day becoming her husband.

“She would share my varying fate without a murmur;” he said to himself, “if happy, she would exalt and refine my enjoyments; if wretched, she would alleviate my afflictions. On a throne, or in obscurity, with her my grateful heart could never know a want; her love, boundless as her virtues, would satisfy and fill it.”

While he uttered this sentence, a thrill of more genuine affection than had ever stirred his bosom for Donna Gonsalva, glided through his veins: perfect esteem, perfect admiration, perfect gratitude,—what are they, but the purest species of love?

To these sentiments were now added the conviction of no longer possessing any other source of happiness.

Delicacy gives law to woman’s heart; Honour to that of man: woman blushes at the idea of entertaining a second passion, yet naturally tender, adheres too tena-

clumsily sometimes to a changed object. Man, accustomed to consider the weaker sex as dependent on him for protection, abhors to exercise his power in proportion as it is easy to do so, and while he believes himself beloved, refuses to break through ties of which he may have become weary.

Unconsciously this sentiment of honour had long been Gonsalva's auxiliary while Sebastian was in Africa: the transporting emotions caused by Kara Aziek's inestimable qualities, and those tenderer ones inspired by her devotedness, had then been uniformly repressed by remembrance rather than by anticipation: when he recollected whole days of exquisite felicity, he paused not to discover, that after having become acquainted with such a being as Kara Aziek, the less endearing character of Donna Gonsalva could no longer satisfy him.

Now was the moment for a perusal of the letter: Sebastian drew it from his vest, and hurried to the mouth of the cavern; but clouds and darkness had succeeded to the moon's radiance, and it was impossible for him to read it. He returned with chagrin and seated himself on a projection of rock, holding the precious vellum in his hand.

While thus watching the dawn of day, his mind became busied by a multitude of new projects to which the conviction of Aziek's attachment gave birth; to bestow happiness on her, was now, he thought, an act of justice: while Gonsalva appeared virtuous and faithful, honour and inclination retained him in her chains; but since she had shamefully forfeited those rights, gratitude imperiously demanded him for Kara Aziek: the disinterestedness of her love had been proved, he had therefore no circumstance to lament or to dread in an union with her, except her hateful religion.

To this serious obstacle the ardent character of the King, yet sanguine and romantic, opposed the delightful hope of becoming Heaven's instrument for her conversion: perhaps the fond zeal of a husband might be destined to remove this only blemish from what otherwise seemed perfection. He dwelt on so gratifying a conclusion, till expectation assumed the form of certainty.

Having determined on one day regaining Kara Aziek, he naturally fell into reflections upon the manner in which such an event was to be produced: was he to return immediately into Barbary, and under some disguise endeavour to see, and persuade her to abandon her country? or was he to pursue his voyage to Brazil, commence and conclude his attempt at recovering Portugal, honourably negotiate for her hand, and wed

her only when he had a throne to share with her? the last project was most in character with a generous Prince, and he resolved to adopt it.

By the former scheme, he might indeed earlier and more certainly secure Aziek, but then it would be selfishly tempting her to share exile, difficulties, dangers, perhaps ultimately disappointment or death: by the latter, he would merely delay domestic blessings to ensure their permanence; and reflecting on the delicacy of her character, he felt assured that years must elapse ere she could yield her heart to any other affection, or obey the customs of her country by wedding a man to whom she was indifferent.

These considerations reconciled him to the prospect of removing for a while yet further from her, and the bliss he hoped hereafter to bestow, gave him such exquisite delight in contemplation, that even the guardian angel of Kara Aziek must have smiled with satisfaction on reading the reveries of Sebastian.

"Yes Aziek!" he tenderly repeated, folding her letter to his breast, "we shall meet again, even in this faithless world! A time will come when thou only wilt reign in my heart: to appreciate thy tenderness, to know thy unrivalled excellence, it has been necessary for me to learn what Æmons charm under the forms of women. Ah! who is there like thee?"

At this impassioned question Sebastian sunk into a train of thought, in which he remained absorbed till morning shot her first beam into the cavern.

No sooner was there light enough to trace the characters made on the vellum, than he hastened to read what he believed would reanimate all his hopes and resolutions: who can describe the dismay which seized upon him when he found this letter contained Kara Aziek's eternal farewell?

To procure his freedom and restoration to Donna Gonsalva, this generous friend had consented to become the wife of a Grandee who had long solicited her of her father: by this time she was his, and living far from Morocco. Immured within the walls of a Harem, her noble and delicate soul had no other enjoyment left than the conviction of having sacrificed herself for the sake of him she loved.

It was not from passionate complaint or studied explanation of her feelings, that Sebastian gathered the extent of her generosity—no—her relation was simple and brief, yet she was forced to tell him, that by marrying the Bashaw of Syria she was binding herself to the customs, of his nation, and rendering it impossible for her to retain a male friend.

Sebastian was too well aware of her repugnance to

such heartless connections, not to divine instantly, that his liberty had been offered only on such cruel terms.

Here then was the explanation of that mysterious sadness which had overwhelmed Kara Aziek several days before his departure: doubtless she had then been struggling against that virtuous horror which every woman ought to feel who meditates yielding her vows and her person to a man she cannot love.

The lock of her hair was now in the hand of Sebastian, his eyes were intently fixed on it, without his seeing or thinking of it; the complete destruction of all his hopes was contained in this fatal letter; the bright vision of gratitude had vanished, and misery's last blow stunned both thought and feeling.

Such a benumbing influence was on him, that he remained nearly on the same spot from sunrise to sunset without food or sleep, or the consciousness of wanting either.

It happened that towards evening a sudden storm drove some countrymen into the cavern for shelter. The noise they made roused Sebastian; on seeing him, they naturally concluded that he had taken refuge from the same motive with themselves; and entering into conversation with him, he learnt that there was then a vessel in the bay of Setuval bound for Brazil. He no longer contemplated with lively emotions a voyage to the new world, but he was sick of that which he inhabited; and to the wretched, change of place seems ever desirable. He accompanied the men to Setuval, where he fortunately procured a passage in the ship described, and she sailed at midnight.

While the vessel was tossing among the turbulent waves of the Atlantic, Portugal's self-exiled monarch had leisure to arrange those events, which by their painful rapidity had unsettled his reason: he gave up the hope of happiness; with a moody smile he gave up the hope of blessing his benefactress; but still it was not possible for him to abandon the expectation of regaining his rights, and with them the power of benefiting others. For him there was no middle station; he must either mount again to empire, or sink to utter desolation; and it was only in the active duties of sovereignty that he could lose the remembrance of his present sufferings.

Since Kara Aziek was lost,—and alas! how sad to think she was self-condemned for his sake! private affections had no claim on him, except indeed in the person of Gaspar, (for the worth of Don Emanuel was yet to be proved.) What a sterile scene did life then present! he pondered over the present and the future,

till his heart took so deep a print from despair, as to make him wildly doubt whether he had ever known what happiness was.

In this state he was ill-adapted to share in the noisy garrulity of his fellow voyagers; he shunned their society, sitting retired in an obscure part of the vessel, from the deck of which he seemed to be stupidly watching her track through the waters.

It was on the sixth morning after their departure from Setuval, that the clearing away the thick mist discovered a Turkish galley which had been blown out to sea, striving to re-gain her course, and bearing up towards the straits: the captain of the *Brazilman* being a fellow of an adventurous spirit, proposed giving the infidel chase; though his vessel was inferior in size and weight of metal, the hope of a rich booty animated his sailors: by general consent their track was altered; they crowded sail, and soon came along-side the galley, whose heavy decorations impeded her motion.

The infidel perceiving flight impossible, resigned himself to necessity, and prepared for action.

At the first broadside, Sebastian, who had hitherto sat desperately inattentive to the hasty preparations, started up; his brave heart, roused at the alarm of war, and every nerve was braced; but suddenly recollecting those reflections in Barbary which had prompted him to vow he would never wantonly draw the offensive sword, he cast himself again on the deck where he lay inactive.

His limbs shook with an internal struggle; the sailors supposed he trembled from fear; but as the balls showered over him, they changed their opinion, and pronounced him mad.

Though the Portuguese were lavish of their blood and their ammunition, they were no match for an experienced enemy: he manœuvred his vessel with a quickness and dexterity which soon gave him so decided a superiority, that the *Brazilman*, in despair, ordered his crew to strike. At that command Sebastian sprung from the deck, threw himself before the colours, and exhorted the sailors to defend them from infidel hands; then seizing a weapon, he rushed forward to the most exposed station.

It was no longer for mere conquest, but for liberty, for the honour of the Christian name, and the Portuguese flag, that he was about to fight: his eyes now flashed with their former fire, his figure seemed to dilate, and his inspiring voice roused and inflamed every heart. Used to command, and theoretically skilled in tactics, he was unconscious that he alone gave

orders, that those orders were instantly approved and obeyed: the captain had just knowledge sufficient to perceive that he had got one on board, to whom war was familiar, and he therefore suffered his people to follow the dictates of their new leader.

The Turk fought ably; his vessel skillfully worked, and favoured by the wind, for a long time bade defiance to every effort at boarding her: her shot and fire-balls hailed through the rigging of the *Brazilman*, but happily the wind fell, and the Portuguese rapidly throwing out their grappling-irons, succeeded in fastening her along-side.

The remembrance of former combats, and the fire of native valour, now shone on the brow of Sebastian: like a blaze of lightning he flamed on the enemy's deck; his voice, his looks, his gestures, called on others to follow; in one moment he fell with the force of a thunderbolt amongst the infidels, whom his powerful arm crushed and scattered in every direction. After a short, yet desperate resistance, the Turkish captain cast a gloomy look over the blood and devastation around him, then dropping the point of his sword, he delivered it to Sebastian.

The King having returned the captain's sword, flew from place to place to stop any wanton slaughter; destruction then ceased. The commander of the *Brazilman* eyed him with gathering discontent; "What share do you expect of the booty?" he asked sourly. "None," returned Sebastian, "I ask only care and compassion for these wounded men."

The gentleness of his manner testified sincerity, and well pleased to be so cheaply served, the captain promised prompt obedience. While they were speaking, the shrieks of a woman were heard from below; at that sound Sebastian sprung over a heap of arms, and leaped down into the cabin: there he beheld a group of women clinging together, as if seeking to protect the entrance of an inner room where a lady had fainted. At his decisive voice, some sailors who had alarmed them, fell back; his intrepidity had gained their admiration, and admiration is quickly followed by submission.

"My friends, we do not war with women!" he exclaimed, in a tone of noble reproof; the men blushed and withdrew. Pleased with the effect of his ascendancy, the young monarch hastily fastened the door and advanced respectfully; sobbing, the ladies prostrated themselves at his feet: touched with their distress, he tried to re-assure them, while he approached the one who had fainted, and was lying wrapt up in her shawl at full length upon the floor of the inner cabin.

Bending one knee to the ground, he raised her gently, and in doing so discomposed her veil; trembling, agitated, almost transported, he lifted hastily the long black hair that her fall had disordered, and beheld the soft features of Kara Aziek. "Gracious God! am I awake?" he exclaimed, gazing on her, and clasping her to his breast. The consternation of her attendants at this bold action was painted in their faces; Sebastian regarded them not, he held Kara Aziek still, calling on her to revive and behold her protector in him.

Did that voice, so beloved, penetrate the dull ear of insensibility? Aziek opened her eyes, and they met those of Sebastian fixed tenderly upon her: doubtful rapture flashed over her countenance, she sprang up, drew quickly back, looked at him an instant, then uttering a joyful cry, precipitated herself into the dear arms she had quitted.

This was not the action of one conscious of belonging to another: Sebastian was exalted to the extremest point of human felicity; happiness, lost happiness, he now clasped in the form of Kara Aziek, and enjoyed in the certainty of being able to confer it. "We part no more—we part no more!" he repeated.

Bewildered in a maze of delight, and merely conscious that the looks and voice of Sebastian breathed love like her own, Aziek forgot awhile every obstacle between them; her tears and sighs mingled with his, as she rested on his bosom with the sweet serenity of a pure heart, sure of loving and being beloved; his name, coupled with endearing epithets, breathed repeatedly from her lips, and her soft arms returned the pressure of his: at length, starting and trembling, she averted her eyes, and pronounced the name of Donna Gonsalva.

Indignation alone appeared on the brow of Sebastian; in a few words he detailed her perfidy and his own disappointment, and was about to paint to the horror-struck Aziek his new wishes, when voices at the door of the outer cabin called him away.

It was the captain of the Brazilman with his mate: Sebastian hastened to demand respect for Kara Aziek. He informed them that in their fair prisoner he had discovered a Moorish lady, to whom he had once been indebted for liberty; "I owe her my life," he said, "and I will defend her with my life: her sex and situation ought to ensure her generous treatment, I hope and believe they will; but if not, this arm shall either protect or avenge her."

"And a rare strong arm it is," replied the captain, "we'll keep to windward of it, be sure. We sha'nt

overhaul the lady, only what we find in the money way is lawful prize ; has she no coin nor jewels to pay the men for civilly treating her and the rest of the women ?”

Sebastian had not time to reply before Aziek herself appeared ; she came forth from her cabinet surrounded by her maids : her unsteady step and tearful eyes were directed towards him, for whom alone she feared when the voice of what she thought violence reached her ear. Struck with an apprehension of being discovered, Sebastian hastily told her in Moresco, that his rank was unknown, and that these men commanded there.

Aziek turned frightfully pale, she trembled, and leaned on him for support ; the captain advanced bowing, his eyes fixed on her glittering armlets, spoke a language easily understood, she hastened to take them off, and present them to him : at the same time she pointed to some large chests, the keys of which one of her maids laid at his feet.

During the examination of these chests, Aziek remained leaning on Sebastian, lost in painful conjectures upon his mysterious disguise : alas ! was he a prisoner also ! yet, how then could he have power to succour her ? She turned her eyes on his countenance ; the sunny look that met hers, the smoothed brow, and entrancing smile, promised permanent protection. What could she dread, when the looks of him she loved bade her dismiss apprehension ?

Satisfied with a casket of jewels and several purses of gold coin, the mercenary seaman shut the boxes ; “ We shall leave you and the lady to yourselves,” said the captain, “ that you may try to reconcile her to a voyage to Brazil ; if she don’t like that, she may go to Portugal in the prize ! settle that as she pleases.”

“ Whoever you are, friend, with your coarse doublet, you’re a strange brave fellow, and have a right to share our gains, and so if you like women better than money, there’s a whole lot of ’em for you.”

“ I take you at your word,” interrupted the King, “ these are my prizes.”

The men withdrew laughing, and Sebastian again alone with Kara Aziek (her women having retired into the inner chamber,) proceeded to satisfy those anxious inquiries which her eloquent eyes had so long been making. He briefly detailed the circumstances of his return to Portugal, the conduct of his supposed friends, the intentions with which he was leaving it when he read her farewell letter ; he painted the emotions that letter excited, with all the force of tender gratitude,

"Such were, such are my feelings, Kara Aziek;" he added, throwing himself at her feet, "I am again what I was when your generous pity first succoured me—a beggar, and a fugitive—one who must soon be every thing or nothing;—it remains for you to decide on the dearest part of my destiny. Speak your wishes, and they shall be obeyed; if they be to fulfil your engagement with the Bashaw, I will myself conduct you to him; but if a friendship more sacred even than love—a gratitude exalted to adoration—every sentiment in short, except passion itself; if these may touch you—if you can condescend to accept a heart yet smarting with a former wound—a heart that shudders at love, yet where your image is worshipped and cherished—"

"O say no more!—no more, beloved Sebastian!" interrupted Kara Aziek, hiding her blushes and tears on his shoulder, "thou knowest too well, that to be permitted to dwell but on the threshold of that noble heart, is happiness to Kara Aziek."

How eloquent was the silence which followed these few words! how did the blissful sighs breathed by each, seemed to incorporate their souls, and blend their destinies for ever!

It was long ere either of them could recover sufficiently to converse with calmness; when they did so, Aziek timidly explained her situation. She informed Sebastian that her hand had been frequently sought by the Bashaw of Syria, a relation of her father's, but having avowed an invincible repugnance to marriage, (at least to marriage as it exists in Mahomedan countries,) her indulgent father had forbore any importunity: his wishes however, were for the union, and seizing the opportunity afforded by her zeal for the supposed Fabian, he offered his liberty as the reward of her compliance.

At first, shocked and terrified, Kara Aziek utterly rejected the terms; every delicate and tender feeling revolted from the hateful prospect of submitting to the caresses of a man whom she remembered from her infancy as one with whom her heart could have no commune; far sooner would she have laid her head on the block for the dear sake of him she loved: but when she witnessed the failure of his hopes after the departure of Gaspar, and beheld his profound, and corroding melancholy; when she thought of his passion for Donna Gonsalva, and fancied her pining over his loss, her tender soul shook with irresolution, she hesitated—reflected—struggled with her repugnance—renewed those struggles, and at length determined upon the sacrifice.

Ravished with her consent, El Hader did not give her time to retract, he released the Christian, and immediately dispatched messengers to his kinsman: the Bashaw Ibrahim was at that time with the Sultan his master at Constantinople; he sent from thence a sumptuous galley, laden with presents for his young bride, and it was on its return with the self-devoted victim, that Providence threw them into the hands of the Portuguese.

To Kara Azeik the event did indeed appear an especial act of Providence, since beyond her fondest hopes it not only restored Sebastian to her, but re-united them at the very period in which they were privileged never to part again. In her secret mind she did not regret the loss of his throne, for it was with Sebastian divested of power and grandeur, that her heart had first been woven: accustomed to profound retirement, her inexperienced nature shrunk from the vast sphere of duties which surrounded sovereignty; it seemed as if the love of one little heart would be lost, in so wide an ocean: she looked with partial eyes to a scene of narrower views: to a home, private yet not unuseful, where the social virtues might have full room to expand and to adorn what they supported.

It was an amiable weakness in Kara Azeik; yet it was a weakness, to desire only that situation in which her love would be always felt, and always necessary; she judged rightly, that power and luxury are not friendly to the existence of any sentiment which is devoid of selfishness.—In accompanying Sebastian to Brazil, she hoped that he might be induced to resign his ungrateful people altogether, endeavour to forget his former state, and find in the bosoms of Affection and Friendship those calm delights which are never the companions of high responsibility.

To dwell with him any where, to see him, to hear him continually,—what joy did not such a prospect afford! Life seemed too short to her impassioned heart for the complete enjoyment of so much happiness...Never, indeed, did woman love like Kara Azeik; it must be remembered, however, that her attachment concentrated all the ardour of her nature; the habits of her nature; the habits of her country did not suffer the growth even of friendship; she had no sisters, no brothers, and hitherto she had lived devoid of any other sentiment than that of duty towards her father.

As Sebastian contemplated the mixed expression of her ever-varying countenance, his enraptured feelings assured him that in her's his soul had met its partner; but he sighed to think they should have met so late,

when his exhausted heart had no longer love to bestow.

Excessive tenderness, admiration and gratitude, contending with as lively emotions of timidity and apprehension, by turns sparkled in Aziek's eyes, or suffused her cheek; the aspen like tremor of her voice thrilled the susceptible King: it was now that for the first time he felt the full sweetness of love, in the perfect conviction of giving happiness to the beloved object; devoid of this conviction all its other enjoyments are lifeless. —Cold as ice were the sensations awakened by the beauty of Gonsalva when compared with this heart-penetrating, ennobling glow: he looked back on them with amazement, and with something of that joy with which a man recalls a danger from which he has recently escaped.

These new feelings enabled him to speak of the perfidious woman with composure; to Kara Aziek this calmness was animating: for though at one moment she believed herself indeed rewarded by his preference, at another she trembled lest Sebastian were self-deceived, and might hereafter find gratitude and esteem but feeble substitutes for love.

Having calmed the fears and satisfied the scruples of his gentle friend, Sebastian remembered that humanity had other claims upon him; the ascendancy he had gained over the captain and crew by his valour and disinterestedness, rendered him in some degree answerable to himself for the treatment of the Turkish prisoners; he therefore reluctantly quitted Kara Aziek.

By his advice the Brazil trader consented to send all the Turkish sailors, with their commander, into the first neutral port, whence they might easily find a conveyance home, and in that port the prize might be advantageously sold. It required all the King's rhetoric to persuade his companion that it was merciless to push advantage to its uttermost verge, by insisting upon a ransom for all the prisoners; the man was a long time in perceiving that there was any merit in being generous to infidels.

Sebastian's mingled arguments and persuasions at length succeeded; and the prize manned by a few stout sailors, headed by the mate, was ordered to convey her former owners to Cadiz, in Spain, that country being then in amity with the Turks.

Concluding that the women were forcibly detained by the captors, the Turkish commander thought it unwise to contest about such immaterial objects; so making a profound obeisance to his conqueror, he suffered him, undisturbed, to lead Kara Aziek and her maids from their cabin to that of the Portuguese vessel: in a

few minutes after, the galley hoisted sail and bore away before the wind for the shores of Andalusia.

Anxious to obtain every accommodation for Kara Aziek, Sebastian thought it needful to inform the captain that he could reward him amply for every attention he might bestow, and that on landing at Brazil he would prove his truth by actions: having simply announced himself a Portuguese officer and a friend of Don Emanuel de Castro, he inspired the respect and submission of all the sailors. His remonstrances had now the force of commands, and the Moorish ladies were permitted to live as retired in their cabin, as they might have done in Morocco.

Into their apartments no one intruded except Sebastian and Barémel: that faithful animal, interesting from the peculiar circumstances under which he had recognised his master, was constantly fed and caressed by the gentle Aziek; he formed the amusement of her women, whose simple minds sought no higher recreation than that of seeing him fetch and carry:—but to her he was an object of affection.

Often, while looking at Barémel, and pondering on the incidents his figure recalled, she shuddered at the incomprehensible conduct of Donna Gonsalva, and had to remember that Sebastian witnessed her depravity ere she could persuade herself of that depravity's existence.

From the King's mind the remembrance of Gonsalva was vanishing like a confused dream; to the agony of betrayed love had quickly succeeded indignation, aversion, and finally contempt: the charm of virtue and tenderness united in the person of Aziek, completed his cure, and his soul, formed for freedom, eagerly seized again upon its natural right.

How do our desires grow with our hopes! how does the possession of one blessing, quicken and inflame our thirst after others!—but a little while before, and Sebastian was indifferent to any thing; now, the smallest of his expectations was considered with lively interest: he contemplated his reception at Brazil, and his restoration to Portugal, with the anxiety of a spirit newly roused to action; and secure of domestic felicity, felt that no other station than that to which he was born, could fill the expansion of his large soul.

It is not difficult to communicate our own fire to a heart that lives only to reflect the feelings of ours. Kara Aziek lent not merely a docile, but a delighted ear, to the animated discourses of her lover. He talked to her of the charms of empire, of the sublime privilege of diffusing comfort and protection throughout nations;

he painted the trials and the triumphs of the virtue which belongs to exalted stations, its fame here, and its immortal reward hereafter ; he spoke to her then of those softer joys which public duties endear and enhance ; those delightful throbbings of the heart, sacred to the names of husband and of father, which contrasted with the severer virtues of royalty, seem like the serene beatitude of Heaven.

His voice, his eyes, his smiles, heightened the effect of his eloquence : Kara Aziek no longer saw before her the captive Fabian, but the powerful monarch of Portugal and the two Indies, who, in selecting her from all the world to share his throne and to fill his heart, was yielding the most delicious proof of his tenderness ; she saw in him only a beneficent (not an ambitious) sovereign, who sought to extend the dominion of happiness.

At these moments she kindled with congenial enthusiasm, and her soul soaring after his, left far below its first humble and personal wishes.

But how were these ardours chilled, these transports arrested in their flight, by the spirit with which Sebastian spoke of his wrongs ! he thirsted for vengeance : with the expectation of one day returning to take his place amongst the monarchs of Europe, came the fatal belief that he must wash out his stains in the blood of his injurers.

At mention of Don Antonio, a terrible light flamed on his brow, his limbs shook, and his articulation became smothered ; every look and every word announced still that imperious and fierce character which had so often in Barbary blazed before Kara Aziek like sudden earthfires.

Her soft nature trembled and grieved ; for it was to this intemperance of feeling, this want of self-government, that all his misfortunes were attributable ; while it continued to rule him, there was no security for his happiness either on a throne or in a cloister.

On the present subject, however, she found it difficult to oppose any arguments that were not immediately overturned by his impetuous and irresistible rhetoric ; neither her education nor the precepts of her religion afforded support to the merciful pleadings of her nature ; she could only urge that instinctive feeling which cries aloud from the depths of every human heart, that forbearance and forgiveness ought to be the virtues of erring man.

Sebastian's vehement passions were deaf to the voice of her softer sentiments ; pity and mercy could not make themselves heard, where insulted honour, love out-

saged into hatred, wounded pride, and disappointed confidence, were clamorous for retribution : he sought to teach her the lesson man learns from his cradle, that to preserve reputation he must often do violence to his character, and seek revenge where he would willingly concede pardon.

Ah fatal and monstrous spell, which not even Christianity itself has yet had power to dissolve !—by thy enchantment the sacred laws of humanity are disregarded, and murder is enrolled in the catalogue of honourable deeds !

Aziek had nothing to urge against opinions which she was thus told were sanctioned by great authorities ; she could only repeat her native abhorrence to whatever was the effect rather of passion than of reason. To appease justice and to satiate revenge, were in her estimation very different things, and she strove to convince Sebastian that true dignity resided with the former.

Sometimes her gentle persuasives conquered : he would listen delighted to the music of her voice and the tenderness of her sentiments ; his heart would melt under their gentle softness, till the perfidious Antonio, his court, his crown, his wrongs, and his deprivations, all forgotten, he would remember only that he lived to love and to be loved by her.

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CHAPTER XII.

HITHERTO light airs and cheering suns had accompanied them on their voyage, but now the weather changed ; thick clouds arose, volume after volume, from the horizon, till the whole Heavens were darkened ; a hollow wind muttered among these threatening clouds, and the turbid sea seemed to labour with an approaching storm.

It was on the sixteenth day of their voyage that the tempest burst forth. A tremendous gale from the south-west began to blow, accompanied with lightning and hail ; the ship drove before the blast, her rigging all torn, and the waves washing over her deck : every peal of thunder was followed by ghastly yelling of shrill winds, a thousand times more dreary than thunder. The rattling of hail and rain among her cordage, the flapping of her wet sails, the creaking of her masts, the confused sound of voices and feet, as the sailors hurried to and fro along the deck, the tremendous roaring of the sea, all struck terror to Kara Aziek ; she sat

trembling in her cabin, listening to every sound, and sensible to hope only when she saw Sebastian.

Aware of their danger, for the ship was driving rapidly towards a lee shore, the King's anxiety discovered itself in his pale and disturbed countenance; he presented himself perpetually at the door of Aziek's cabin, as if to see that he had her still, and as often hurried away again to assist in the labours of the seamen.

Whenever he appeared the devoted Aziek felt her terrors disperse; it seemed impossible to her that Heaven should abandon him she loved, to a dreadful death. Her women, drowned in tears, on their knees, and half distracted, mingled shrieks with their prayers and lamentations; the soft soul of their mistress became a coward for their sakes, and she wept more for their apprehensions than from her own.

In the midst of this awful suspense a crash was heard, the next moment Sebastian entered; his wild look and hurried step transfixed Kara Aziek; for the first time she believed they were about to perish together: without speaking, he snatched her up and bore her in his arms to the deck; she found he trembled violently: Yes Aziek, but it was for thee he trembled,—that great soul knew no other fear!

Merciful Heaven! what a sight presented itself! the vessel, with her masts swept by the board was lying a mere hull upon mountainous waves; through the blackness of midnight, by repeated sheets of lightning the whole ocean was momentarily discovered, dark, raging, covered with horrid foam,—now swelling to the clouds, now sinking as if into the depths of perdition.

Imprecations, vows, prayers, and cries, mingled with the dreadful roar of the winds and waters; sometimes the storm made a pause, and then was heard distinctly the noise of the ship, as she drove furiously towards the rocks: but again the blast and thunder would unite, till heaven and earth seemed rocking with the sound.

As the tempest had swept away their boat, and they were driving upon the perilous coasts of Tarradunt and Suz, every soul on board gave themselves up to destruction. It was at this moment that Sebastian yielded to despair: he pressed Kara Aziek in his arms, with convulsive strength, while he repeated wildly, "You perish Aziek! and my love cannot save you."

"I perish on thy bosom—in thy heart!" she said faintly, fixing on him her asking eyes, swimming in grief and bliss.

"Yes, in my heart, Aziek!" he exclaimed vehemently.

mently, "I call God to witness at this awful moment, that you only share my thoughts with him!"

Aziek raised her speaking eyes to Heaven with a look of ineffable emotion—"O grant," she cried, "divine prophet, that we may live together in thy paradise!"

At that expression, mortal pains seized Sebastian, his blood froze, cold damps stood on his forehead; Aziek, the beloved and generous Aziek was a Mahometan and "in the other world they would never be reunited. Pierced with pious sorrow, he uttered a deep groan, his arms lost their strength, they slackened their hold, and the sea breaking over them, carried with it the last earthly blessing of Sebastian.

The next moment the ship struck upon a steep coast; confusion, terror, despair, followed; the frantic King calling on Kara Aziek, ran from side to side, yet hoping to find her he had lost. Some of the crew clung to the shattered wreck, others threw themselves into the sea on planks and spars; the women shrieking and invoking their prophet hung round Sebastian, his heart was wrung with pity, and regardless of his own situation, he exerted his small remains of strength to succour these unfortunates.

A sort of raft, hastily constructed, offered the only means of safety; to that he committed them, while he sprang to the topmast part of the stern, madly striving to catch a broader view of the ocean amid the blazes of lightning.

Aziek's mine, coupled with that of the awful God he implored to save her, were soon the sole human sounds heard mingled with the roaring elements; alone and hopeless, his eyes were still straining round, when another shock loosened every plank of the vessel, and scattered her in fragments upon the waters.

Sebastian sunk; but his guardian angel yet watched over her charge, and he rose again: cold, motionless, spent with grief and fatigue, insensible to every thing, he was seized by his watchful dog who kept hold in defiance of the storm, and at last brought him safely to land.

The chill morning air contributed to awaken Sebastian from that lethargy into which his senses had fallen; when he unclosed his eyes, they fixed upon Baramel, who lay shivering at his feet; he turned them from him to the objects around: nothing was to be seen beyond arid rocks, and a measureless ocean whose turbid waves sullenly heaved under a leaden sky.

He gazed wistfully, for his thoughts were dim and imperfect, and memory seemed blotted out from his

faculties; the confused idea of Kara Aziek, alone remained.

He lay some time looking steadfastly before him, while his senses roused slowly; on a sudden a cry escaped him, he leaped up, and glanced round with a maniac's wildness; the perfect recollection of his misfortune had shot through his brain, enlightening while it maddened him; he tried to articulate the name of her he lamented, but the sound expired on his lips, and smiting his breast, he sat down again upon the ground.

It is not at first that our hearts feel the full force of a blow which breaks them in pieces: we do not easily comprehend how a few hours or moments can have made us so utterly wretched; 'tis only by degrees that our thoughts measuring the extent of an irrevocable calamity, ascertain its existence and its magnitude: then rush forth regret and lamentation, then the images of past joys surround us like demons assuming beloved shapes to torture us more keenly; and those deadly words, *lost, lost for ever!* resounding perpetually thro' our souls, fill them with desolation and despair.

Pale and motionless, Sebastian sat with his head leaning on his hand, gazing on that wide ocean which had entombed Kara Aziek: even yet, his senses were not quite awake; nay, they seemed to have fallen back into that trance out of which they had transiently started.—His dull eyes saw not the wistful ones of his dumb companion, who sensible to his master's grief, lay moaning before him: nothing roused him till some fragments of wreck floating on shore gave birth to hope.

Again the face of Sebastian shone with animation, his nerves were new-strung, he called to Barémel, and flew rather than ran towards the sea.—Every where he beheld broken masts and yards, mixed with dead bodies; some were already washed on shore, others borne in with the tide: at that afflicting sight he averted his head and groaned heavily. Alas! it appeared his destiny to be for ever surrounded by destruction!—

He traversed the sands and shore in vain, he searched the rocks and their caverns, he sent Barémel into the waves for every object but faintly discernable; Barémel only brought him Kara Aziek's shawl: at this sight his fortitude ceased, he snatched the sad relic, while burning drops rained from his eyes—she had perished then, she had lost her life for him!—since but for his unhappy sake she would never have consented to be the Bashaw's wife, never have braved the sea, never have met so disastrous a death.

Overcome with these convictions, the unfortunate

prince held the shawl to his lips, and remained in the same attitude with his face enveloped in it, alternately pursuing in thought the body of Aziek to the hideous depths of ocean, or following with trembling anxiety her pure spirit into the courts of Heaven.

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CHAPTER XIII.

IN this state of abstraction, the king was perceived by a group of natives, who had come to the strand, in hope of plundering such vessels as they might find wrecked there; it cost them no trouble to make him their prisoner; the formidable Sebastian had not then any care for himself—having explained to them as well as the difference of their provincial Moresco would permit, that he had been cast on their shore by the late storm, and was consequently too much enfeebled for great exertion, they were induced to let him walk slowly.

They led him towards some mean houses, which lay at a distance up the country; there they left him, and ran off again to the wreck. Barinel, though beaten away by those surely Africans, had still returned and followed his master's steps, but plunged in profound grief, Sebastian ceased to think of his faithful dog, and entered a hut, unconscious that clubs and stones were then driving the poor animal far away.

An old woman within offered him some coarse provisions, and pointed to a miserable bed of dried weeds, where she said he might sleep off his fatigue: Sebastian threw himself down in silence, and the woman quitting him, bolted the door on her charge.

The certainty of being again a slave, made little impression on a heart already exhausted of its capability of suffering. There are periods in our existence, when we seem able to refuse any further sacrifices to grief, in these moments a species of sullen resignation succeeds the transports of despair, and life or death appears equally a matter of indifference.

Such were the feelings of Sebastian; he lay on his rude bed, gloomy and tearless, careless of the passing hours which were to bring back his new masters.

It was evening when these men returned; they brought with them many things from the wreck, which they greedily shared. Their captive's silent acquiescence in his destiny, moved them to promise that they would sell him only to a good master, and that in the mean time he should be well fed and kindly treated.

While tempting him to eat part of their hard fare, some one opened the outer door, and Barémel rushing in, sprung to his master's feet : one of the Moors would have thrust him out, had not Sebastian besought the comfort of retaining his only friend : after a short demur, consent was granted ; and having devoured some scanty fragments of the supper, Barémel was suffered to retire to rest in the same corner with his master.

As the King put aside his doublet and vest, he observed on the back of them the deep indents of teeth ; the miracle of his preservation was then shewn to him ; grief mixed with gratitude, and a sentiment nearly amounting to tenderness, swelled from his heart to his eyes ; it burst forth in tears, while hastily glancing from his clothes to his mute friend, he exclaimed, " Ah Barémel, what a life hast thou preserved ? "

The feelings once melted are not soon restored to their former state ; Sebastian wept silently a long time ; for he thought of Kara Aziek, and wished that Barémel had saved her only.

Vain were these wishes, these poignant regrets ; the hollow blasts sweeping over the roof which sheltered him, and the hoarse waves resounding from afar, seemed to repeat again and again that Aziek had been their victim.

It was now that Sebastian felt conscious of having loved that generous Being, her loss had torn away the veil of self-delusion, and convinced him that what he believed but solicitude for her happiness, was in reality anxiety for his own,—Ah wretched condition of humanity ! no sooner do we begin to feel the full value of our possessions, than they are wrested from us !—is it the law of our Being that we are never to possess and to enjoy at the same moment ?

Providence had consigned the unfortunate monarch to merciful men ; they tried to cheer his melancholy, and did not urge him to any services : if he would but share their meal and submit to confinement, they were satisfied.—'Tis true, it was interest they chiefly consulted in this conduct, (for on his healthful looks depended their expected profit) yet ignorant men do not often calculate remote advantages.

The first day after a new moon, these people set off with their captive for the town of Mesa, where repairing to the house of a slave merchant, they encountered an aged man in want of a servant, who purchased Sebastian.

Something of his former fierceness, blazed in the eyes of the proud King, when he found himself the object of degrading traffic, but the gentle image of Kara

Aziek glided before his fancy, and absorbed every other sentiment in that of regret; he paused, sighed profoundly, and tears stole down his cheek.

The old man looked at him with an air of compassion; that look encouraged Sebastian to ask if Barémel might share his destiny, the request was granted, and soon after these inseparable companions were removed to a comfortable abode in the town of Mesa.

Tefza, Sebastian's master, was a native of the kingdom of Fez, and having made a pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina, bore the title of Hadge; (a religious distinction conferred only on such as have visited the birth-place, and the tomb of their prophet) far advanced in life, and naturally averse to domestic cares, the Hadge had neither wives nor children, so that all the occupations of Sebastian were to work in a little garden, and assist in charitable offices.

The latter part of his duty was one to which his benevolent nature yielded with delight, and by sharing in it, he learned to esteem his master, and to obey him in other matters without reluctance. Assuredly there can be no degradation in serving the good.

These humane employments softened the bitterness of Sebastian's regrets, but though he complained no more, raved no more, an austere sadness settled on his character: the virtues and the love of Kara Aziek had penetrated the utmost depths of his heart; and now devoured with vain remorse at having ever preferred another to her, he abandoned every other wish, and every other source of enjoyment.

His docility and his dejection, but above all, that dignity which the divine hand had stamped upon his lineaments, interested the Hadge; he would frequently endeavour to draw him into conversation about his past life and condition, and would often urge on him what he believed the only true religion; but Sebastian contrived to elude his questions, and silence his arguments.

A month had not elapsed, when Tefza informed his slave that they were on the point of commencing a long journey; he had a brother in Fez, dying of a lingering disorder, who had sent to beg he would come and close his eyes; he was therefore about to set forward on the morrow.

What a tumult of sweet and maddening remembrances did not the prospect of this journey awaken! —Fez had been the scene of Sebastian's principal misfortune; it was once the residence of Kara Aziek; he was going again to tread that ground, bathed in the blood of his bravest warriors, and sacred to the memo-

ry of Stukeley ; he was going to revisit as a slave, the place which he had left only two or three months back, with love and a kingdom before him !—How would the worthy Tefza have been amazed, could he have seen all the movements of that heart, which to him was so mysteriously reserved !

Accompanied by Barêmel, sometimes travelling on camels or on mules, the Hadge and his companion quitted the territory of Tarradunt, crossed the range of Atlas, and journeying over the plains of Morocco, penetrated through the passes of the Green Mountains into the kingdom of Fez ; directing their course westward, they came at length to the dwelling of the Hadge's brother, a solitary house near the town of Riffa.

Death had already sealed the eyes of the sick man ; but as his property devolved to the nearest relative, after providing for his widows, the good Hadge resolved upon spending the remnant of his own days in his native place : they returned therefore no more to Tarradunt.

Days and weeks now revolved in the same wearisome round of trifling employments and complete retirement ? Sebastian almost wished for laborious tasks which might distract his attention by fatiguing his body ; his attention alas ! was occupied with past events. Regret assuming the form of remorse, preyed on him incessantly, reminding him of the worthless woman for whose sake he had slighted happiness when he might have secured it with Kara Aziek.

With this regret was mixed some repining at the hard destiny which had never presented him to Aziek but under circumstances of humiliation ; he wished she had seen him in his prosperous days, surrounded by pomps and pleasures, yet disdaining their caresses, and emulous only of fame ! he wished she had beheld the man she loved in the full plenitude of power ; his preference then, might have appeared a distinction !

Fruitless were these wishes ! that proud heart could now never be gratified by laying worldly honours at the feet of one chosen object. Once a frightful apprehension suddenly sprung out of these meditations Kara Aziek might have perished doubting the reality of his rights, surely their strange rencontre on the ocean might authorise such a suspicion !

Not even the pang inflicted by her death could equal that which now wrung Sebastian ; he imagined himself to have been suspected an impostor : the thought was maddening to honour.

It was many moments ere that impatient spirit could

calm itself sufficiently to silence so preposterous a fear: gradually it was tranquillized by the recollections of Aziek's ingenuous looks, where respect ever mixed itself with love.—But the vanquished alarm had left behind it some thoughts which roused the slumbering energies of Sebastian: he felt that Kara Aziek's memory required that he should endeavour to restore the man she adored to the rank and the duties allotted him by Providence.

Often when plunged in deep fits of gloom, during which his faculties seemed benumbed and his feelings callous, an inward voice would cry out to him, "Awake! arise Sebastian! days of glory yet await thee!" then the blood would pour in tides of fire through his veins, he would start from his desponding posture, and look round with an inflamed countenance, as if on the point of breaking the bonds which held him.

Had they been real bonds how soon would his powerful arm have burst them asunder! but they were the bonds of gratitude and honour!

The Hadge confided in him implicitly, treated him like a son, ceased to exact his attendance, save where humanity demanded their united cares, evinced the liveliest interest in his salvation, in short, offered him every thing, granted him every thing except his freedom.—Could he then basely turn these benefits into engines of ingratitude?

At liberty to go whithersoever he pleased, Sebastian was more a prisoner than when shut up within the cells of El Hader's residence: the generosity of his present master was a wall of adamant in his eyes.

Unable to use stratagem, he tried the effect of entreaties; he combatted his unsocial melancholy, and spoke unreservedly to Tefza of his desire to quit Barbary: Tefza's questions forced him to confess that he had neither parents nor dear connexions to whom he wished to be reunited, that he was a solitary wretch going to cross the Atlantic in the forlorn hope of finding a lost friend.

"I love thee too much poor youth, to grant thy foolish suit," said the Hadge, one day to him: "thou hast owned that death and perfidy have swept away all thy possessions, where then wouldst thou seek happiness? believe me it is only placed in piety. Stay contented with me, listen to my instructions; it will be impossible for such a soul as thine to remain long in darkness; I shall convert thee at last to the religion of our holy prophet; then, thou wilt bless thy misfortunes which brought thee to covet the bread of life. No, no, thou shalt not go; I am interested for thy soul."

This vain idea had fixed itself so firmly in the good Mussulman's mind that no protestations of Sebastian's could shake it : the more the one resisted arguments the more the other redoubled them ; and when he found his slave resolute in rejecting every persuasive for him to be present at one of their religious ceremonies, he merely shook his head, telling him the time would come when he would look back upon his present obstinate blindness with shame and compunction.

Neither the indulgence, nor the good intention of Tefza, moderated that mixture of sorrow and resentment with which the still-impatient monarch of Portugal received this decision : disdaining further solicitation, and resolved never again to reveal his rank while it was in the power of adverse accident to give an air of doubt to such an assertion, he withdrew once more within himself ; and like the proud steed newly brought under man's subjection, who champs his bit, and paws the ground with indignation, he performed the duties of a slave with the haughty air of a prince.

Adversity hardens some hearts, and melts others : Sebastian's unfortunately did not soften from the grasp of calamity : his eyes, not yet opened to his own character, had not observed how inevitably some lines of conduct produce certain misery. Had he reflected dispassionately, he might have been convinced, that to his romantic wilfulness and contempt of counsel, all the disasters of Alcazar were attributable ; that rash enterprise, together with his blameable attachment to the betrothed wife of De Castro, had prepared the hearts of his subjects for future indifference about his fate.

There were times, indeed, when Sebastian severely censured parts of his own conduct, but for want of steadily tracing actions and their consequences through the whole of their course, he remained self-deluded, believing Providence, not himself, responsible for his heaviest calamities. Often did he exclaim, "What have I done to merit ruin like this?"

Remote from any social intercourse, (for he abhorred the society of the Moors) and almost abandoned of hope, his spirit was gradually contracting a severity bordering upon hardness : that soft being was gone who alone knew how to melt him into tenderness ; that soft being, who ever possessed a charm capable of awakening him to philanthropy and to delight.

Deprived of Kara Aziek, he was likely to lose all that was amiable in his character, and to retain only the sterner virtues : sometimes he sighed over this changing character, and felt sorrow at the alteration ; but ex-

cept his faithful dog, whose attachment always affected him, he possessed no object for tender solicitude. Was it wonderful then, that he should become cold and unsocial?

The short winter of that sultry climate had now passed away, and the almond trees were already covered with their bright, rosy blossoms; one of the Moresco feasts was approaching, at which the Hadge urged his slave to be present: from such a proposition Sebastian started with horror, hastening to redouble his devout prostrations before a wooden cross which he had shaped for himself, and kept within his own chamber. The Hadge left him disappointed.

It was evening when he returned: the captive monarch was alone on one of those terraces which the Moors raise upon the flat roofs of their houses, and plant with odorous shrubs; he was stretched out under the shade of a citron tree, whose branches enveloped him, and plunged in a reverie, did not hear the Hadge utter the following words.

"Fabian, I have brought home a venerable traveller for rest and refreshment, see that you prevent all his wants; I must go out again, and trust him awhile to your care."

The noise Tefza made in closing the door that opened on the terrace, roused Sebastian, he started round, and beheld with rising emotion, an aged man clad in a dark-brown garment, whose silver beard descended to his girdle: the mildly-intellectual look, assured him it was Abensallah.

Uttering an exclamation of joy, Sebastian pressed forward to kiss his hand; the dervise put his finger on his lip, they were both silent: at length, venturing to believe Tefza beyond hearing, he stretched out his arms, and pressing him within them, shed some tears. "We meet at last, my son," he said, in a low feeble voice, "the gracious Mahomet has heard my prayers, and repaid me for this pilgrimage in search of thee."

"In search of me!" repeated Sebastian, "surely, father, you have not been wandering throughout Africa in pursuit of me, ever since the day we parted."

A benign smile gently moved the old man's lips, "No, my son, I have not; for I knew not then, whether thy departure had not been voluntary: since that period I have heard the whole of thy sufferings; they have been severe—but I come to thee now with comfort—I bring thee a strange present from a hand deservedly dear." As the old man spoke, he put aside the foldings of his mantle, and drew out of his breast a milk-white dove which nestled there.

"This bird," he continued, "is destined to convey intelligence of thy safety and my success, to one who scarcely values life preserved, till——"

The violent emotion of Sebastian interrupted him: pale, trembling, oppressed with sudden hope almost to agony, the King vehemently seized one of Abensallah's hands in both his, while his eyes only articulated the name of Aziek: the dervise hastily replied to them.

"She lives, my son—she sends me to thee."

At these life-giving words, Sebastian's transported countenance might be said to emit visible rays; he dropt the hand of Abensallah abruptly, and raising his own to Heaven, uttered with his heart the acknowledgment his lips could not pronounce.

When this rapturous disorder of the senses would allow him power, he exclaimed, "She lives—you say she lives, Abensallah!—how saved?—where sheltered?—This bird, soft and tender like herself, (ah, fit emblem of Kara Aziek) why is it sent?—assure me that she lives—you would not deceive me."

The impetuous agitation of youth was here gracefully contrasted by the majestic calmness of age: Abensallah listened with mildness to these broken and fluctuating sentences, then exhorting him to be composed, began to detail the circumstances of Kara Aziek's escape.

At the dreadful moment in which she was swept away from the arms of Sebastian, Providence ordained that a large wicker basket should be swept off also; by an instinctive action she snatched at it for support, and borne up by its elasticity, continued floating forward.

The tide was flowing in, so that every surge impelled the basket, and its precious freight, nearer shore: one wave stronger than another, lifted them to a prodigious height, and then precipitated them upon the land; Aziek had just life enough left to feel the possibility of preserving life, and the fond idea that perhaps Sebastian was with her, gave her strength to move among the ledges of the rock on which she was cast, and to secure herself in a chasm: there she sunk down wholly exhausted, no longer sensible of danger, though the foaming billows alternately lashed and receded from the projection which sheltered her.

The same morning air that had revived her distant lover, brought her back to a sense of existence; but she was incapable of motion, and remained two whole days undiscovered by any one, even while she heard people on the shore below, whom her feeble voice could

not reach. She called on Sebastian, but her doleful accents alone returned on the echo.

Some sea-fowl's eggs deposited in the cleft that hid her, sufficed to keep nature from perishing; but grief, and the wounds her tender body had received while beaten against the rocks, had nearly terminated her short life, when a Moorish child clambering up in search of birds' nests, descried her, and ran off to tell his parents.

As her complexion, dress, and language, assured them she was a native of Barbary, these people carried her to their fishing-boat with great care; she fainted ere they reached it, reviving at last only to a state more like death than life.

In this situation she was taken to their hut some miles further down the coast, and remained there many days, almost expiring; at length the hand of Heaven raised her, and she was able to tell her name and rank.

Deprived of her soul's treasure, Kara Aziek believed that she should not tarry after him on earth, but she was willing to die on the bosom of her parent, and to receive the consolations of religion in her parting hour. She therefore gave orders for being conveyed to the Alcayde of the province, who deeming it his duty to forward her to her father, supplied her with guards and a physician, under whose protection she was moved in a sort of litter, by easy stages, from the kingdom of Suz to that of Fez.

At this part of his narrative, the dervise suddenly broke off, "alas my memory!" he exclaimed, "this bird was to have been dispatched with tidings if I found thee—I see Tefza approaching along the road—thou hast no time to write—the sight of her bird will suffice."—

"Stay Abensallah!" cried Sebastian, catching his arm as it was extended to give the dove liberty;—the dervise paused, while the King hastily pulled from his head a lock of hair, and pushing aside the loose sleeve of his habit, untwisted a braid of Kara Aziek's, which from its length surrounded his wrist several times.

The sight of that lovely-soft hair, revived the memory of her lovelier form, and Sebastian's emotions now assumed a more passionate cast! his eyes sparkling with vehement wishes, floated in a kind of rapturous dizziness; half-closing them, he leaned for support against the shoulder of Abensallah: an ardent sigh burst from his oppressed heart.

"Moderate this transport, my son!" said the dervise gravely, "or turn it towards that God to whom thou owest so much."—

Sebastian blushed, and roused himself. "My heart does overflow with gratitude;" he replied, "Heaven reads it: but surely I may be permitted to feel the value of what that Heaven restores?"—

As he spoke, he was weaving the locks of hair together, intending them to convey to Kara Aziek the sentiment of their inseparable union,—the gentle dove scarcely fluttered in Abensallah's grasp while Sebastian fastened the precious knot under her wing; no sooner was it fixed, than running to the furthest edge of the terrace, he unloosed the bird, which shot away with the velocity of light.

Her white pinions, rendered visible by the darkening twilight, enabled them long to trace her course through air, but at length she diminished to a mere speck, and the next moment disappeared wholly.

The eyes of the King remained fixed upon that part of the sky where she had vanished: Abensallah had just time to whisper that he would finish his story on the morrow, before Tefza joined them.

When the Hadge found that the stranger had not partaken of any refreshment, he was going to rebuke his slave, when Abensallah turned his wrath into pleasure, by assuring him the young man had done better by attending to his discourse.

Concluding that so pious a personage could only have talked upon one topic, Tefza smiled graciously, and leading his guest down to a covered apartment, ordered a dish of kusscason, and dried fruits.

During supper, Sebastian discovered that Abensallah had introduced himself in the chief mosque to the Hadge, and proclaiming himself the hermit of Benzeroel, had immediately received an invitation to rest for the night under his roof: he was to set off again the ensuing day.

"A charitable errand brought me to Riffa," he said, addressing Tefza, "our blessed prophet has allowed me to fulfil it: by sun-rise to-morrow I must return to my mountain, for many unfortunates are now perhaps waiting for me there to ask my feeble prayers,—let this Christian accompany me a little on my way."

Tefza joyfully consented, and they separated for the night.—There was no sleep in the breast of Sebastian, agitated by anxiety to learn more of Aziek's situation, and thrilling with a multitude of sweet anticipations, he left his bed, and traversed his room: sometimes he stopt and embraced Baremel, thanking him for having preserved a life now unspeakably dear to him; but still oftener he prostrated himself before the cross, and

yielded up his whole soul to the delightful duty of gratitude.

It was in these moments that the proud spirit which had rebelled against its trials, and dared to question Divine justice, became soft and malleable, and melted into penitence: how was he touched and overcome when he reflected, that at the very time he was resisting the Almighty Hand, that bounteous hand was preparing for him the most miraculous blessing!

Struck, penetrated with remorse, he wept his fault; and never was the imperious monarch of Portugal more humble, more impressed with a sense of human dependance, than at this period when happiness seemed to woo his embrace.

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CHAPTER XIV.

DAY dawned over the high top of Atlas, bringing the hour for Abensallah's departure; Sébastian was first ready: they set off together, the former seated on a quiet mule, which Tefza kindly forced the dervise to accept; the latter walking by his side.

No sooner were they beyond the precincts of Riffa, and passing under the refreshing shade of trees, than Sebastian besought his companion to proceed with his narrative: Abensallah hastened to acquiesce.

"My story will not be much longer:" he observed, "it is enough to tell thee that Kara Aziek reached her home in safety, where the ablest physicians were employed to restore her health: but her soul languished for thee, my son, and medicines cannot reach the soul—her father too, happy in beholding her again, and moved by her melancholy, though ignorant of its cause, consented to defer sending information of her safety to the Bashaw of Syria, till our prophet should have heard the prayers of the physicians: this indulgence somewhat revived her, yet her heart drooped again, for she believed thee lost. Wasted by sorrow and sickness, every one supposed her fast descending to Hades, when lo, her looks brightened, her spirit overflowed with joy, and she revived to a second life. This wonderful change was wrought in her, by one of those events which Providence orders, but which erring mortals so often attribute to chance.

Dost thou not remember, prince, having found a traveller in the road to Riffa, whom robbers had stripped and left covered with wounds?—thou didst carry him in thine arms to the house of thy master, thy

pious cares restored him to life, he sojourned with thee five days, at parting, thy words were these, "Moor, do not thank *me*, thank Christ, whose servant I am, and who has taught me to succour even those who deny his name.

"Yes—I remember this man, but what had he to do with my fate?"

"Much," returned Abensallah, "see how good actions bless themselves!—this man came to Mequinez to visit a brother, who is married to Kara Aziek's favourite woman: he spoke of thee, he detailed thy humanity, described thy person, and thy discourses, but chiefly he spoke of yon faithful animal, whom he had heard thee call thy preserver from shipwreck: at this relation Benzaidé ran to her mistress, transfused her own hopes into her bosom, and quickly suggested a mode of being satisfied.—The Almogadem El Hader, had been just offered the government of Benzeroel; Kara Aziek was to persuade him to accept it, as that step would bring her into a cavila near thee.

No sooner was she removed thither, than remembering thy accounts of Abensallah, she dispatched messengers for me, partly that I might teach her how best to thank the prophet for restoring her health, partly to interest me with her own anxiety: the sad story she had to tell of thy misfortunes, renewed all my affection, I set out, and found thee.

At these words, Sebastian precipitated himself into the arms of the benevolent dervise, his excessive emotion deprived him of utterance: "Ah my son!" resumed Abensallah, "if Providence destines thee to regain thy rights, thou hast promised to sheathe the sword, which for so many centuries has desolated Africa;—be true to that promise, and then I cannot believe myself culpable in seeking to obtain thy freedom, and preserving for thee the heart of her, whose virtues will prove the best guarantee of thy good faith. Thou knowest I am no bigot; wherever they are to be found, sincerity and zeal obtain my respect. Christians are as yet but walking in darkness, they see not the light that we do, but if they walk uprightly according to their own laws, may we not hope for their salvation? Obey *thy* prophet, prince, and then I trust we shall meet again, even in the paradise of his superior, Mahomet."

"Hold, hold, father," interrupted Sebastian, averting his face with a look of horror, "I must not listen to such impious words. I acknowledge no superior to Him under whose banner I fight."

Abensallah cast on him a glance of pity, but did not answer: Sebastian for some time preserved a dignified

silence, at length suddenly recollecting the commission he had formerly given the dervise, he enquired whether he had ever sought out the Portuguese prisoners.

A new source of satisfaction opened to him when he learnt that Abensallah's charitable exertions had procured the release of several, and that amongst them was Don Emanuel de Castro.

Had he then told De Castro of his sovereign's existence? How had he received that information? What sentiments had he uttered? These, and a crowd of other questions, followed each other with such impetuosity, that the dervise scarcely found an opportunity of replying to them.

"When he took the ring thou didst instruct me to display," said Abensallah, "his otherwise calm and thoughtful aspect, became suddenly as changeful my son, as thine own: his cheek alternately reddened and grew pale, and his eyes bent on the momentous signet, seemed fraught with past events: once or twice he sighed, but soon brightening into joy, he put it respectfully to his lips, and devoutly blessed thy prophet for having preserved thee. Having told him of thy strange disappearance, he seemed greatly disturbed, although I endeavoured to make him believe that some hasty impulse had prompted thee to brave thy fate, without my assistance: he then won from me the ring, assuring me that shouldst thou not be returned to Portugal, unless he could produce that, such of the grandees as found it their interest to doubt, might plausibly suspect him of falsehood. To this reasoning I yielded, and soon after, journeying to Tangier, made my way to the governor, and brought back with me a redemption friar to treat for Don Emanuel's ransom."

Ignorant of his rank, the person to whose lot he had fallen would have sold him for a trifle, but thy friend refused to take advantage of this circumstance: he left with him seven purses of gold crowns."

"How like De Castro!" interrupted his once intemperate rival, "nobleness and he were twin-born! Father, it is one of my sins to have used that man unworthily."

"What an unworthy passion must that have been which blinded thee!" exclaimed Abensallah, with an earnestness unusual to him. "Were I to paint Truth, the majestic portrait should have the lineaments of Emanuel de Castro."

"It was an unworthy passion;" returned the King, casting his eyes down, yet somewhat proudly still—"However, father, I believed the object of it, what she appeared, an angel!"

This oblique defence produced some observations and admonitions from Abensallah which carried along with them infinite instruction ; Sebastian listened with profound attention, and many of the exhortations he then heard, were remembered in after years with solid advantage.

They parted near a village where the good dervise had some charitable visits to make.

Reflective but happy, Sebastian returned homewards, too much occupied with Kara Aziek's safety, and Abensallah's friendship, to recollect that he was even now remote from enjoying them ; fortunately for human nature, it is ever inclined to take one good as the earnest of another ; and sweetly cheated by this self delusion, the King of Portugal already looked confidently to the ultimate possession of all his wishes.

Tefza welcomed him back with many an encomium upon the pious dervise, whose discourses he ventured to hope would not be thrown away : encouraged by the complacency with which his slave heard him, he renewed his own arguments in favour of Malomet, promising to make the Christian his heir, provided he would embrace Islamism. At any other period such a proposal would have drawn down on him a storm of indignation, but the harmonized feelings of Sebastian were at present inclined to put the most amiable construction upon every thing, he therefore saw only zeal and affection in this weak attempt at bribing him to abandon his peculiar faith, and answered him temperately yet firmly.

This unusual gentleness on a topic which had hitherto roused fiery opposition, gave the good Hadge grounds for believing him not unmoved by the conversation of Abensallah.

While he was indulging unreal satisfaction during the days which followed this, his royal slave was impatiently watching the re-appearance of that winged messenger whose speedy return Abensallah had led him to expect. The first glow of blissful surprise was now over, chilling fears began to succeed ; and in proportion to the value he set on Liberty and Love, so increased his doubts of ever obtaining them.

Kara Aziek under the command of her father, and himself in slavery, were ill able to give a happy change to their mutual destiny : it is true Abensallah had informed him that she would purchase his freedom through the medium of Benzaid's brother-in-law, but observation of the Hadge's character warned him not to rely too much upon his acquiescence, and while contemplating the blind zeal of that devotee, he trembled

to think, that after all, this bright dawn might darken, and the sun of felicity sink in clouds.

The forth day elapsed without bringing any intelligence from Benzeruel: every hour of those days had the King hurried to the terrace, and hastily glanced round the whole circle of air; in the evenings when Tefza was at the mosque, he repaired to his station, gazing with a throbbing heart, which mistook every cloud for a bird.

The day was done, Tefza had come home and retired to rest, Sebastian sought the terrace again; he leaned over its railing, and his eyes wandered round a scene of solemn beauty.

The moon walking in brightness," cast her sublime shadow upon the city below; the minarets of its mosques and the flat roofs of its houses were covered with light as with a mantle; profound repose rested on these buildings; but a moment before they had been full of hurry and noise: distant groves of tall palms, and the far-off mountains of Atlas with their snowy summits, glittered faintly on the horizon, filling the imagination with yet nobler images, and prompting genius and piety to awake together. The whole prospect breathed peace, and all nature appeared to feel in this majestic stillness the immediate presence of her Almighty Maker.

Sebastian's heart was touched, a sweet melancholy penetrated and filled it, never before had he thought of Kara Aziek with so little passion or so much love; never before had he contemplated eternity with her, with so much enthusiasm; he repeated her name softly, and some tears stole down his cheek.

"O beautiful planet!" he exclaimed, fixing his swimming eyes on the orb above, "Thou alone art like my beloved! perhaps she is looking on thee at this moment and thinking of her Sebastian: our souls are then meeting Kara Aziek, sympathy unites them, though a hard fate separates our lives.—Are we not destined to live together in another world?—O yes, thou wilt abjure thy error, and give thyself to the God I worship."

He stopt, mused awhile, then recollecting the dove, again looked wistfully round. Perhaps some disaster had happened to her, some wandering Alarbe might have shot her as she flew! at so probable an idea composure vanished, and anxiety blended with pity began to increase insupportably.

But at that instant a bright speck is seen on the deep blue of the Heavens; it increases, approaches! soon

the white wings of a bird are visible, they move swifter, they pause, it is the dove!

She drops from her height and alights beside him: Sebastian seizes her hastily, but his trembling hand almost fears to grasp his prize; he covers her head, her wings, with kisses, he feels the letter beneath them; yet, as if afraid of too much joy, is unable to do more than to renew those kisses and to call on Heaven as the witness of his gratitude!

Having at last secured his treasure, neither humanity nor justice would permit him to enjoy it, till he had rewarded its carrier; he ran with the little creature in his bosom to his own chamber where he gave it food and water and caressing it all the time with a fondness which excited Barmel's jealousy; he barked, and leaped upon his master as if to remind him that he too had served him.

"What a change!" exclaimed Sebastian, musing, "from a court and crowds of serving nobles, to this Moorish hovel, and these two mute creatures! ah well, they love me and are faithful."

He now placed the pigeon in a cage of oslers which he had before prepared for her, and while her weary eyes closed in sleep, and Barmel was comforted by licking his master's hand unchidden, the momentous letter was opened and read.

All that the tenderest and freest of hearts could dictate when addressing the object dearest to it on earth, that letter contained; it repeated vows of eternal constancy, and assured him that his freedom would immediately be attempted: but the joy diffused over Sebastian's mind by this promise was blighted at once by learning, that a lamentable disorder had seized El Hader, and that in consequence of it, Aziek believed herself bound to remain with him.

"Thou wilt quit Barbary," she wrote, "alas! thou wilt then have to quit it alone, (for how can I clandestinely desert a dying father who has indulgently heard my prayer of being released from the Bashaw?) but thoughts of Kara Aziek's love will live in thy generous soul, and thou wilt claim her after thy return to Portugal."

"Yet O! think not my beloved, that I will not follow thee to the remotest corner of the globe, should the angel of death summon away my kind parent: my soul is inseparable from thine; it is lost, confounded, mixed with thine for ever. Whatever be thy destiny I have a precious right to share it: in happiness or misery art thou not *my* Sebastian?"

In another part she described in the most affecting

language her emotions on receiving the proof of his preservation. Sebastian did not require so lively a picture of Kara Aziek's devotedness to be convinced that she lived only in him, and that while a sacred duty withheld her from sharing his fate, immediately, she was rendering her heart to obey its dictates. Alas! if he were to quit Barbary without her how many years might pass ere he could return to claim her!

The joyful tumults excited at first, now sunk into sadness; trouble and apprehension took possession of that breast which so lately seemed filled with an eternity of happiness, and reclining his head on his hand, the sorrowful Sebastian sat thinking away the hours of night in cheerless solitude.

Aziek had settled that Babec (the dove was so called,) should remain in his care till after the arrival of Benzaid's brother-in-law, and that then the pretty messenger was to be dispatched with news to his impatient mistress: Sebastian was to journey with his purchaser to the house of Benzaid, from whence it would not be difficult to manage an interview with Kara Aziek.

These were all the arrangements Aziek had yet made, at least all that she had written down; for in her heart were multitudes of contrary wishes, fantastic plans, seducing hopes, which she meant to communicate to her lover when they met. She was indeed meditating a full avowal to her father, whose sanction alone could reconcile such opposite affections; this project however, required infinite consideration, as El Hader might not easily give credit to the royal dignity, and base injuries of his former slave, or if he did, might deem it an act of conscience to betray him into the hands of his own sovereign: at any rate a Mussulman's antipathy to a Christian would cost much pains to overcome.

After the lapse of a few days, Benzaid's brother appeared at Riffa; the Hadge instantly recollected in him the merchant whom his slave had succoured, and welcomed him, as he did all strangers, with benevolent hospitality: but when he proposed purchasing his benefactor, and so returning his goodness by the gift of freedom, Tefza turned pale, stammered out some encomiums upon his gratitude, and refused the request; a look of indignation from Sebastian made him cast down his eyes.

The traveller ventured to name a decided sum of money, and receiving no answer, doubled its amount; the Hadge replied by a short angry negative: again the traveller redoubled his offer, and again Tefza re-

fused it ; the whole day was wasted in fruitless proposals on the one side, and firm denials on the other.

Meanwhile Sebastian watched with breathless anxiety the countenances of each ; the letter Kara Azick had sent him by Benzalde's brother increased this anxiety, as it contained an account of her father's heightened danger, warning him to prepare for many fresh obstacles if he were not free at the moment of his death to snatch her from the power of her relations. Tefza's obstinacy almost irritated him to utter bitter invectives against that bigotted religion by which it was dictated : never before had he expressed himself so violently.

The Hadge was grieved, somewhat displeased, but not shaken. " Come, come, no more of this my son, you speak the language of the evil-one, and he would fain make prey of that well disposed heart of yours.—I know what is good for you—my frequent prayers do not arise in vain—some day our prophet will hear them, and you will feel that he does. What is money to me ?—I have plenty of it—I covet only the treasure of good works ;—and is it not a good work to save a soul ?—once for all, I say I will not part with you.—Traveller you have your answer."—

Kara Azick's agent sorrowfully departed.—

Sebastian hesitated a moment, then remembering that he owed her a sacrifice, he surmounted his towering spirit, and threw himself at the old man's feet : there he implored his generosity, he acknowledged his obligations, he described his own affection and respect, but then he painted his passionate longing for freedom in the liveliest colours, and ventured to touch upon his own fidelity in having so long borne the weight of servitude, rather than act treacherously to a confiding master. In short he left no persuasion unapplied.

Tefza shed tears, and raised him tenderly ; but he began upon the old argument, repeating his unjust determination.

Lashed into fury Sebastian now flung away the Hadge's hand, and looking at him with an inflamed countenance, exclaimed—" Take back then, all your favours ;—at least oppress me with them no more—I here abjure them, tell you I abhor them—will retain them no longer !—from this hour I hold myself released from every scruple of honour, and will employ my whole soul in trying to fly your accursed country ! look well to me then—say not I have basely deceived you, for I tell it you in the face of Heaven.—Why do you force me to this ingratitude, old man ?—you have used me most graciously—may God bless you for it ;"—his voice

flattered as he spoke the last words, but impatient of reply, he rushed out of the apartment.—

Blinded by passion, his reason did not see the folly of a too hasty communication to Kara Aziek ; he hurried to his own chamber, wrote her a short detail of his disappointment, ending with an assurance that he would break his bonds at any rate, and soon hasten to her : having taken Babee from her cage, and fastened the vellum under her silver wing, he opened the case-ment and let her fly.

Scarcely waiting till she should disappear, he left his room and ran with the quickness of chafed feelings towards the town, where he had several sick persons to visit, and much alms to distribute : this occupation, by reminding him of the Hadge's best qualities, caused him to regret having expressed his purpose, however determined, in such harsh terms : regret increased painfully, and brought him back sooner than his accustomed hour.—

Tefza was out, and did not re-appear till night was far wasted : on seeing his slave quietly standing at the gate watching his return, he uttered an exclamation of joy ; Sebastian then found that the Hadge had been all these hours in search of him, whom he believed gone to put his threat of flight into execution.

The garments of Tefza were dripping with wet, for it had rained heavily after sun-set, and he was too solicitous to get tidings of his runaway, to think of sheltering himself : he now embraced Sebastian, saying, he trusted that Alla had made him repent his cruel anger, and disposed him to continue happily with one who loved him like a father.

Gratitude and compunction did indeed appear in the King's reply, but he gently repeated his unaltered determination, even while occupied in changing the old man's soaked galebia, with a careful tenderness hostile to his words. Tefza sighed, squeezed the Christian's hand, and withdrew shivering to his chamber.

The night was spent by Sebastian in such disturbance of mind as keeps sleep far distant : passion and gratitude urged him to fly to Kara Aziek ; gratitude joined by honour forbade him to escape from Tefza. In the storm raised by those contradictory emotions, reason's voice was unheard ; what passion wished, she pronounced lawful, what her rival attempted to say was hastily silenced.

Never before had Sebastian found it difficult to discover the path of duty ; he dreaded his final decision, because it might be influenced by his desires, and

nearly leamed to the erroneous side merely from fearing himself too much.

The next morning however, found him resolved to regain his rightful liberty by any means, since he had neither consented to part with it, nor forfeited his claim by the commission of crimes: accident alone, not even the chance of War, had brought him into bondage; perhaps, he thought, they who enlist under her banners bind themselves to abide by her nicer laws; here, however, no laws exist to chain me.—

Cheered by the serenity which always follows a resolution grounded upon conscientious deliberation, he lightly left his room, and was proceeding out of the house with an intent of purchasing in Riffa some coarse habit to serve as a disguise, when a low groan arrested his steps; he listened,—another, and another followed,—they came from the sleeping-room of his master.

Forgetful of all those anxieties which but a moment before had engrossed him, he pushed open the door, and cautiously entered; the sound of his tread startled Tefza, he faintly unclosed his eyes, exclaiming “ah! is it you, my son!—give me some drink—I am very ill.”

Sebastian hastened to his bed-side, on touching Tefza's hand he found it dry and burning; his eyes were heavy, his breath short—every symptom announced one of those malignant fevers which so frequently ravage Barbary, and are produced by excessive moisture after intense heats.

Struck with the conviction that it was to the search for him that Tefza owed his malady, Sebastian's heart smote him more powerfully than justice required; he hurried to rouse the household slaves, and have the physician sent for, then he returned to the old man, and sat watching and soothing him by turns.

The Moorish doctor was just skilful enough to perceive his patient's extreme danger, and to prescribe a few innoxious useless simples; he repeated his visit at night, by which time the Hodge was delirious, and his fever alarmingly increased.

Observing the ignorance of this practitioner, and remembering the remedies resorted to by the Portuguese, Sebastian assumed some command, and ventured to act according to the suggestions of his own understanding; the medicines he administered were in some degree successful: but a fierce disease must have its course; the fever raged for one-and-twenty days, till it had spent its fires, and then they went out of themselves.

During this tedious period Sebastian was agitated by the greatest inquietude for Kara Aziek; Benzaide's

brother-in-law (having delayed his return a few days,) had been the bearer of a letter describing the tie which now bound him to Riffa, and Bahec had afterwards appeared with the information of El Hader's death, and the removal of Aziek to the neighbouring house of an uncle.

Plunged in filial sorrow, she had scarcely said more than that her sad heart needed the consolation of its dearest object, though at the same time she urged him by every sacred law of gratitude and humanity not to desert the Hadgé till death had released him, or health returned.

As Sebastian sat by the old man's pillow, contemplating his wasted figure while it lay composed in sleep, (for the fever had left him,) he could not refrain from heaving deep and repeated sighs; a tedious convalescence must follow such a violent disorder: Tefza, reduced to infantine feebleness, would long require the tenderest care—who would bestow it in the absence of Sebastian?—Alas, even goodness cannot always insure to itself a comforter in the time of need! most men are capable of making *one* great sacrifice to their benefactor, but how few are disposed to yield without murmuring, their time, their enjoyments, nay their rest and personal liberty, in a continued round of privations!

"Poor childless old man!" said Sebastian, looking tenderly on him, "thou hast thy wish, I remain with thee."

At this virtuous resolution, some sweetness mingled with the pain of regret; O delightful emotion of self-approval, how amply dost thou repay the soul for any sacrifice!

Sebastian's heart was calmed yet elevated, and he added devoutly—"This is Heaven's will."

It was his purpose to stay at Riffa, till Tefza should be sufficiently recovered, and then he hoped to obtain freedom from his gratitude, without having recourse to violent measures. Kara Aziek, shut up in her uncle's house with the privacy of mourning, would be almost inaccessible, were he near her abode, and it was therefore as well, perhaps, for them to be thus far asunder, till her grief was enough abated for them to concert together a mode of flight: two or three weeks longer, and he hoped to be with Benzaid in the cavila of Benzeroel.

Tefza's recovery was tryingly slow: and though he felt and acknowledged his obligation to the heroic faithfulness of Sebastian, he had not the heroism himself to repay it instantly by freedom:—he would only

premise freedom hereafter, but no intreaties could prevail on him to fix the period.

The sickly state of his body and mind pleaded so powerfully for indulgence, that Sebastian forebore to press the subject, secretly making up his mind to a decisive step, should the old man's wearying irresolution render it necessary.

In the midst of these inquietudes, another billet arrived from Kara Aziek, it was written hastily, and with a trembling hand: "Alas!" she said, "we are lost, my beloved! my uncle has just informed me, that the Bashaw of Syria, acquainted with my existence, has reclaimed my person—he is set out to receive me—light of my soul! am I again to be torn from thee? art thou to be lost to me at last?—despair and love change my whole nature; I am no longer thy timid, starting Aziek. I meditate a rash, ah me! perhaps an immodest step: I am going, disguised like one of thy sex, to seek refuge in flight; Benzaide and her husband will accompany me: we will bend our course to the dwelling of Abensallah, his piety will be our protection and our guide, wilt thou not meet me there, Sebastian? at least when gratitude and humanity have no longer claims on thee, wilt thou not hasten to her, whom the most passionate wishes, the wildest fears, consume hourly?—but oh! how sweet is it to feel life burning out for thee!

"Providence opens to me the door of liberty, this night perhaps, this night, ah! haste my beloved."

The most frightful pangs seized Sebastian on reading this letter, in their first paroxysm he was on the point of hastening to Tefza, casting himself at his feet, declaring his situation, and imploring permission to depart; but the next moment he trembled at the rash suggestion, confident that Tefza's bigotry would never pardon a Mahometan woman for loving a Christian.

He then sought to allay his apprehensions by reflecting on the safe asylum Kara Aziek had chosen; yet how would she arrive there? she, so delicate, so timid, so inexperienced! was her tender frame made for the haste and fatigue of flight! and that flight too, performed under burning skies, upon uneasy animals, and exposed to numberless accidents! were her sex discovered in that relentless country, (where women are deemed impious if they believe themselves created without roots) shame and punishment would follow.

At that thought the devoted lover fancied himself ready to pay any price for her safety,—nay, even that of wholly resigning her; he thought so only an instant; her soft beauties in the arms of another, was an idea so

abhorrent, that it maddened him as it passed, and banished all wish for her delay.

He now hurried out in search of Tefza, and found him stretched along a paillasse in his garden, enjoying the evening air; as he approached, the infirm old man eyed him with an expression of thanking kindness, which pained while it pleased Sebastian: having uttered several assurances of reviving health, and eaten heartily of some dish brought by a servant, he afforded the impatient King an opportunity of remarking upon his convalescence, and consequently of re-urging his suit.

The subject was once more discussed with vehement importunity by the one, and useless arguments by the other; Sebastian was again inflamed to passion, and again the weak Tefza became sick, and tearful, and relenting.

"But one trial more!" he cried, detaining the King by his mantle, "thou knowest how my heart yearns for thy conversion—gratitude for thy late goodness increases this desire, and makes me seem cruel to thee, when I mean to be most kind. Only accompany me to Mecca; with the first caravan, I go thither to bless the prophet for my life, and to implore him for thee: should he not hear my unworthy prayers, should thy soul remain unconverted by the piety thou wilt behold there, I swear to thee by Mahomet himself, that in three days after our arrival, thou shalt be free!"

Sebastian turned quickly round, and fixed his eyes on him with a look that searched his soul: "Swear it to me!" he exclaimed, then as suddenly stopping, he added, "Tefza I cannot consent, it will be too late."

His fate at this period depended on the chance of a single moment: a day, an hour, might ravish Kara Aziek from him, and with her all hope of future happiness from the attainment of minor objects. Tefza's repeated refusal and desolate ill health, by turns maddened and melted him; yet was he just enough to respect the old man's motive, even while suffering under its pernicious effects.

A new thought struck him: "we are not many leagues from Benzeroel," he cried, "let us go thither Tefza! you venerate the worthy dervise who dwells among its mountains; we will state our case—you shall urge every argument suggested by this fruitless wish of converting me,—I will simply state the mode by which I became a slave, my desire of freedom, my dutiful care of you in illness, and your indefinite promise:—if he bid me go with you to Arabia, I will comply,—if he exhort you to torture me no longer, but forbear

your promise, may I not expect that you will obey him?"

Transported out of himself, Tefza caught the ardent King in his arms, exclaiming—"I consent—we set out to-morrow."

Leaving him no time for consideration, Sebastian hastily obtained permission, and left the garden to order preparations for their journey: while doing so, he reflected with some confusion upon the stratagem he had used: his ingenuous nature abhorred even the appearance of artifice, and this was not the first time in his life that he had given that name to prudence.

To conceal any thing from another, interested in the subject of that concealment, had uniformly seemed to him a species of insincerity, which he never practised without extreme repugnance: this noble prejudice now covered his brow with the colouring of shame: he paused and considered, "But what advantage do I mean to make of this artifice? none that the Hadgá will not himself sanction; we shall both gain the benefit of Abensallah's counsel; he will perhaps convince Tefza, that equity demands my freedom, and that not even their religion authorizes unjust actions; he will persuade him, possibly, from this perilous journey into Arabia,—if not, I do not mean to take sanctuary with Abensallah, I will perform my engagement, and hasten back from Mecca to Benzeroel; alas! all the good this stratagem may bestow, will be only the satisfaction of seeing my beloved, of knowing that she is safe, and can wait securely for me."

Sebastian's heart said all this sincerely, and he endeavoured to think, that by withholding the principal motive of his present conduct from Tefza, he was not deceiving, though he was not confiding in him.

By day-break on the morrow the travellers set forth: Tefza on a camel, attended by two trusty servants, Sebastian on a stout mule, guarded by the faithful Bar-mel, and cherishing in his bosom Kara Aziek's dove.

This tender little creature, seemed in her lover's eyes, a part of Aziek herself: whenever he softly kissed its warm plumage, delightful emotions thrilled through his veins; the balmy breath of his gentle mistress appeared to be yet there, and he could fancy a thousand fond caresses lavished on Babec, meant for him, and so rendered to him at last.

As he now mounted his mule, he lightly smoothed the bird's silver wings, pressed them yet lighter with his lips, and carefully laid her to rest next his heart: the look he gave her was such as a mother bestows on her first born and only child!

Tefza smiled at his favourite slave's *play-things*, as he called Barémei and Babec, half inclined to think his wits disordered from such unmanly solicitude about a bird ; but too indulgent to say so, he waited till Sebastian had safely adjusted his charge, and then ordered the camels, &c. to proceed.

Travelling instead of exhausting, revived the Hadge, for he rested during the hot hours of noon, and only moved when the air was tempered by morning or evening breezes : Sebastian had a thousand times to recollect that Tefza was old and sick ere he could prevent himself from impatiently urging a quicker method ; his soul was already at the cave of Abensallah. Imagination had placed him in the embrace of Kara Aziek ; that timid, ardent embrace, to which love at one moment gave the most transporting character, and the next instant changed it into tremors of apprehension and shame : he fancied her pitying tears over the grave of his friend ; at that sad image, passion's intoxicating reveries suddenly fled, Sebastian's thoughts assumed a severer cast, and many were the pangs of self-reproach which now tyrannised over him.

Reflections like these happily abstracted some portion of his anxiety about Aziek, and the attentions required by his feeble companion completed their effect.

They reached the extremity of Mount Benzeruel on the evening of the ninth day.

At sight of Abensallah's tranquil abode, where Sebastian had experienced so much goodness, where he had performed the last melancholy duties to Stukeley, where so many hopes and wishes (now annihilated,) had once agitated his heart, where at length he was come to seek the most faithful and tender of women, he was inexpressibly moved ; a variety of feelings melted him ; he stopt, gazed wistfully on the rock, and precipitately concealed his face in his garment.

He was roused by the well-remembered voice of Ismael, now at the mouth of the cave, who was praying the travellers to alight : as the Hadge entered first, Sebastian had an opportunity of discovering himself to Ismael, and charging him not to mention their former acquaintance before Tefza or his servants ; after this precaution, he entered.

On passing the threshold he cast a trembling glance round the narrow cell ; no one was there but Tefza and Abensallah : his heart died away ? yet, did he expect to behold Kara Aziek ? no, she must be secured in the interior apartment which Abensallah reserved as an asylum for persecuted persons.

Occupied with the most frightful anxiety (for his inconsistent heart could not recover from its first shock,) he scarcely saw the reverend dervise who was folding him to his breast and giving him his benediction ; an observation from Tefza roused him, and faltering out a few grateful words, he sat down opposite to the chamber he longed to penetrate.

His eyes now searched those of Abensallah, but extreme earnestness blunted his perception, for he knew not whether it was comfort or commiseration he read in that gently expressive face : his own looks were only too distinct a transcript of his disturbed soul : the alternate flushings and mortal paleness of his cheeks, could not escape the notice of Tefza, he believed that they were occasioned by the workings of a mind which began to feel the true religion.

In fact the Hadge was now diffusely detailing his errand to Benzeroel, and calling upon Abensallah to assist the great work he had humbly taken in hand : Abensallah bestowed many sincere encomiums upon his pious intention of visiting Mecca, but required to hear the Christian's sentiments ere he could properly pronounce his own opinion.

"Speak to him alone if thou wilt ; said the triumphant Tefza, I will yield him every advantage, he shall confess at least, that I am solely actuated by affection for his soul."

At this acceptable proposal, Ismael was called to lead the Hadge up a flight of steps cut in the rock which led to another cell where lay the Koran and other holy books, and which the dervise denominated his mosque.

Sebastian started up on their departure, and stood trembling with repressed eagerness, till the echo of their feet above, was no longer distinct, he then grasped Abensallah's arm with one hand, while he stretched out the other towards the spring of the secret door.—"She is here? my father?" he said, in a voice that half determined and half asked the question.

"No my son, she is not : prepare thy spirit for still further trials : she is with the servants of the Bashaw, on the road to Syria."

Abensallah's first words were sufficient for Sebastian ; his soul, already enfeebled by an extreme indulgence of delightful anticipations, had not strength to bear this shock, he staggered a few paces, and fell apparently lifeless against the wall of the cell.

On loosening his unhappy friend's vest Abensallah perceived Babec, whom he hastily shut into a basket, then returned to the King, and sprinkled his face with

water, he revived at length ; but with every breath he drew, repeated sighs seemed rending life a second time away.

Abensallah meanwhile gently spoke of resignation to Heaven's decrees, of those unexpected turns in our destiny which so often make light spring out of darkness ; Sebastian smiled sadly, and again sighed heavily: the dervise then pressed upon him the peculiar mercies which had already been shewn him by the Great Being who thought fit to cloud his sunshine awhile. The young Monarch at that moment despised thrones and courts, too certain, that with Kara Aziek would go all his happiness ; ashamed of his weakness he looked aside with a flushed cheek ; " O my father ! " he said, " think not that I am thus vanquished by selfish regret, no, I call Heaven to witness ' it is for her my heart is wrung so sorely. "

The compassionate Abensallah hastened to alleviate this pain, he informed him that Kara Aziek had but just despatched her last letter to Riffa, when a numerous cavalcade of camels, horsemen, and presents, headed by an officer of the Bashaw's army, had arrived at El Hader's mansion : the Bashaw himself was in Syria, where he was detained by a war with the Persians, and having learned from the uncle of Aziek that she still lived, had sent his people to claim her.

Callous to her tears, intreaties, and protestations of being released by her father from this hated engagement, her relentless uncle insisted upon her immediate departure : she could not doubt that he was actuated by avarice, as he would inherit that fortune the proud Bashaw refused to accept, were she to quit Barbary, and she therefore offered to resign every thing into his hands : but her kinsman persisted in his commands, for he mistrusted her sincerity.

Narrowly watched, and so precluded from escaping, the unhappy victim could only steal into Benzaid's hand as she embraced her at parting, a letter for Abensallah, and some directions for her own conduct ; the latter enjoined her to despatch her brother-in-law to Benzeroel with the billet for Abensallah, and the young brood of Babec. Aziek's tender heart could not disregard even the instincts of a bird : and she well knew that if Sebastian believed her journeying towards the cave of the dervise, he would not release the dove, nor lose sight of it, till he had brought it thither. Babec therefore would come to Benzeroel : to whom then could she bequeath her pretty favourite with its little nestlings, so cheerfully as to Abensallah ?

She wrote to tell him so, and to intreat that he would soften to Sebastian the dreadful blow which her forced departure must inflict. In the most solemn manner she besought her lover to believe that she would perish rather than yield herself to the Bashaw ; that wherever she might be conveyed, however oppressed or threatened, she would consider her heart and her person equally the property of her absent Sebastian, and that he might be certain, that whether Aziek lived or died, she lived or died worthy of his love. She coupled this declaration with an earnest intreaty that he would follow her into Syria, where during the months sacred to mourning in those countries, she might find some mode of escaping to him, were he near enough to aid and to receive her.

Many tears had blotted the characters traced by her hand, but the feelings of Sebastian instructed him in hers, and he was obliged to turn away from Abensallah, that his weakness might not again be visible : when he came to that passage which announced her future intention, and required him to follow her, his emotions were suddenly changed ; the Phoenix hope sprung from her own ashes, and made him now as impatient to fly with Tefza into the vicinity of Syria, as he had before been solicitous to avoid it.

Strange vicissitude of human affairs ! How often do the changes of a single hour convert events from curses into blessings ! Sebastian had considered the Hodge's pilgrimage as the most fatal mischance that could have arisen, now it seemed only a kind of interposition of Providence in his favour.

The re-appearance of Tefza abruptly terminated the discourse which his absence had permitted ! Abensallah then pronounced the decision required of him, and became the witness of that compact which bound Tefza to give his slave freedom in three days after their arrival at Mecca, should he still require it.

The lively satisfaction which this decision afforded to Sebastian's master, was somewhat damped by hearing sentiments from Abensallah different from his own : that excellent old man mildly tried to moderate the other's flaming zeal, and at last convinced him that it is not given to fallible man to tyrannise over the consciences of his brethren.

But see the inconsistency of human nature ! Tefza had not resolution to act conformably with this conviction ; he still adhered to the plan of leading his slave over desolate and dangerous tracts of country for the mere chance of converting him by the imposing spec-

tacle of Mahomet's crowded tomb. The piety and wisdom of Abensallah he could not doubt; but he secretly complimented himself upon greater fervour in the same faith.

While the two Mussulmen were earnestly conversing on the life and doctrines of their prophet, Sebastian went out to visit the grave of Stukeley. He found it piously adorned with evergreens, which the dervise had planted round it: nearly two years had elapsed since that period, and the myrtles and box were expanded into perfect luxuriance.

The old cluster of locust-trees still cast its deep shadow along the solitary mound: but the ground about it, was thickly set with flowers, whose balmy breath incensed the honoured clay, and whose charming colours gave beauty to the bed of death.

Night was approaching, and so gloomily, that the lanthorn Sebastian carried, scarcely threw light enough around to discover more than detached parts of the scene: soon however, flashes of pale lightning, which begun to quiver at distant intervals among the clouds, momentarily illuminated every object, and distinctly shewed the fearfully-steep rocks, the grave at their feet, and the moss-grown crucifix which surmounted it.

Sebastian's heart was heavily oppressed: a mortal sadness weighed it down, but he shed no tears: he knelt before the cross, and there poured out his regrets, lamented his errors, prayed for Stukeley's soul, and implored a blessing on the desperate enterprise he was about to attempt.

What was that enterprise? he knew not—he considered not;—it must grow out of circumstances: all he felt assured of was, that to rescue Kara Azlek, he would attempt impossibilities, and meet destruction in any shape.

Again his thoughts reverted to Stukeley, and again they retraced with anguish, that happy period in which the gallant Englishman had become known to him. O happy period indeed! for then the youth of Sebastian was in its first gloss; then, he looked round upon nature, and saw in it only the reflection of his own sweet and ingenuous spirit; all men appeared to him just, benevolent, and faithful, and every thing he possessed, secure and permanent: now, experience had swept away these vain pageants; security was no more, doubt and apprehension had succeeded.

As he leaned sadly against the cross, his reflections imperceptibly assumed that form which a poetical mind so naturally gives to melancholy subjects: as the ideas

flowed, he cut them with the point of a Moorish knife upon the wooden base of the crucifix.

*Rest, rest, ye ashes dear!
I come not here
Your peace to alter, nor remove you where
Honor and Pomp attend,
To wait the buried friend,
And yield his hov'ring shade, the choral prayer,
Singly I come, alas! with tears alone,
To mourn youth's trusting hour, for ever flown!
O friend beloved! O brother of my soul!
How long shall time and fortune various roll,
Yet bear no pang away,
With which this honoured clay,
Now rives the heart that wrongs have turned to stone?*

*I think of thee—and with that dear-lov'd thought,
Comes many a melting thrill for human kind:
Thou wast of mortal make, yet I did find
Each grace celestial in thy fabric wrought.*

*O Genius! Friendship! Heav'n-attaining worth!
Ye once were joined on earth;
In Stukeley's soul, by God's own purpose fixed,
Ye once did dwell and grow,
Breathing e'en here below
The air of Eden pure, with dross unmixed.*

*Ah little understood!
That soul refined,
That ardent heart, that piercing mind,
Those views ethereal, with his purer eye
Read in their native sky,
Were deem'd but fancies vain, by souls of grasser mood.*

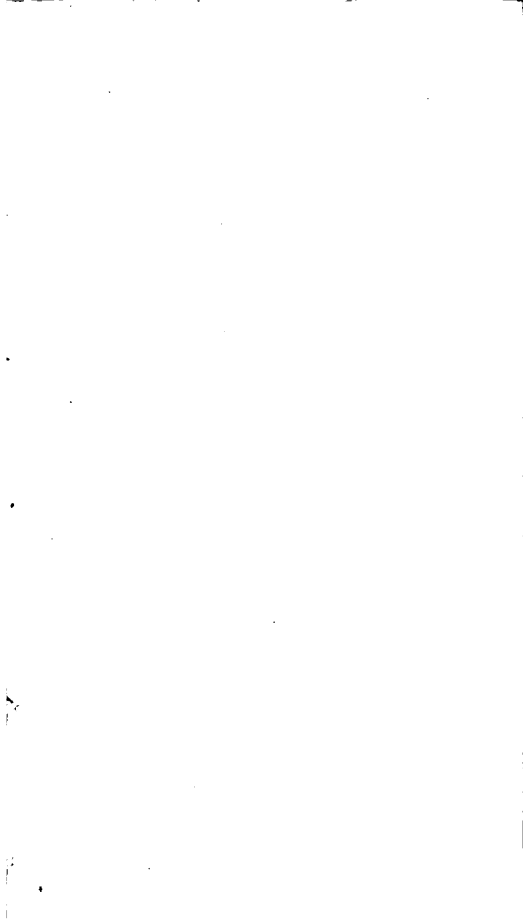
*He lived to suffer, and to give
A noble lesson how to live;
On Glory's bed, his latest sigh,
Was breathed to teach us how to die!—*

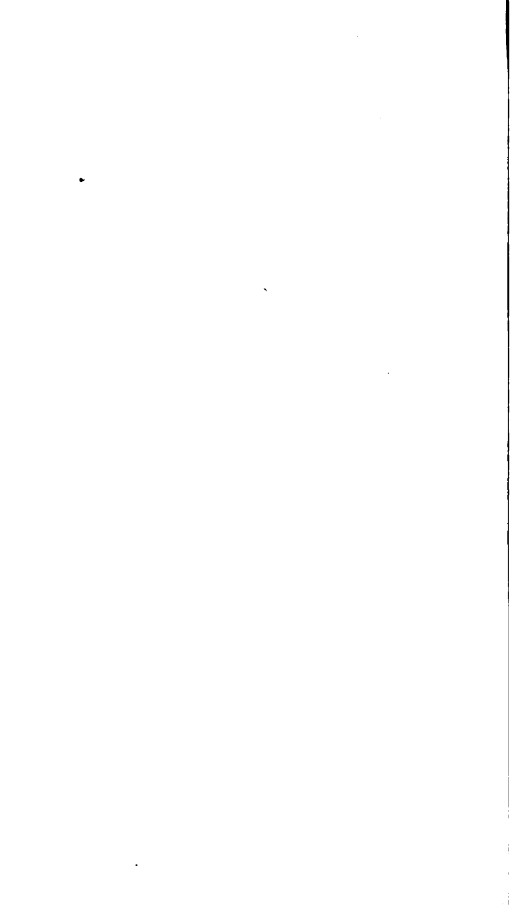
At this sentiment, so long associated with all his feelings, Sebastian's imagination suddenly checked itself: troubled and confused doubts, as to so general an application of the sentiment (however just, when applied to him who acted from a strong impulse of conscience) succeeded to his more passionate regrets: in the midst of them, Ismael appeared.

He came to say that his master was going to retire for the night, and waited his Christian guest.

Sebastian arose, fixed a long look on the earth which covered the brave Englishman, and turned away. He never saw it again.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.





MAR 19 1954

